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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NO RESERVATIONS

THE HARDCORE LIFE
PAUL SCHRADER ON CAT PEOPLE, TAXI DRIVER, AND THE LOVE OF HATE
BY IAN PENMAN

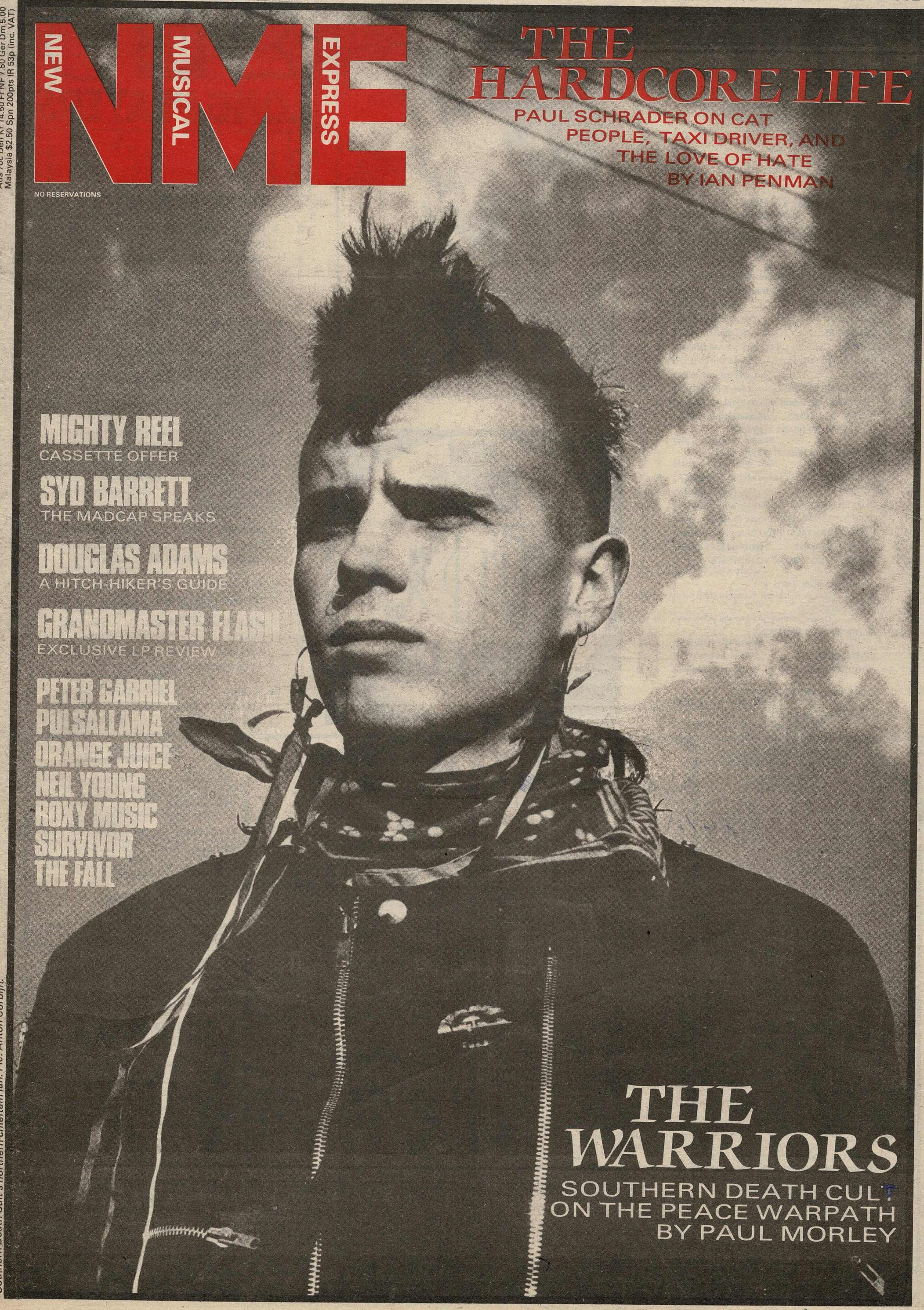
MIGHTY REEL
CASSETTE OFFER

SYD BARRETT
THE MADCAP SPEAKS

DOUGLAS ADAMS
A HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE

GRANDMASTER FLASH
EXCLUSIVE LP REVIEW

PETER GABRIEL
PULSALLAMA
ORANGE JUICE
NEIL YOUNG
ROXY MUSIC
SURVIVOR
THE FALL

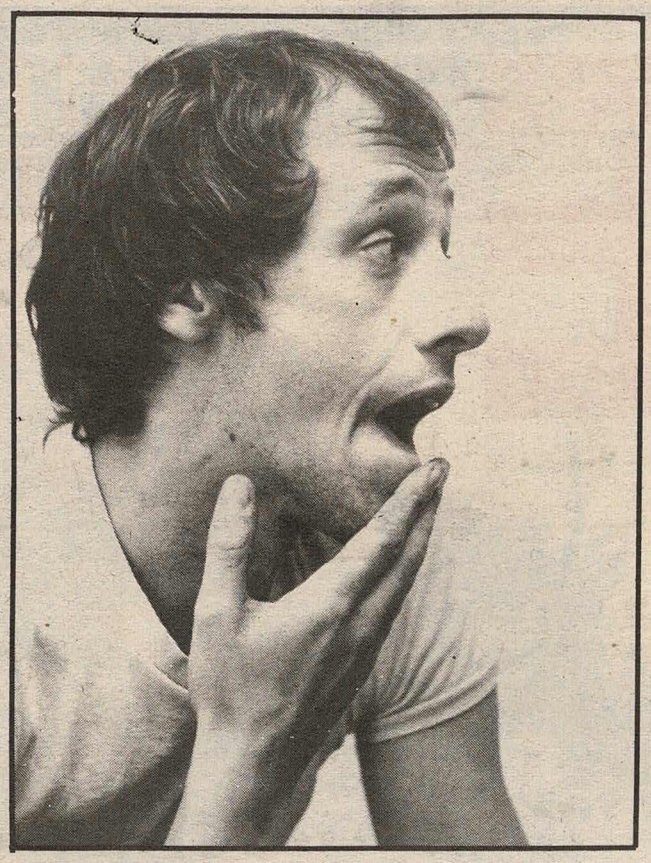


Southern Death Cult's northern chieftain Ian. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

THE WARRIORS
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT ON THE PEACE WARPATH
BY PAUL MORLEY

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	4	**THE BITTEREST PILL**	**The Jam (Polydor)**	3	4
2	1	**PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS**	Dire Straits (Vertigo/ Phonogram)	4	1
3	2	**EYE OF THE TIGER**	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	9	1
4	6	**WALKING ON SUNSHINE**	Rockers Revenge (London)	5	4
5	5	**ALL OF MY HEART**	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	4	5
6	9	**FRIEND OR FOE**	Adam Ant (CBS)	2	9
7	11	**SADDLE UP**	David Christie (KR)	4	11
8	8	**THERE IT IS**	Shalamar (Solar)	4	8
9	18	**ZOOM**	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	3	18
10	3	**SAVE A PRAYER**	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	2
11	10	**WHY**	Carly Simon (WEA)	3	10
12	14	**LOVE COME DOWN**	Evelyn King (RCA)	3	14
13	7	**THE MESSAGE**	Grand Master Flash (Sugarhill)	5	7
14	(—)	**PASS THE DUTCHIE**	Musical Youth (MCA)	1	14
15	16	**GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	7
16	29	**JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED**	Mari Wilson (Compact)	2	16
17	12	**HI FIDELITY**	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	8	5
18	15	**TODAY**	Talk Talk (EMI)	5	12
19	24	**GLITTERING PRIZE**	Simple Minds (Virgin)	2	19
20	(—)	**TAKE A CHANCE ON ME**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	20
21	22	**HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY**	Chicago (Full Moon)	2	21
22	(—)	**LEAVE IN SILENCE**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	21
23	(—)	**DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME**	Culture Club (Virgin)	1	23
24	(—)	**JACKIE WILSON SAYS**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	1	24
25	13	**COME ON EILEEN**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	11	1
26	(—)	**IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT**	Imagination (R & B)	1	26
27	17	**INVITATIONS**	Shakatak (Polydor)	3	17
28	30	**NOBODY'S FOOL**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	6	8
29	25	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU**	Boystown Gang (EMI)	7	3
30	20	**I EAT CANNIBALS PART I**	Toto Ceolo (Radial Choice/Virgin)	7	7



One week he's in Singles, the next week it's LPs . . . Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler makes No. 5 on sheer charisma. Pic: Denis O'Regan.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE KIDS FROM FAME**	**Various (BBC)**	10	1
2	3	**LEXICON OF LOVE**	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	14	1
3	2	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	Yazoo (Mute)	4	1
4	13	**CHART BEAT/CHART HEAT**	Various (K-Tel)	2	4
5	(—)	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	Dire Straits (Vertigo/Phonogram)	1	5
6	6	**IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT**	Imagination (R & B)	3	6
7	17	**THE DREAMING**	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	7
8	5	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	19	2
9	18	**NEW GOLD DREAMS**	Simple Minds (Virgin)	2	9
10	11	**TOO-RYE-AY**	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	9	1
11	30	**THE COLLECTION**	Stranglers (Liberty)	2	11
12	8	**BREAKOUT**	Various (Ronco)	3	8
13	7	**I, ASSASSIN**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	7
14	4	**FOUR**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	3	4
15	9	**SIGNALS**	Rush (Mercury)	3	9
16	16	**LOVE SONGS**	Commodores (K-Tel)	7	8
17	29	**MYSTERY**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2	17
18	15	**LOVE & DANCE**	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	12	3
19	10	**NOW YOU SEE ME**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	5
20	(—)	**FRIENDS**	Shalamar (Solar)	8	11
21	(—)	**LIFE IN THE JUNGLE/LIVE AT ABBEY ROAD**	Shadows (Polydor)	1	21
22	(—)	**NEBRASKA**	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	22
23	20	**TROPICAL GANGSTERS**	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	18	4
24	(—)	**SOMETHING'S GOING ON**	Frida (Epic)	1	24
25	21	**AVALON**	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	18	1
26	(—)	**MIRAGE**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	11	11
27	27	**ACTING VERY STRANGE**	Mike Rutherford (WEA)	2	27
28	24	**FICTION**	Comsat Angels (Polydor)	2	24
29	26	**EYE OF THE TIGER**	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	6	8
30	12	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	Madness (Stiff)	23	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(1)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(4)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dept Int)
4	(7)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
5	(3)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
6	(12)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
7	(10)	**Knife Slits Water**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
8	(8)	**Bleed For Me**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
9	(5)	**The Stranger**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
10	(6)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
11	(9)	**Have You Got 10p EP**	The Ejected (Riot City)
12	(21)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
13	(15)	**Life On The Line**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
14	(14)	**Suicide Bag (EP)**	Action Pact (Fallout)
15	(18)	**Rising From The Dread**	UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
16	(20)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
17	(11)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)
18	(16)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
19	(13)	**Religious Wars**	Subhumans (Spiders Leg)
20	(25)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
21	(—)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
22	(—)	**Murder In The Subway/Future Dream**	Attack (No Future)
23	(22)	**I Melt With You**	Modern English (4AD)
24	(17)	**Procession**	Nico (1-2)
25	(—)	**Back On The Streets EP**	Various (Secret)
26	(28)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
27	(—)	**Punks Alive**	The Enemy (Fallout)
28	(—)	**Secret Story**	Minny Pops (Factory)
29	(23)	**Beasts 12"**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
30	(—)	**Reach Out**	Wasted Youth (Bridgehouse)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(3)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
4	(5)	**Singles Album**	UB40 (Graduate)
5	(4)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
6	(8)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
7	(10)	**Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
8	(6)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
9	(12)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
10	(7)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
11	(11)	**Eligible Bachelors**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
12	(18)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
13	(14)	**The Wild Ones**	Cockney Rejects (Arena)
14	(16)	**Soweto**	Various (Rough Trade)
15	(15)	**We Are The League**	A N League (WXYZ)
16	(26)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
17	(9)	**Punk'n'Disorderly Vol 2**	Various (Abstract)
18	(13)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
19	(—)	**77 in 82**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
20	(—)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
21	(17)	**Song Of The Bailing Man**	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
22	(23)	**Drumming The Beating Heart**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
23	(—)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
24	(19)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(27)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
26	(28)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
27	(30)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
28	(—)	**I've Got A Gun**	Channel Three (No Future)
29	(—)	**Only Alternative**	Various (Rondolet)
30	(21)	**Epic Garden Music**	Sad Lovers And Giants (Midnight)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
2	**Your Love**	Carol Thompson (S & G)
3	**Paradise (In Your Eyes)**	Winston Reddy (Dafala)
4	**Wake Up**	Jean Adebambo (Ade J)
5	**Don't You**	Donna Rhoden (Ital)
6	**It's Alright**	Erika Gale (Ital)
7	**At The Dance**	Leroy Simmons (NK)
8	**Make You My Man**	Sandra Lobban (Music Gallery)
9	**Betcha By Golly Wow**	Errol Dunkley (Black Roots)
10	**Pass The Dutchie**	Musical Youth (MCA)
11	**Takes A Miracle**	Joy White (Exclusive)
12	**Janet Sinclair**	Little John & Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
13	**Bad Man Posse**	Junior Murvin (Dread At The Controls)
14	**Fat She Fat**	John Holt (Greensleeves)
15	**Joker Smoker**	Tristan Palmer (Greensleeves)

ALBUMS

1	**Commandments of Dub**	Jah Shaka (Shaka)
2	**First Case**	The Investigators (Investigators)
3	**Not Satisfied**	Aswad (CBS)
4	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
5	**Special**	Jimmy Cliff (CBS)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

US SINGLES

1	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
2	**Jack And Diane**	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
3	**Hard To Say I'm Sorry**	Chicago (Warner Bros)
4	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
5	**You Should Hear How She Talks About You**	Melissa Manchester (Arista)
6	**Eye In The Sky**	The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
7	**Who Can It Be Now?**	Men At Work (Columbia)
8	**Somebody's Baby**	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
9	**Hurts So Good**	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
10	**Love Is In Control**	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

US LPs

1	**American Fool**	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
2	**Mirage**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4	**Asia**	Asia (Geffen)
5	**Emotions In Motion**	Billy Squier (Capitol)
6	**Pictures At Elevén**	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
7	**Good Trouble**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8	**Vacation**	The Go Go's (A&M)
9	**Chicago 16**	Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
10	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)

NETHERLANDS

1	**Twilight Zone**	Golden Earring (21)
2	**Als Je Huilt/Bim Bam**	Andre van Duin (CNR)
3	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
4	**I Know There's Something Going On**	Frida (Polydor)
5	**Cats For Ever**	Next One (Utopia)
6	**Words**	F. R. David (Carrere)
7	**One Draw**	Rita Marley (Hansa)
8	**Private Investigations**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
9	**Rosalyn**	Vitesse (Philips)
10	**Twilight**	BZN (Mercury)

Courtesy Stichting Nederlandse/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Silver Lady**	David Soul (Private Stock)
2	**Black Is Black**	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
3	**I Remember Elvis Presley**	Danny Mirror (Sonet)
4	**Way Down**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	**Yes Sir I Can Boogie**	Baccara (RCA)
6	**No More Heroes**	Stranglers (United Artists)
7	**Best Of My Love**	Emotions (CBS)
8	**Wondrous Stories**	Yes (Atlantic)
9	**Magic Fly**	Space (Pye)
10	**From New York To LA**	Patsy Gallant (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Mouldy Old Dough**	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
2	**How Can I Be Sure**	David Cassidy (Bell)
3	**I Didn't Know I Loved You**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
4	**You're A Lady**	Peter Skellern (Decca)
5	**Wig Wam Bam**	Sweet (RCA)
6	**Children Of The Revolution**	T.Rex (EMI)
7	**Too Young**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
8	**Burning Love**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	**Donna**	10CC (UK)
10	**In A Broken Dream**	Python Lee Jackson (Youngblood)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**The Last Waltz**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	**Massachusetts**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	**Hole In My Shoe**	Traffic (Island)
4	**Flowers In The Rain**	Move (Regal Zonophone)
5	**Reflections**	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
6	**There Must Be A Way**	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
7	**The Letter**	Box Tops (Stateside)
8	**Excerpt From A Teenage Opera**	Keith West (Parlophone)
9	**Itchycoo Park**	Small Faces (Immediate)
10	**From The Underworld**	Herd (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Telstar**	Tornados (Decca)
2	**Sheila**	Tommy Roe (HMV)
3	**Rain Until September**	Carole King (London)
4	**The Locomotion**	Little Eva (London)
5	**She's Not You**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	**It'll Be Me**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	**You Don't Know Me**	Ray Charles (HMV)
8	**Ramblin' Rose**	Nat Cole (Capitol)
9	**What Now My Love**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
10	**I Remember You**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)

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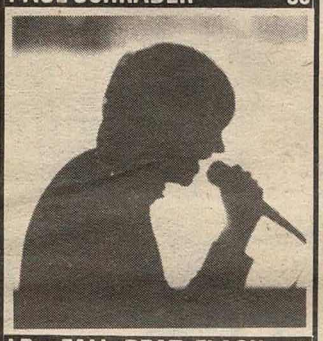

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LINX, FASHION, ToH, BUZZZ — PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

De does a runner

FASHION reckon they can overcome the problem of losing their lead singer, just a month before their UK tour, and insist the outing will go ahead as planned.

This follows the departure of De Harris, who has officially left the band to pursue his own solo career — although reports suggest that he "did a Joe Strummer" by disappearing and leaving everyone totally in the dark concerning his whereabouts.

It seems Harris went missing just before the band were due to appear on a German TV show, and subsequent attempts to find him have proved fruitless. In a hand-out statement, manager Dave Corke explains that Harris decided to leave because "he was unable to handle the commitment of being a full-time member of the band," and he maintains that there was no argument or dispute — which, of course, there couldn't have been if he simply went AWOL. Privately, though, the other members have already washed their hands of him and say they wouldn't have him back under any circumstances.

The remaining nucleus of Mulligan, Dik and Martin have already taken on a new guitarist — he is Al Derby, who's previously played with Kokomo, Jeff Beck and Steve Harley — and it's understood that a second newcomer is in the process of being tempted away from a name band. Fashion have postponed their European tour until the end of the year, to enable them to rehearse their material with Derby — but the British tour will open on schedule in Liverpool on October 20.

Commented the three Fashion originals: "Although we realise that De leaving the group might be a disappointment to some, the sound and image we've developed will continue as strongly as ever, and Al joining can only be a move in the right direction".

☐ **BUZZZ** are another outfit to lose their lead vocalist, with founder member Dee Sharp leaving to develop his own career — though in this case, the move came after lengthy discussions. The other six members are looking at contenders for their vocalist spot.

☐ **CLASSIX NOUVEAUX** make their first UK appearance since the spring on Sunday, October 10, at the "World Village Campaign" event at Battersea Park in South London. It's being organised by Oxfam, as a prelude to World Food Day on October 16.

New EMI group Scarlet Party and The Swinging Laurels are also performing during the afternoon. Admission is free.

Brandon (left) and his faithful henchman Stan. Pic: David Corio.

Kirk knocks Hate on the head

THEATRE OF HATE are no more. The group ceased to exist last Friday, only days after returning from a successful tour of Scandinavia.

The precise future plans of the four band members — Kirk Brandon, Stan Stammers, John Lennard and Nigel Preston — have yet to be announced, although it is certain that vocalist Brandon and bassman Stammers will continue to work together under the guidance of Hate manager Terry Razor.

By ADRIAN THRILLS

"It was time to call it a day," Kirk Brandon told *NME* on Monday afternoon. "Me and Stan have taken a spiritual leap forwards and come on a lot but the others have just stayed where they are. Those that haven't come with us were being wasted so we've had to sack the sax player and the drummer.

"The last dates we did in Stockholm last week were probably the best we did within the format of Theatre Of Hate, but there's still only so much you can do within that sort of band. The whole way that the band were interpreting the songs was wrong. They saw it as a speed thing. Stan and I know we're capable of much better things.

"Now that Theatre Of Hate is over, Stan and I are much happier about things. People have been asking me why I'm not sad about the end of the band, but there's no point in being pessimistic about the future. Our whole attitude is a positive one. We're optimistic about the future. We're just going to let things die for a while and then the phoenix is going to flower in the desert . . . the best is yet to come."

A new Theatre Of Hate album and a single entitled 'Eastworld', recorded while the

■ *Continues over*

YOUNG BIRMINGHAM band Musical Youth have beaten all comers to the coveted support slot on Kid Creole And The Coconuts' sell-out British tour. August Darnell invited the group after seeing a video of their single 'Pass The Dutchie'. Other commitments will prevent them from joining the tour until the London Lyceum date on October 11.

Sketch: the missing Linx

LINX have been split down the middle by the departure of Sketch — who, together with David Grant, was the core of the group.

The name Linx will survive for the time being as Grant's personal vehicle.

Sketch said this week: "Linx to us was always less a band and more a communion of ideas, and now I find I'm spending more time pursuing my own avenues than I do sharing the points that I have in common with Dave. So I'm ceasing to be a member of Linx. I'll be writing my own ditties which hopefully you'll hear soon — they'll be as diverse as Linx, but with a slightly different emphasis."

Added Grant: "I will continue with the songs that we began jointly, and for a time I'll be using the Linx name. We had always promised ourselves that when we began having more fun doing our own personal things, we'd stop working together — and we've now reached that point."

Sketch (top) and David: an amicable split. Pic: Peter Anderson

The final Linx single to feature Sketch is 'Don't Hit Me With Love', which he co-write with Grant. It's released by Chrysalis this weekend.

ASWAD, TALK TALK, WHITESNAKE TOURS, ADAM LP — NEWS P.39-42

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Gloria Jones still wanted

☐ **Marc Bolan's** girlfriend **Gloria Jones,** more recently in the pop news as the first singer of **Soft Cell's** hit 'Tainted Love', will be arrested if she comes back to Britain.

Gloria, who was planning to visit London, is still wanted by police over a drink-drive charge in connection with the 1978 car crash that killed Bolan.

Scotland Yard successfully applied to Richmond magistrates last week for a new warrant for her arrest. Gloria, who is planning to write a book about the crash, believed the charges had been dropped.

☐ **David Crosby,** 40-year-old member of **Crosby, Stills & Nash,** has been arrested for the third time this year. He spent a night in prison after admitting disturbing the peace by striking two women. A Los Angeles judge ordered him to undergo drug tests.

☐ A T-shirt salesman at one of **Kim Wilde's** recent Danish concerts is being held by police on a rape charge. But contrary to reports in some British papers, a spokesman for RAK Records said: "He had no connection at all with Kim or her party. He works for a merchandising company which was selling T-shirts at the concert. Kim has never met him."

Although he admits having sex with an 18-year-old girl after the concert, salesman **Thomas Bennett** denies the allegations.

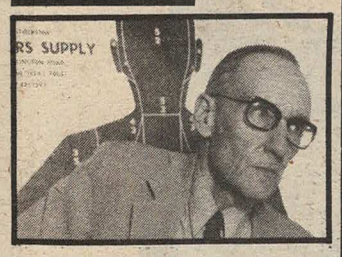
Gaye daze

☐ Not yet scheduled for release, but clutched firmly in CBS's hot little hands is a brand spanking new **Marvin Gaye** album. This is the first of anything from Gaye since early 1981 when, from a luxo apartment near the Edgware Road, he gave the world 'In Our Lifetime'.

That last album brought Gaye acclaim as either a creative genius or raving nutcase. This new one is reportedly a solo effort featuring all-electronic backing. The theme is once again sex and its pursuit, and all it now needs is a title.

Satie-ration

☐ Following on from **Bill Nelson's** acclaimed *NME* article about the composer, the **Erik Satie** revival continues unabated! Berlin avant garde poppist **Angelika Maisch** has recorded a ten-inch single of very brief Satie pieces called 'Endlich Satie!' ('At Long Last Satie') on Zensor Records, Belzigerstrasse 23, 1000 Berlin 62. The same label has released a **Die Haut** single 'Der Karabische Western', featuring **Lydia Lunch** on vocals; and Lydia guests again on a 12-inch single 'Thirsty Animal', by Berlin's **Einsturzende Naubauten** (Collapsing New Buildings) which also features **The Birthday Party's Nick Rowland.** It is available from Sabottka, Reichenbergerstrasse 115A, 1000 Berlin 36.



☐ The Final Academy — the last few days: In addition to reading in Manchester and in Liverpool, **William Burroughs** will also be signing books at Liverpool's Atticus Bookshop, Hardman Street at 1.30pm Tuesday.

French journalists track the Madcap down in Cambridge

SYD GETS HIS TROUSERS BACK

THE MISTS of intrigue, rumour and legend surrounding Syd Barrett — the original singer and guitarist with Pink Floyd, who left the group, made two solo albums, then withdrew from the music scene completely — look a little clearer this week, thanks to an article appearing in the French magazine *Actuel.*

The authors of the piece, journalists Michka Assayas and Thomas Johnson, cap their investigation into the enigmatic madcap's history with what they claim to be a conversation conducted with Barrett on the doorstep of the suburban house in Cambridge where he lives with his mother.

Now aged 36, it transpires that Syd, who's since reverted to his real name of Roger Barrett, lives the existence of a recluse, emerging out of doors only to run the odd errand to the shops. Apparently he is still subject to the lingering aftermath of a mental illness, probably schizophrenia, which saw him confined to a hospital in the early '70s. In the course of the article, the writers speak to past associates of the once-brilliant musician, like his ex-flatmate the artist Duggie Fields, as well as to *"critique legendaire"* Nick Kent, an acclaimed authority on the man. Even hip-alternative psychiatrist R. D. Laing is hauled in, to offer some sympathetic comments on Barrett's condition.

In the ten years since Syd's "disappearance", lurid stories have abounded as to his whereabouts and mental state. Efforts to get him recording again — by David Bowie among others — have come to nothing, and today his contact with the music business is nil.

The journalists traced him to his present home via a London estate agent with whom Barrett once had dealings, and the interviewer presents himself at the house on the pretext of returning a bundle of clothes, left by Barrett at a previous address . . .

I've been looking for you. I've been to Chelsea, they told me there were some clothes for you and that you were living with your mother.

"Thanks very much. Do you want some money? Did they pay you?"

No, no that's okay. What are your doing now? Do you paint?

"No. I've just had an operation, but nothing too serious. I'm trying to go back down there, but I've got to wait. There's a train strike at the moment."

But that's been over now for several weeks.

"Oh, good! Thanks very much . . ."

What did you do in the apartment in London. Do you play guitar?

"No . . . No, I watch TV, that's all . . ."

Don't you want to play anymore?

"No, not really. I don't have time to do very much. I must find myself a flat in London. But it's difficult, I'll have to wait . . ."

(From time to time he looks at the clothes, his jumble. He smiles.)

"I didn't think I'd get these things back. And I knew I couldn't write. I couldn't have made my mind up to go and get them . . . To get the train and all that . . . But then . . . I didn't even write to them . . . Mum said she'd get in touch with the office . . . Thanks, anyway."

(All the while, he is trying to end the conversation. He glances repeatedly towards the garden, towards his mother.)

Do you remember Duggie?

"Uh . . . yes . . . I never saw him again. I'm not going to see anyone in London."

All your friends say hello.

"Ah, thanks . . . that's nice . . ."

(He speaks and reacts like all the psychiatric cases I know. Waiting seems to have become his major occupation, TV helping him to pass the time.)

Can I take a photo of you?

"Yes, sure."

(He smiles, fidgets, fastens his collar.)

"Good, that's enough now. It's painful for me . . . Thank you."

(He looks at the tree in front of the house. I don't know what else to say.)

It's nice, that tree.

"Yes, but not any more. They cut it, not long ago. Before that I liked it a lot."

(From inside the house, his mother's voice is heard.)

"Roger, come and have a cup of tea, and say hello to my friends."

(Roger Barrett turns towards me, panicked.)

"Good . . . there you are . . . Maybe we'll see each other again in London. Bye . . ."

Yes, until then. Bye.

The encounter is as brief as it's sad and inconclusive. The *Actuel* article takes the view that Barrett's personality was a fragile one from early childhood: ill-equipped to withstand the sudden pressures of Pink Floyd's first flush of psychedelic success, with all the liberal indulgence in drugs which that entailed. Possibly the aptest comments come from Syd/Roger's successor in the band, guitarist Dave Gilmour:—

"Syd Barrett? Your article must be the last one on him. It's not romantic. It's a sad story. Now it's over."

Above: Barrett today and (right) with the Floyd circa '67

■ ***Our thanks to Michka and Thomas for permission to quote their interview***

Warner Records boss fires warning shots at press on home taping

Man in glass house throws stone

WEA RECORDS managing director Charles Levison got on an exceedingly rickety high horse last week to warn all magazines and newspapers that if they "support or encourage piracy or home taping", they will receive no further advertising from his company.

The warning went out in a letter despatched to 35 journals — including the *NME* — that regularly carry ads for WEA product. In the case of *NME* the annual WEA figure spent is in the region of £40,000 — but acting editor Phil McNeill said there was "no way we can allow Warners to dictate our editorial policy, on this or any other matter".

The industry's initial reaction to the letter has been incredulity. WEA have, in recent times, been associated with a succession of chart scandals and in fact this very week make front page of *Music & Video Week* for a dubious marketing exercise that other members of the BPI have criticised as being likely to distort the accuracy of the chart.

Contacted by *NME,* Levison took on the temperate tones of a man merely trying to uphold the law. It was not, he said, a question of ethics or mere Warners profit and loss but of supporting the law of copyright.

Any journal that encouraged the illegal home taping practice, he said, would have to pay — just as the industry has to pay, to the tune of £305 million per year (according to BPI estimates).

Levison says the decision to bring down the executive bootee came from Warners International president Nesuhi Ertegun after he'd seen a blatant pro-taping article in a French magazine. The English press letter was, nonetheless, initiated by Levison himself. "It was not a multinational corporation thing. This is me . . ."

Levison says he draws a distinction between a press campaign for a change in copyright law and exhortations — sly or explicit — to breach existing statutes. The former might possibly be countenanced. The latter most certainly won't be.

His move was met by a considered silence from the BPI this week. It was, after all, at a hastily assembled BPI meeting that WEA have just been harshly attacked for offering a free copy of Elvis Costello's 'Get Happy!!' album to purchasers of the new 99p 'From Head To Toe' single.

The offer was available at certain listed stores and Levison admitted to *Music Week* that it "may be the list contained a higher proportion of chart shops than a co-operative ad with one of the chains."

This, he said, was an accident. Other BPI members disagreed and accused WEA of angling a marketing exercise to distort the charts.

Despite their silence, the BPI certainly can't be accused of disinterest in the home tape issue. In recent years they have campaigned vociferously for a levy on blanks to compensate holders of music copyright. They have badgered government departments and the fa[illegible] the government have s[illegible] displayed an almost caustic la[illegible] of sympathy hasn't put them off at all.

During the next crucial 12 months the BPI hope for a build-up of pressure from back-bench MPs that will ultimately force a directional change.

It was in July last year that the Tories' much-delayed

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BOY GEORGE
Culture Club

PEOPLE WITH BIGGER EGOS THAN ME
1 robert elms
2 adrian thrills
3 robbi millar
4 johnny black
5 allen jones
6 karen (big leggy) swayne
7 dave henderson

FAVOURITE PEOPLE
1 jon moss
2 mummy & daddy
3 philip salon
4 kirk brandon
5 betty (not boop)
6 tony gordon

PEOPLE I WISH WOULD LEAVE THE COUNTRY
1 sam (maxwell's silver hammer)
2 adrian thrills

GROUPS
1 madness
2 musical youth
3 yazoo
4 bow wow wow
5 depeche mode
6 shalamar

SINGERS
1 ella fitzgerald
2 dolly parton
3 cliff richard
4 michael jackson
5 gladys knight
6 tom jones

THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE ME WANT TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY
1 seeing any of my band wearing antony price suits
2 britt ekland

BOOKS
1 stig of the dump
2 ten little niggers
3 the hobbitt
4 little miss pepper pot
5 alice in wonderland

FILMS
1 quest for fire
2 the sound of music
3 great expectations
4 chitty chitty bang bang
5 101 dalmatians

TV SHOWS
1 the gentle touch
2 a kind of loving
3 coronation street
4 top of the pops

RECORDS
1 melting pot ..... blue mink
2 not unusual ..... tom jones
3 24 hours from tulsa ..... gene pitney
4 jolene ..... dolly parton
5 the way we were ..... gladys knight and the pips

consultative Green Paper was presented. It rejected the levy idea on the grounds that it would amount to "an unacceptable burden" on the general public; that it would be inflationary; difficult and costly to administer; that too much of the levy money would go abroad (since 65 per cent of UK records originate from foreign owned companies), and that the figure claimed to be lost was, in any case, exaggerated.

In regard to WEA's own part in the levy campaign, the company would seem the least likely to strike up lofty, law-abiding poses.

Levison's predecessor, John Fruin, resigned two years ago following a Granada *World In Action* investigation into chart rigging. Fruin always maintained his departure was entirely unconnected with the scandal — in which WEA were heavily implicated — but the timing of his exit stretched credulity too far.

Then in Levison's first month came another chart horror scandal. Evidence dug up by a new BMRB/BPI investigation team showed false chart diary entries had been made for 17 WEA-distributed singles over a recent eight-week period. The company claimed innocence but agreed to foot the £10,000 investigatory bill. A freelance promotion man "who was working with WEA" was shunted out and three shops suspended from the BMRB chart panel.

Now comes the Costello 'distortion'.

In answer to such copybook blotches, Levison says blandly: "It depends how far you choose to identify the actions of certain individuals in the company with the company itself . . ." Even if those actions are taken *on behalf* of the company??

The letter is not the only snipe the group have launched this week on pirates and other disobedient elements. Warner Home Video have announced "a confidential 24-hour-a-day telephone answering service through which people can report evidence or suspicions of pirate duplicating operations irrespective of whether they involve Warner titles or not".

Both moves are typical of the kind of shots being fired from an industry increasingly fearful of new technology — which it has itself invented — and of a consuming public simply unable to consume at the old golden-age levels.

In recent months there has been a move within the Musicians Union to outlaw synthesisers when they make certain orchestral type noises; and an attempt at the higher reaches of the BPI to banish not just parallel imports (cheap foreign-made versions of records already available in this country) but imports of specialist items beloved by collectors.

There is clearly a growing element that wants to clip the business of its untidy fringes. It wants to see an industry suckled exclusively to the Top 75 chart and serviced by an obedient music press and an obedient mass of punters who perfectly understand the going rate.

But of course the world is more unruly than that. Warners themselves are partnered to the Japanese company Pioneer, who make decks on which WEA records are no doubt home-taped.

The issue is confused. And so is Levison. He must now hope everyone quickly forgets his extremely inappropriate outburst.

—ANDREW TYLER

Theatre Of Hate

■ *From page 3*

band were still intact, are scheduled for release on Razor's Burning Rome label before the end of the year.

The history of Hate in the two years since the band were formed by Brandon and Stammers has been littered by numerous minor splits. As recently as this summer, guitarist Billy Duffy was sacked, leaving the group to tour as a slimmed-down four-piece with Brandon doubling on vocals and guitar.

As for Kirk's 'phoenix', the plan is to begin live work as soon as a new pool of musicians are found. Some old Theatre Of Hate songs — notably 'Westworld' and 'Legion' — will still be included in any live set, but the bulk of the material will be new.

The 'split' — although no one is actually calling it such — is apparently amicable.

"There is no hatred and no bad feelings," says Stan Stammers. "The whole thing had just been getting stagnant and lethargic, so the best thing was to just call it a day.

"Kirk and I have always had people in the band who could play well, but none of them could really get into the idea of Theatre Of Hate. As people kept coming and going in and out of the band, Kirk and I have been moving on. We could only take Theatre Of Hate so far."

According to Razor, who also produced the group's recent live album, it was becoming impossible to channel Brandon's newer musical ideas through the Hate set-up.

"The band that comes out of the ashes won't be so much a step forward from Theatre Of Hate, more like a leap," he said on Monday. "The music will be controlled power as opposed to the intermittent waffle of Theatre Of Hate.

"But for the time being the whole thing has stopped. Kirk and Stan are going to stay together to produce something more powerful than Theatre Of Hate. It will be a progression as opposed to staying in the same place.

"The new songs have a much more controlled power. Kirk is now singing as if he can actually *sing*. He can control the beast that was once Theatre Of Hate whereas in the past the beast was controlling him.

"Now we want to show what we can do when we are in control of that beast."

Drummer Nigel Preston has declined to comment on the end of Theatre Of Hate, while sax player John Lennard was unavailable as we went to press.

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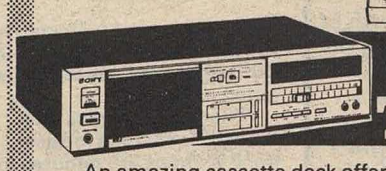

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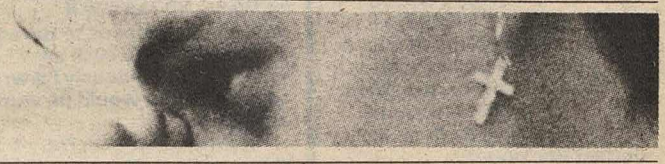

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ADRIAN THRILLS finds the Haircut hero still obsessed with bodily hair . . . only now it's not just on his head

PRETTY BOY NICK IN STUBBLE TROUBLE

A COUPLE of days' worth of stubbly growth hugging his cheeks, Nick Heyward hardly looks like Britain's cleanest-cut young pop hero as he strolls into the *NME* office on a rainy Friday afternoon in central London.

There was a time when Heyward would pester me twice a week with demo tapes of the embryonic Haircut 100, but this is the first time he's been up in months . . . what gives?

"Just thought I'd pop in. This is the first day we've had off in London for ages. We've been out in Oxford recording the backing tracks for the new LP and next week we're in a London studio to finish them off."

The record — Nick says it is called 'Shaved Anus' but he's always been a bit of a wag — is the first they've made without the services of percussionist Mark Fox, who left the band earlier this month.

"It was a perfectly natural split. He just left really and that was that, so now we're down to what we were before we signed last year, a straight five-piece."

For their second LP, the group have kept faith in 'Pelican West' producer Bob Sargeant. So what can we expect — a return to the crisp and cunning popcraft that decorated the first album or more slush like the recent 'Nobody's Fool' single, the lamest thing they have yet produced, all gloss and no guts?

"The newest stuff isn't vastly different. Maybe it's a bit funkier now, not quite as poppy as in the past. 'Nobody's Fool' was probably the most unoriginal thing we've done and if people are expecting another dozen tracks like that they will be disappointed. It is more of a logical next step from the stuff on the first LP. With 'Nobody's Fool' we were just going nowhere!

"There are no epics on it though. I think the longest track is about 2½ minutes long! We're trying to extend a few of them. There's one called 'Holiday Number' that's only a minute long at the moment. There's another really good track based on an old Hayley Mills film called 'Whistle Down The Wind'."

Haircut 100 attract a lot of flak over the image being too twee, too cute. Has there been any conscious attempt to toughen up on the new album?

"I'm not going to force myself into writing heavier lyrics if that's what you mean. Can you imagine how pretentious it would be if I tried to Weller myself up? If something happens to me and it changes me to such an extent, then obviously I'd write about it. But it would be stupid to force it.

"All the clean-cut pretty-boy thing really baffled me anyway. I don't know where it came from . . . I suppose it's because I once wore a yellow sou'wester on *Top Of The Pops*."

You were hardly slow in capitalising on it though.

"Oh yeah! All over the place! Once we'd been landed with that image, we just played all over it. Why not? It's great having the audience that we've got because they are hearing stuff that they'd never get the chance to hear elsewhere, stuff bordering on the sort of music someone like Talking Heads might play."

Though still managerless following an acrimonious split with their former minder, Haircut haven't been slow to firm up their plans for the rest of the year. The release of the album will be followed by a December tour culminating in Christmas shows at the Odeon and Lyceum in London.

"The good thing is that a lot of the pressure that we were under for the initial success seems to have gone now. Things seem almost normal for the first time in a year. I can still go down to Beckenham and go out and get hammered in the old pubs with a lot of mates. When it first started happening, all the screaming girls and everything, it was really weird.

"It was pretty strange sitting down and watching television with your mum after coming back from a gig at the Hammersmith Odeon where we'd been mobbed by hundreds of teenage girls just an hour before. It was weird at first but I think we'll be more able to handle it now."

With last year's pop boom having lost most of its sparkle, Haircut carry a lot of hopes.

Nick Heyward. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Douglas Adams has made his name and an industry out of The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy. JOHN MAY talks to him about life, the universe and, y'know, everything . . .

The Manic Depressive's Guide To Space Travel And How To Be A Successful Writer

"I SUPPOSE I'm a terrible worrier," says Douglas Adams, "and by suggesting that underlying everyday events there are appalling explanations, that is my own way of attempting to justify that fact."

Douglas Adams is a carbon-based bipedal life form, well over six foot and burly with it, with what are politely called generous features. He's 30 and looks 40, this creator of Marvin, Zaphod, Ford Prefect, Arthur Dent and the other

Speak loud on Channel 4

WITH CHANNEL FOUR now only one month away from your television screens, details of a glut of new youth and music programmes are coming thick and fast. One of the more interesting and potentially controversial is a six-part politics series tentatively titled *Actions Speak Louder*.

With the next general election on the cards for autumn 1983, the programme is being aimed at the three million young people — about one-tenth of the electorate — who will be voting for the first time.

The series is the brainchild of a 20-year-old London girl, Niki Berou, who took her ideas along to Channel Four and was eventually given the go-ahead to plan a programme that would canvass youth views on subjects such as class, religion, pornography, homosexuality, royalty and drugs.

Says Niki: "I think I'll physically vomit if I see one more programme on youth employment that portrays British kids as a bunch of downtrodden, downcast no-hopers. The thing that none of these documentary programmes seem to realise is that kids have got a lot of fight and a lot of guts.

"Without sounding too arrogant, what we're trying to do is open a few eyes and show people what they could be doing for themselves. We want to show young people how to make the best of what is a far from adequate system."

The programmes are to be broadcast at 6.30 every Tuesday evening, commencing next April. Each one will take the form of a series of vox-pops, interspersed by interviews with politicians and various 'youth celebrities'. Niki is looking for young people who would be interested in contributing their views to the programme.

"We are looking for feedback from young people to enable us to look at politics as a whole. We want to try and bring the pieces of the jigsaw together, looking first at the policies of the political parties and

DANGEROUS VISIONS

'Am I coming down on Channel 4 before it's even

PAUL MORLEY considers the lifeless state of TV pop — and looks forward to Channel 4's efforts

I WAS EATING a particularly exotic sandwich last Friday evening, filled with an exciting new cheese I've discovered which is creamy soft and surrounded with a crushed grape crust, when a voice came on the television and read to me exactly what I'd eaten for afternoon tea a few weeks ago in an Edinburgh hotel. More was read out — my thoughts in fact. *"The feel of flesh and the words of Robbe-Grillet . . .* Mmmm, sounds good to me.

What was going on was a parody of *What The Papers Say* slipped into the first edition of a new series of *Something Else* (BBC2), and an article I'd sketched around the brilliance of Paul Haig was one of those jumped upon by an efficient Melanie Wallis as an example of how music journalists (now it was a real insult being called one of those) *always* mumble on about what they had for breakfast or tea and what about the weather, is it going to rain?

Melanie began her little attack on the music papers with the pertinent question: do you understand music papers? "Only Ian Penman," I screamed back at the screen — I've lately begun to talk to the television in anticipation of cable TV. Melanie didn't hear me, just adopted a sweet Richard Ingrams smug-look and perfected the cliches people always use when they demolish the music papers.

Her points were well made, but of little use. I know more than anyone else how tedious and faded are the music papers, but basing criticism on the premises of "difficult to understand" and "always going on about themselves" doesn't begin to deal with the real problems. Problems that are fundamentally to do with bad writing and dulled senses, for all the thousands of words, a deadening emptiness.

Melanie's little spot did highlight the tremendous lack of trust in music papers spreading throughout our nation. Mention the music papers to a little sweetheart in the Hacienda and you won't get much more than a shrug. What's needed as the music papers trumpet and thump through their death noises is for the 'necessary information', the 'inquisitive arrows' and the 'infuriating fictions' to come through Television. The potential for television to translate, say, the spirit of the Savage-Suck *Sounds* and the equivalents that exist — somewhere — today is simply, obvious. I can see it now — life on television!

What we've ended up with, as Channel 4 prepares to pour a huge barrel of pop programme syrup over young people, is a three-channel scene that's never been so tired and tamed. If people lack faith in the music papers to dismantle or sort out the horribly challenging, discouraging intricacy of 'pop and all the other things today, tomorrow, over there', then pop presented through television offers nothing but diffidence, dazzle and evasion in front of all the intricacy.

The three channels that we've known since we sucked dummies treat pop in a rough three ways . . . Formats tied to either the single or the album — even the new *Old Grey Whistle Test* (the equivalent of a Spooky Tooth song played on synthesisers) remains coupled to the LP. The third way is to play at 'alternative', make it look as if the kids themselves are speaking their minds.

This leads to varying degrees of amateurism. Mike Jones, described all over the place as an unemployed 24-year-old from Scotland, feels as strongly about 'TV for t'young' as anyone with a thinking head, and he more or less devised the opening *Something Else* — sub-titled 'Bite The Hand That Feeds You', which meant he described all programme planners as programmed arse-lickers which is a fine way to go for change. Jones was quoted as saying that his programme would probably be described as 'feverish amateurism' — good, he said, the more of that kind of amateurism on television, the better.

Unfortunately — and what an 'unfortunately' — his *Something Else* was profoundly dull, lacking extremes, heart, force: the old rant confirming all those things we've been wanking on about these past six years. If 'feverish amateurism' isn't going to catch hold of imaginations and flip them over then it's as useless as *Call My Bluff*.

So *Something Else* and all that sails close

"My children were fair and wore stars in their hair . . " Douglas Adams remembers Tyrannosauras Rex. Pic: John May.

travelling companions in *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*. What began as a radio series has now become a media industry in its own right with records, a TV series, three books and several stage shows — and a feature film to come.

The industry's latest development is the publication of *Life, The Universe And Everything* (Pan, £1.50) — the third in the *Galaxy* series, and already top of the best-seller lists.

The *Hitch-Hiker* title came to him while lying drunk in a field in Innsbruck, one starlit night in 1971, but it took two years of unemployment before the commission for both a radio series of *HH* and a TV series of *Dr Who* came through in the same week. (Typical.) Adams worked as both writer and script editor for the Time Lord, writing under the regular departmental pseudonym David Agnew (little known Fact).

The *Hiker* began as a series of six ways in which the world would come to an end. Adams' style — the basis for his flights of fancy — lies in taking something everyday and ordinary and giving it a totally unexpected significance which actually makes it frightening. In his mind even the most innocuous phrase can leak through a freak wormhole in the fabric of space-time and trigger off a major galactic encounter between two alien civilisations.

Adams grew up "feeling at a slight distance to the world" in a house with his grandmother and mother, which acted as a way-station for damaged animals. His mother remarrried a vet, so animals "form a major part of his consciousness".

This no doubt explains why his book postulates the theory that the earth was created by white mice as an experiment to find the Ultimate Question. A guy involved in behavioural research with mice actually wrote to Adams saying this was a worry and fantasy that he'd often suffered from.

Picture Douglas a solitary boy with few close friends, a sister with whom he had little in common and a feeling that he was a strange, odd person — a fish out of water.

University dispelled this notion and he became "a thoroughly middle-class graduate and a radio producer". In between he worked as a hospital porter, a chicken shed cleaner and as bodyguard for an Arab royal family.

He recalls: "I remember one group of family members had gone down to the restaurant in the Dorchester. The waiter had brought the menu and they said, 'We'll have it.' It took a while for the penny to drop that they actually meant the whole lot, the entire *a la carte* menu, which is a thousand pounds' worth of food.

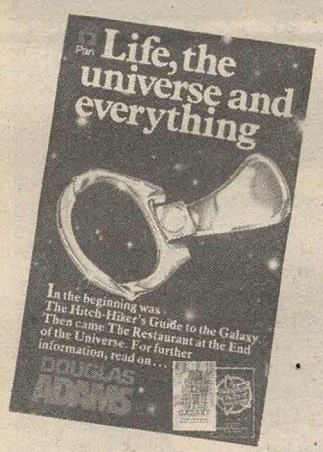
"So they brought it, the family tried a little bit of it all and then went back up to their room. They then sent out one of their servants to bring back a sackful of Wimpys, which is what their real obsession was."

While admitting to liking Dan Dare, Adams is not a science fiction buff. "Saying I write science fiction is rather like saying the Pythons do historical movies. In a way it's true but it misses the point."

If he was stranded on a distant planet with a Sony Walkman he'd take the following tapes: 'Magical Mystery Tour', Plastic Ono Band, Ry Cooder, Paul Simon, the new Elvis Costello and the Requiem by Georgie Ligeti, the monolith music used by Kubrick in *2001*.

Incidentally, the theme music for the radio series was

■ *Continues over*


Pan
Life, the universe and everything
In the beginning was The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy. Then came The Restaurant at the End of the Universe. For further information, read on . . .
DOUGLAS ADAMS

secondly at politics in the much broader sense. We want people who can talk about their views on a wide range of subjects."

Niki Berou can be contacted at Film Communications Ltd., 84 Lupus Street, London SW1.

□ Meanwhile back at ITV, *Blue Suede Views* is the rather arcane title of a pop and fashion column being compiled for Oracle, independent television's teletext service which is due to be launched in London on November 1. The column aims to include small features on new groups playing in the capital. Any interested up-and-coming bands should contact Julian Newby at Oracle Teletext Ltd., Craven House, 25-32 Marshall Street, London W1V 1LL.

— ADRIAN THRILLS

popped open? You bet I am'

to it is never going to switch the nation on: this kind of 'rebellion' attached to pop of TV is the sight of snakes fucking (should that be copulating, Phil?) on the documentary following *TOTP*. *Something Else* will never 'work' because it refuses for probably quite honourable reasons to work through the sophistication of television and so it fails to take through its challenge to the uncommitted. What a mess.

Of course the ideal is 'the highlight of the week' kind of thing: something that everyone looks forward to that doesn't take two steps back from the problems. Something that gets the right people on the screen, something that asks the right questions. Channel 4 is heralding their *Tube* as the thing we're all going to be waiting for, each and every week, but anyone who believes that has got their potato head on. Yates and Holland? I glided along to the audition for people to present *The Tube* — thinking my name alone would guarantee the position — and didn't bother joining the queue of 500 hopefuls waiting to have Tyne Tees puppet string attached to their new nasty clothes. Last year when I was having 'preliminary discussions' with people thinking of knocking out a young people's programme for 4, their idea of front people was Tom Robinson and Pamela Stephenson.

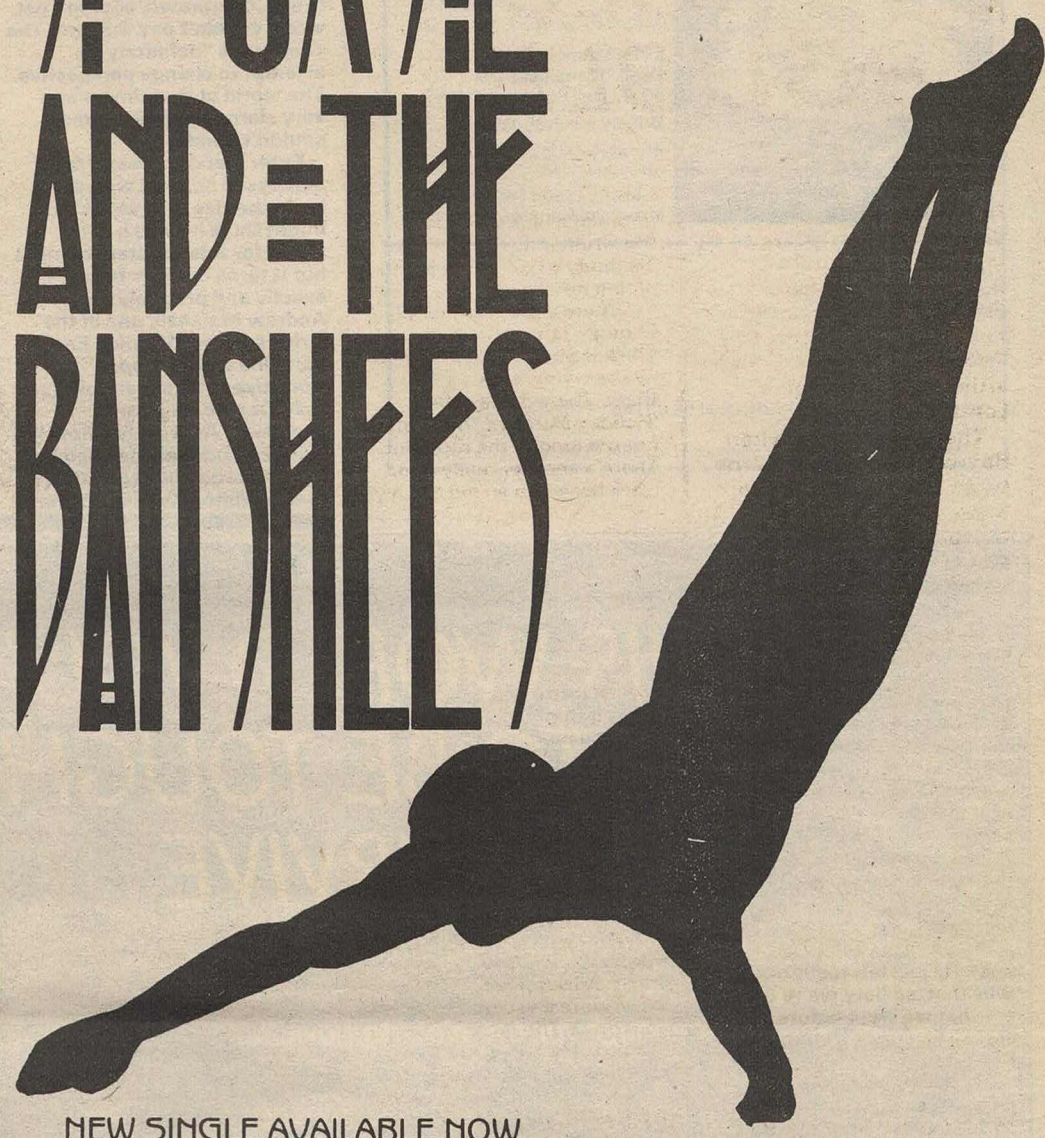
Despite their outer confidence, and this carries for Yates and Holland as well, they are ultimately too frightened of what really needs to happen, of what we need to know, to ever make a programme they're involved in anything other than the usual burst of bravado. What I would like from a pop programme is a few *questions* that get to the heart of issues: make the stars, the faces, the performers work to justify their existence. That I would be perfect for this joo is beside the point.

But you see the type of people who are going to be organising things inside number 4? Much the same people who allow B. A. Robertson his own show, who allow Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias their own 'comedy show' *Teach Youself Gibberish*, ITV 19 years too late (and the worst programme on television bar *The Chinese Detective)* and who produce such a cowardly, listless programme as *The Old Grey Whistle Test*.

Am I coming down on Channel 4 before it's even popped open? You bet I am. Why should they have it easy? Everyone I know sees it as obvious what's necessary in the make-up of a REAL new pop programme. Extremes. Dare. God. You know as well.

Nothing stirs me as Channel 4 comes near. So far, and I don't care about the generalisation, number 4 seems far too *innocent*, and will have to be guilty until they prove — powerfully — otherwise.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES



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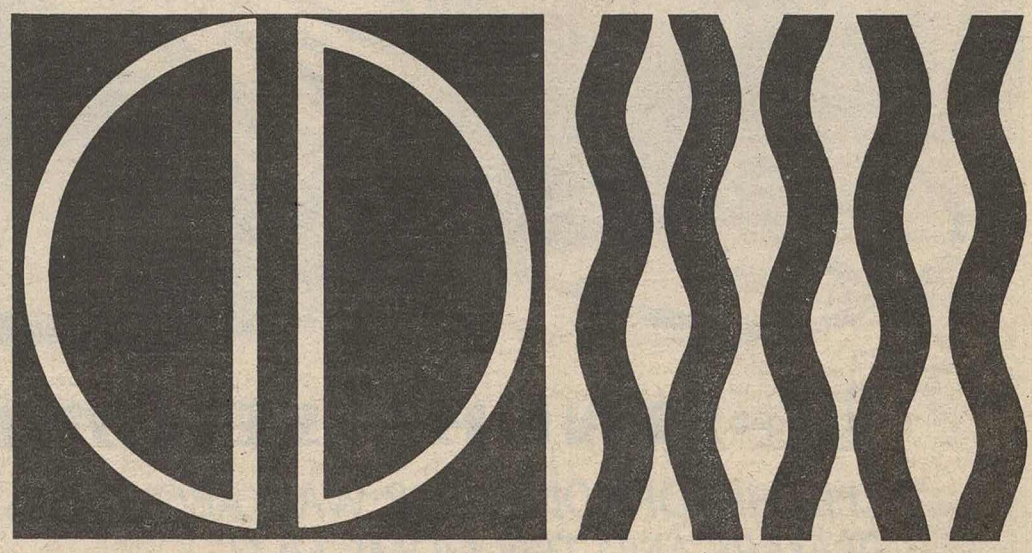

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Douglas Adams

■ *From previous page*

originally by the Eagles, but the tune had to be rerecorded for the TV show (featuring Adams on rhythm guitar). TV rights could not be obtained due, Adams claims, to the "impossibility of having any meaningful communication with anybody who lives in California".

For Adams, the *Guide* has been a lifesaver. He admits that when he wrote it he felt "completely washed up and very demoralised. He was broke, overdrawn, couldn't get work, couldn't pay the rent. The *Guide* was "definitely an attempt to change perspective. The world at that time was a very alarming place for me. I couldn't handle it."

Enter Marvin, the eternally depressed android with the brain the size of a planet. You might think he was a dead ringer for Adams' state of mind but it turns out he's based exactly and precisely on Andrew Marshall, one of the writers of the TV series *End Of Part One* and *Whoops Apocalypse* who is simply like that. Or was, as Adams explains: "Andrew has now left his wife, suddenly decided he's gay and is now living with a man in Milton Keynes and has cheered up a lot. It's curious."

So how does he feel about being immortalised as a robot? "He tells me he's very annoyed about it but he makes sure that everybody else knows it's him."

People always ask Adams what he's on when he writes that stuff but he insists he writes straight, claiming control is the secret to successful anarchy. He's a desperate writer. "The point at which I really get going is when I've passed the final absolute deadline. I spend a lot of time sitting around worrying."

Having completed the trilogy of books (based on the original radio scripts) he now wants to write another completely different novel before rewriting the three books into one long integrated saga. *The Once and Future King* by T H White, a book he's just reading, was done in a similar way and it's a novel he feels very akin to.

On our way out Douglas Adams almost forgets to pay the bill, stumbles over a man in the lobby, but agrees to pose with stars on his head. Gaucheness mingles with a career obsession. He desperately wanted to be successful and now he is. It doesn't appear to have made him much happier.

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Mikey Dread. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

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Apart from releasing his very own LP 'S.W.A.L.K.' and a new single 'Rub-A-Dub', Mikey Dread has just produced the latest UB40 dub album. And if you've caught UB40 on their current UK tour then you'll have both seen and heard this top-most toaster in action.

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THE FURS

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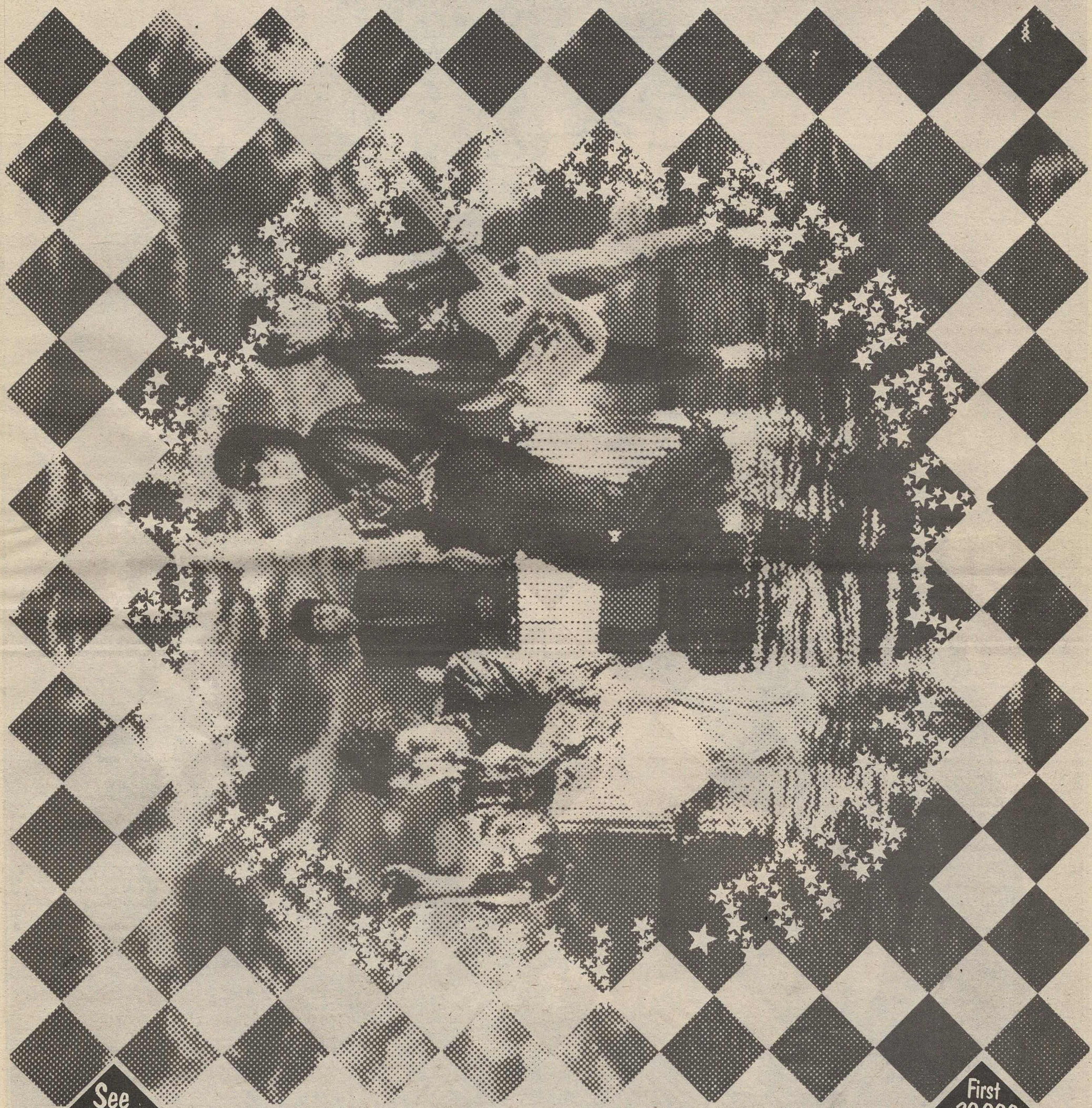

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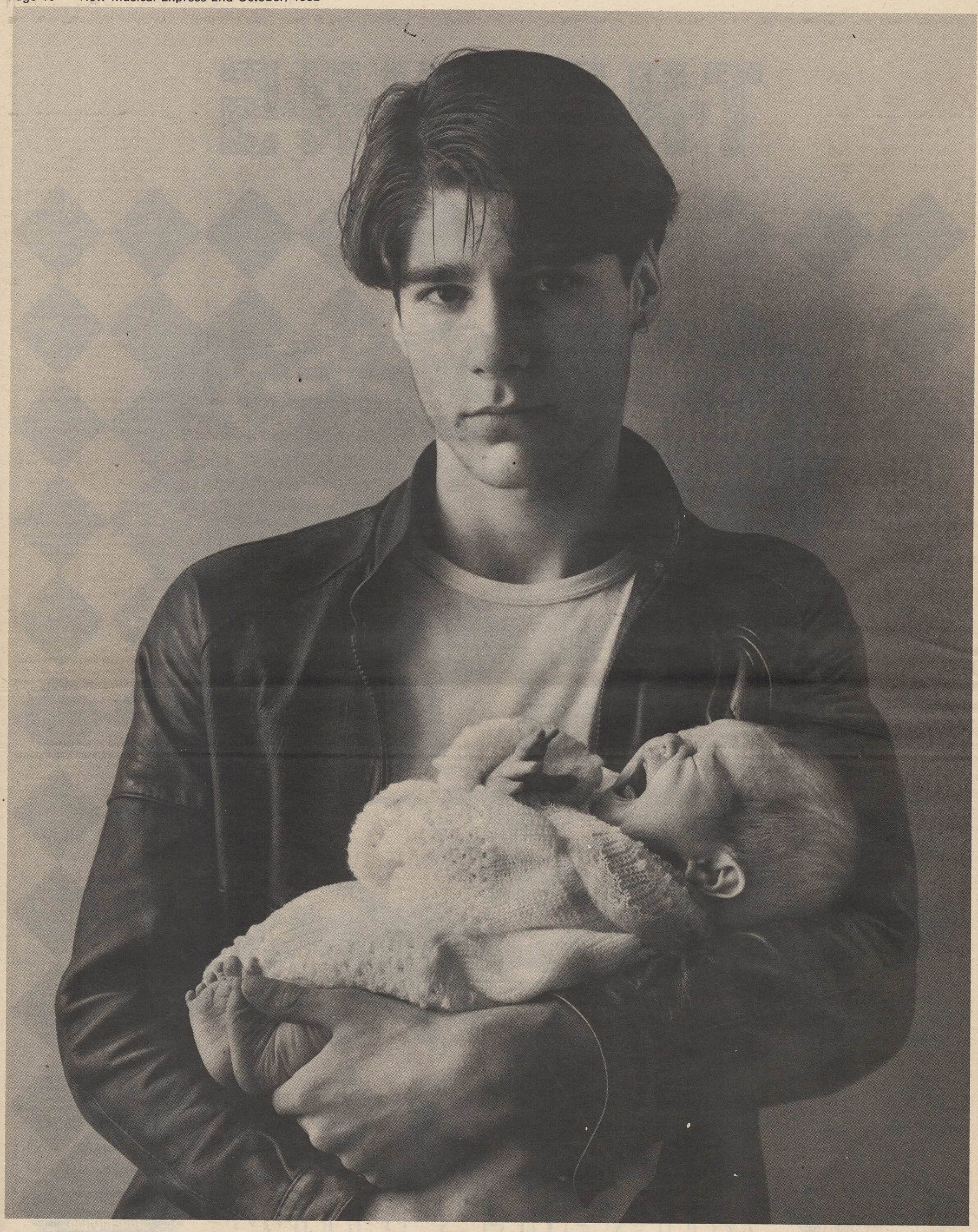

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BARNEY HOSKYNS meets Survivor, the band who took the Rocky road to success

L-R: Stephen Ellis, Frankie Sullivan, David Bickler, Jim Peterik, Marc Doubray.

PRO GRESS AND SURVIVE

THE NEW ETHIC of survival in America with its Survivalists and all — is enabling rock groups to get to the top by singing about what it takes to get there. How appropriate, then, that the number one record in America for the last two months has been by a group called Survivor.

That 'Eye Of The Tiger' has also made it to the top of the UK charts further attests to the attraction of its message — the ethos of the film for which it provides a theme tune, *Rocky III*. Survivor is the first band in the Journey/Foreigner/REO mode to score an English No.1, while 'Eye' is now the biggest-selling single in the history of CBS.

Currently, Survivor is completing the first leg of a 52-date US tour supporting REO Speedwagon. The tour has reached the heart of the midwest, and tonight they're in the middle of what may be described as REO's bread-basket — the twin towns of Minneapolis-St Paul. As one sideline commentator observed, "it's either gonna happen here or it's not gonna happen at all".

The vast Metrocomplex is oveflowing with kids in bobbed perms and tour bomber jackets, kids who live for the non-stop visits of the giant FM rock bands. Survivor is received well, though not rapturously. After their short, somewhat listless set, I manage to grab the attention of prime Survivor Jim Peterik — a man who quite clearly *has* survived. Twelve years ago he had a huge hit with The Ides Of March. When Brutus, in the form of the American record-buying public, cast them into the winds of history, Peterik vowed he would be more than a one-hit wonder.

He formed Survivor in 1979 when, following the lead of Boston, the Foreigners of this world were beginning to dominate the American charts. He'd written his songs for .38 Special, and even had a solo album, 'Don't Fight The Feeling', released in 1976. Survivor was his return to the road. After two personnel changes, it now lines up as Peterik (keyboards), Frankie Sullivan (guitar), David Bickler (vocals), Stephen Ellis (bass), and Marc Doubray (drums).

I LIKE Jim Peterik. He's neither stupid nor blase, and he doesn't try to evade my predictable charges.

"On the first album, a lot of people compared us to Foreigner, and although we've never totally escaped comparison, it's become much more distinctive."

Had he ever felt himself being drawn into the Foreigner/Journey market?

"Well, I don't believe that's a conscious thing at all. I think you absorb everything that's around you and if you've got your ear to the ground then you *are* current. As soon as a band makes a conscious effort to sound like . . . whatever . . . I think it starts to ring false. Maybe people will buy it for one single, like there was one real rip-off of 'What A Fool Believes', but that artist never followed up that song. A band must be able to add something original to an existing form and so outlive it."

It's difficult to tell how sincere Peterik is about the music business. His own success leaves him unimpressed. There's always the next date, the next city, the next song.

When later I find him back in the hotel restaurant, he's sitting alone, sketching the idea for a song about a small town's red light district. He is relaxed, soft-spoken, polite. He shows me his notebook; it's like a travelling compendium of American myths, heavy metal cartoon myths. In Peterik's America, there's no transplanted Geordie paramour to keep Roxanne off the streets — the red dress goes on or there'd be no heavy metal sin city and America would die.

In the new America, which is an updated, resurgent version of the old pioneer continent, you only win when you can prove you've survived. All the 'new' bands turn out to have been working clubs for the last 15 years. No one in Toto, Speedwagon & co, is under 30. Jim Peterik is 31 but seems even older. He exudes the sceptical resignation of a middle-aged defence lawyer.

So how did the Stallone deal come about?

"Sylvester heard our second album, 'Premonition', and really responded to the concept behind the band. So when he gave us the video of *Rocky III*, it seemed to us that everything Rocky was standing for was something the band was standing for — the basic American work ethic. We got to say a lot of things we'd been wanting to say for a long time."

Has being in the biz so long — and making so many different indents in it — lessened anything of rock'n'roll's 'magic'?

"You do get a little weary of things, because a lot of people make a lot of unfulfilled promises all through your career. I don't think it's a question of getting cynical, you're just more careful. You also build an armour against critics and bad reviews. You have to — I used to read a bad review and cry.

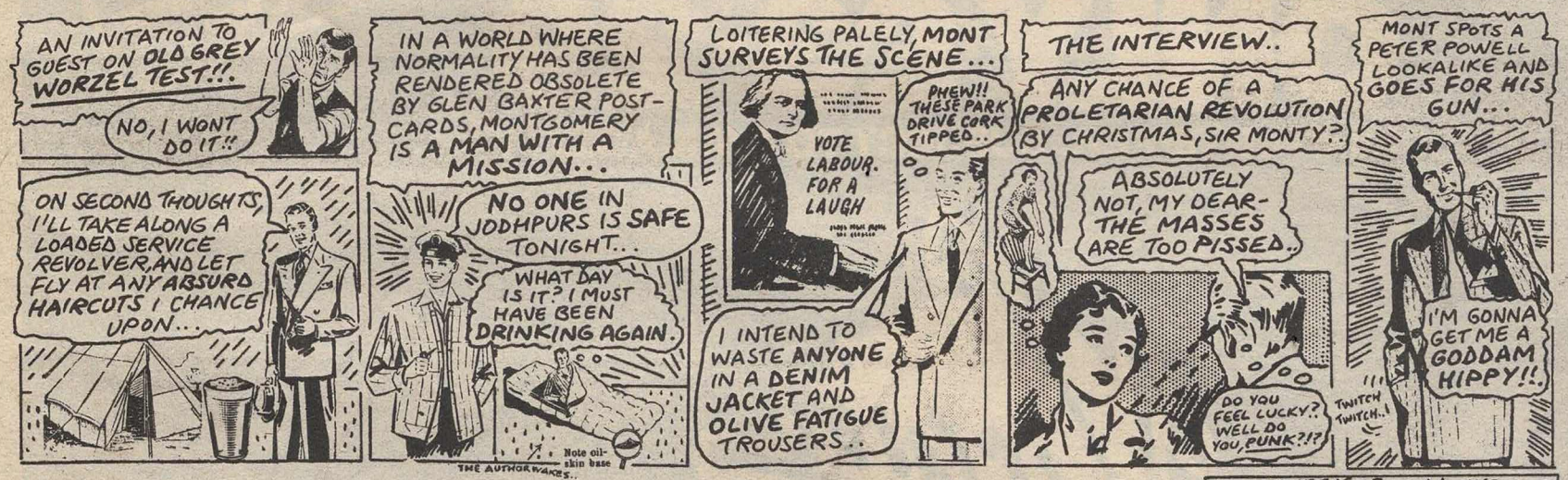
"There was a point where I got tired of the road and started writing for other people, but unless you stay in touch with your audience, you're sitting around at your piano writing little introspective songs and you no longer know what you're doing. With this band I've been able to live out all my fantasies. It's the perfect medium."

Jim Peterik, this is your life. Do you feel, as you survey the scene from the Olympian pedestal of the No.1 spot, that American pop music is going anywhere? If so, where?

"Golly! . . . I think y'know, some of the English stuff is getting to be a real big influence. It's just comin' in, and right now I think England's interest in horns is gonna catch on in America. Bands like ABC and Haircut 100 have been really influential in America. I think music is gonna be taken a little less seriously in the next couple of years, and there'll be a more lightweight, fun style of music as opposed to the way it's taken now. That's just a totally subjective opinion, and who knows . . . ?"

If songs like 'Eye Of The Tiger' make you wonder how you keep from going under, just think how great Survivor will sound in the fallout shelter.

not only rock and roll — lowry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NO ONE IN JODHPURS IS SAFE TONIGHT..
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LOITERING PALELY, MONT SURVEYS THE SCENE...
VOTE LABOUR. FOR A LAUGH
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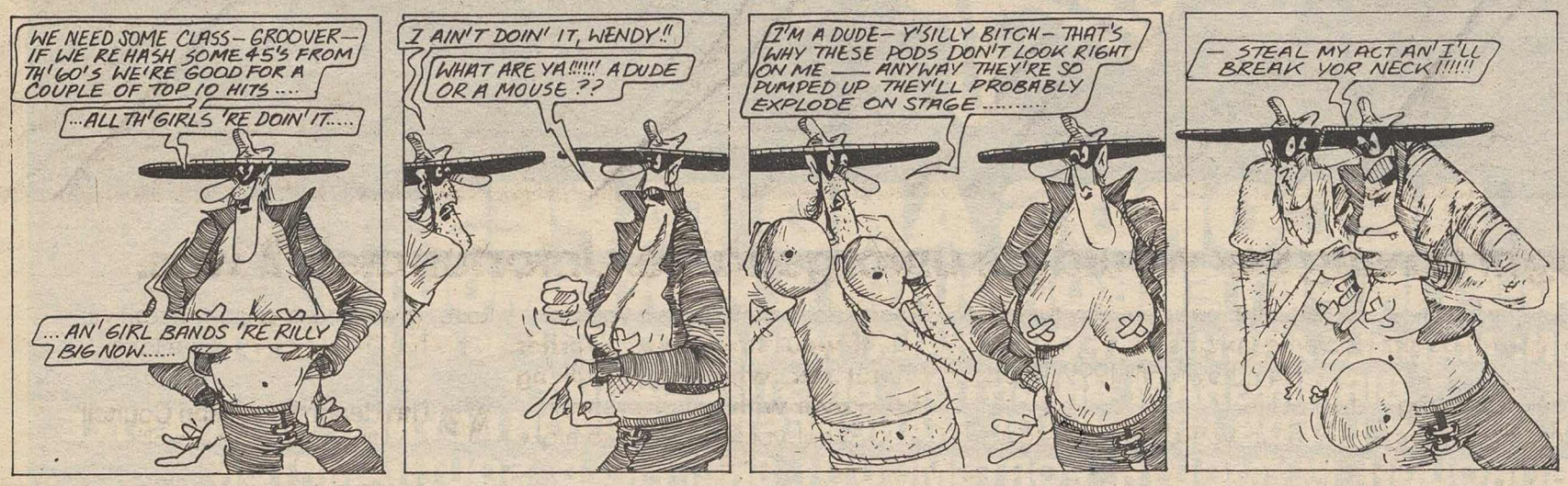
PHEW!! THESE PARK DRIVE CORK TIPPED..
THE INTERVIEW..
ANY CHANCE OF A PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION BY CHRISTMAS, SIR MONTY?
ABSOLUTELY NOT, MY DEAR- THE MASSES ARE TOO PISSED..
DO YOU FEEL LUCKY? WELL DO YOU, PUNK?!?
TWITCH TWITCH..!
MONT SPOTS A PETER POWELL LOOKALIKE AND GOES FOR HIS GUN...
I'M GONNA GET ME A GODDAM HIPPY!!..
NEXT WEEK- SOCIAL UNREST.

the lone groover — benyon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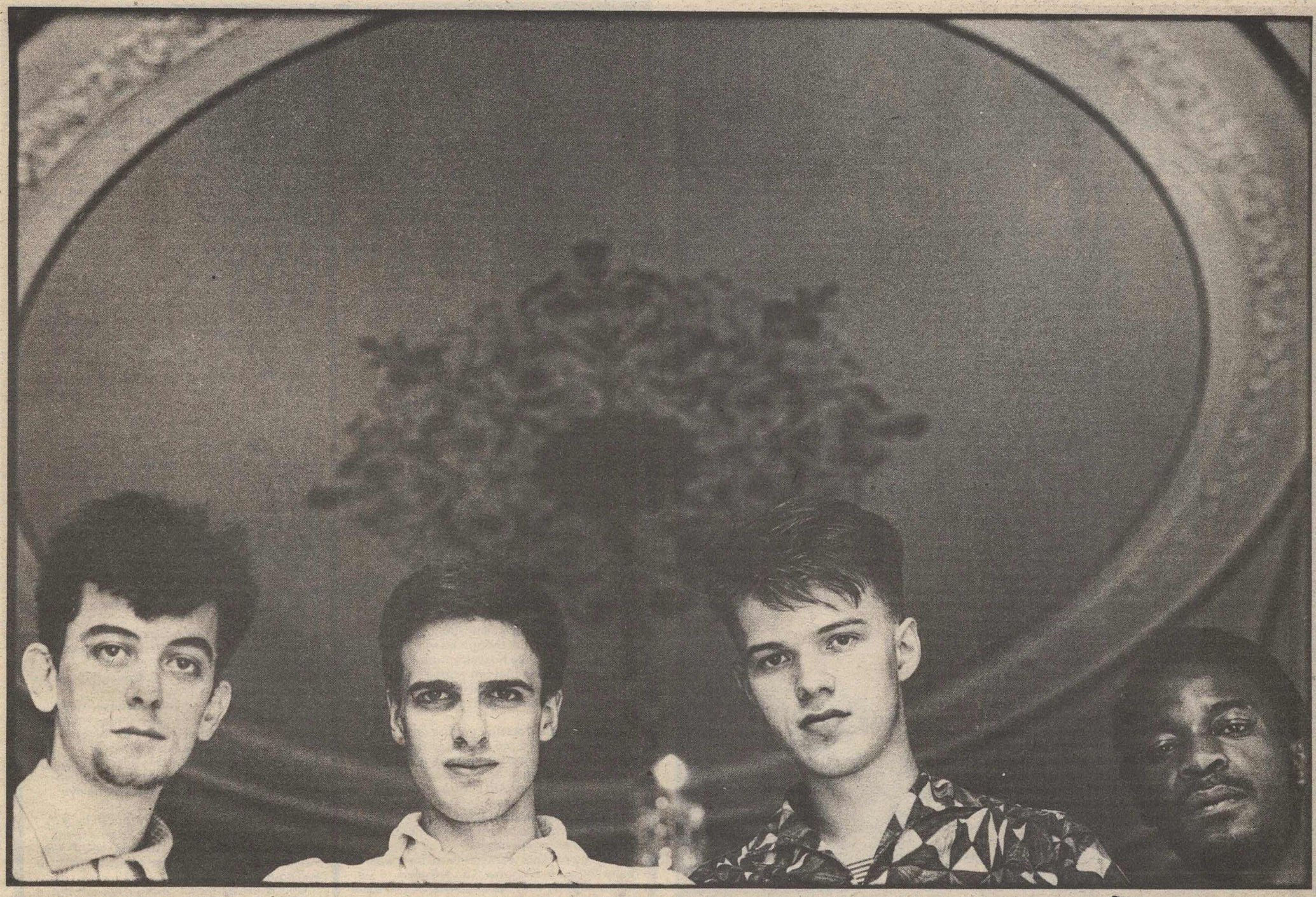

Dave, Malcolm, Edwyn and Zeke.

FROM A POSTCARD TO A POSTAGE STAMP

HATE — WITHOUT wanting to sound faddish about such a thing — is once more where the heart is.

"I'm getting more interested in punk again," declares Orange Juice's Edwyn Collins, his previously boyish mop mangled into an aborted *Eraserhead* number.

He's been announcing his allegiance by way of the Sex Pistols T-shirt he's been wearing to London's ritzier escape routes.

"Adrian Thrills came up to me at the Camden Palace and asked me why I was wearing a Sex Pistols T-shirt," spits Edwyn contemptuously through goofy teeth, "and how come it wasn't a Roger McGuinn? And I thought, fuck, pigeon holed again!"

Pigeon holing Edwyn and Orange Juice might have been a national pastime, had they come up with the hits everyone predicted for them. As it is, they've been more simply passed over. But Orange Juice — Postcard muddlemind Alan Horn told us and we subsequently told you — were going to be *the* alternative pop group. They were, we wanted to believe, the happy collision of lovesick guitars and adolescent curiousity, the embodiment of New World — Scotland, that is — optimism and youthful enthusiasm. Pop music for the young made and controlled by the young.

Until they were wrongfooted by the focus switching to the mainstream, it did seem they were it. When every one else was buttoning up his black shirt against the cold, they wore loud check and warm smiles, covering up for their inadequacies with a heap of silly grins and bad jokes.

With the passing of time, though, amateurism becomes shamateurism. Live or on record, there was no audible improvement in Orange Juice. Where the bemused expression of those wonderful, if rough Postcard singles rang genuine enough, it began to sound forced after it was cleaned up with Polydor money; and Edwyn's voice cracking up on their biggest chart shot — a cover of Al Green's 'L.O.V.E. Love' — was more careless than cute.

Anyway, nobody needed tolerate sloppiness in this new age of quality and distinction heralded by the ABC/Trevor Horn and Human League/Martin Rushent axis. What's more Nicky Heyward has a goofier, more comfortable grin. His Haircut 100, Altered Images and the rest capitalized on the pop consciousness Orange Juice helped cultivate.

Hate? Or just bitter about being left behind, Edwyn?

"IT'S NOT a case of sour grapes," he counters caustically, "because I don't envy them, these groups who've put the 'a' back into pop music. Ha ha. I really don't. I know there are certain factions who insist that Orange Juice propagated this *wonderful,* golden age of pop, but quite frankly if I thought we'd been in anyway responsible, I'd feel we'd have a hell of a lot to answer for. Because I think most of it is shit.

"That's why I feel we've been misrepresented by the press, who've taken the more superficial and crass elements of what we did and amplified them, so they become twee. And because we haven't delivered, which to some extent I admit, we've become the scapegoat for this horrible saccharine movement.

"It's not that I'm bitter, it's just that I hate them," he continues. "I hate them the same way I hated progressive groups in '77; hate was the good thing about punk. I think hate can be very positive if it is directed in the right way. . ."

THE POSITIVE side of Orange Juice's hate is the renewed sense of purpose that followed their virtual demise on the release of their long-delayed, out of date debut LP 'You Can't Hide Your Love Forever' on Polydor. They dumped on Alan Horn, fell out with each other and fell apart, only to regroup around Edwyn and bassist Dave McClymont. The present line up is now completed by guitarist Malcolm Ross, from Josef K, and drummer Zeke, from Zimbabwe — the nation, not a group.

They meet me in pairs during the recording of their second LP, Dave and Malcolm outlining the schisms of the past, and Zeke and Edwyn mapping out the future.

Alan, the first pair say, had to go, after planting the preconceptions in the press they later found difficult to live up to, and for the hold he had on Edwyn.

"It was Alan who said Orange Juice were going to be a pop group," accuses Dave," that we would be on *Top Of The Pops* and have huge hits for Postcard. But I always thought we were like Pere Ubu! That's why I joined the group!

"Besides," he relates further, "I used to be very close to Edwyn, but once Alan came in I didn't speak to Edwyn again for about six months. I thought Alan was taking over the group, and rather than making some rash statement like, Alan! You're taking over the group, I crawled back to the flat and just whimpered."

Earlier drummer Steven Daly was purged simply because, "I wouldn't talk to him at all, we didn't get on, so the rhythm section was rubbish. And we would just laugh at James. . ."

. . .Kirk, their previous guitarist, that is, who, in the revised view of things, carries the can for Orange Juice's shambolic reputation.

"James was always dizzy-eyed, playing novel things on guitar and wanting to write stupid twee comedy songs, like those you get in musicals," sneers Dave. "A lot of people came to see us especially for James, because he would always do something wacky, like fall over."

Malcolm, the gawky shy boy from Josef K entered the fray only to be repulsed by all the bitching.

"All this backstabbing," he recalls with horror. "It was a horrible atmosphere. I just wanted to leave. . ."

Being their most disciplined and composed member, Edwyn and Dave hung onto him and sacked the other two. Malcolm's splendid, terse style, which defined Josef K's series of excellent singles, isn't the only stabilising influence. There is also drummer Zeke. . .

ZEKE, THEY rightly claim, is their most interesting member. An affable, easy-going 27-year-old veteran of various Glaswegian funk/reggae whatever groups, he

Will the Sound of Young Scotland rise again? CHRIS BOHN examines the declining fortunes of ORANGE JUICE and introduces their new Rhodesian drummer ZEKE — the man who might set the process in reverse. Pix PETER ANDERSON

CONTINUES OVER

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ORANGE JUICE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

arrived in Scotland eight years ago as a political refugee from pre-Zimbabwe Rhodesia, where he was drawing too much attention through the black youth consciousness plays he was writing with other teenagers in the small hometown community in Rhodesia's heartland.

His autobiography goes something like this:

"It was a crazy situation," he recalls. "I was working with other teenagers during the school holidays, writing plays and staging them. We used to invite our white counterparts over to see them, but they never came, except once, and then they all left early because they thought it was too political.

"The title of that play, haha, sounds really grand and pretentious now, but it was called *Search For Human Dignity*. It was just about people coming out of school, reflecting exactly what was happening to us. We didn't think our parents understood the situation. Most of us thought that our parents were just weak for accepting all this nonsense for years. So we were alienated from our parents just as much as we were from the white people.

"The alternative was to do music, write plays, things like that to try and show them what we were going through.

"But this is the funny part — I didn't quite know what was happening at the time. My Dad, who was a headmaster then, was secretly working for the Zano Party (the then outlawed national party fighting for independence), his brother was in Mozambique, a young commander in the guerilla force. So he had good reason to be scared, because maybe I would draw attention to them and the more important work they were doing.

"Nevertheless, he was proud of my plays and encouraged me, though he told me to be careful. All the while he was smuggling books to Mugabe, during that ten years Mugabe spent in detention, and I suspect he was passing on letters between people, acting as a link.

"After a while it started getting dead uncomfortable, the police started to follow us around, kept moving us on, preventing us from grouping together. We were becoming quite a noticeable group in the community. So my parents, who had some Scottish friends, suggested me going to Glasgow."

Didn't he want to return once Zimbabwe was declared independent?

"No, my parents wanted me to, but I was really settled in Glasgow," he answers. "I just felt a solidarity with the people here, I've never felt any conflict here. I just fitted in."

In the meantime, his father is now working from the Zimbabwe embassy in Yugoslavia.

ZEKE HASN'T exactly awakened a new political consciousness in Orange Juice, but he's an undeniably important presence, helping check their descent into self-parody and alerting them to the world outside the concerns of their love songs, acute though Edwyn's observations generally are.

"People always ask us about politics, because they think we're vacuous and that we don't know anything about the heavier side of life," despairs Edwyn. "But it's not really the case. I hate being portrayed as being naive about vices, sex and drugs, thing like that. Which isn't to say we are *serious* and this is the heavy political angle of Orange Juice; it's just when I read the *NME Quotes Of The Year* which had me saying, I do have ideas about politics and the world but I've forgotten them for the minute I thought, aw fuck, that's really asking for it. What I mean is, I am quite naive about conventional politics, because I'm not that interested . . . but I think the lyrics are 'meaningful' in inverted commas. I'd like to think they're stimulating, in that we say things quite simply, communicating ideas succinctly. And some of them are quite accurate."

There wasn't much noticeable difference in the new group's first recorded collaboration 'Two Hearts Together', the sleeve of which had Dave And Edwyn staring dewy-eyed at prospective buyers. Furthermore, their new production company titled *Holden Caulfield Universal* suggested they were grimly hanging onto their youth by making an easy association with the hero of J.D. Salinger's *Catcher In The Rye.*

"Well, I just thought the novel was so evocative of adolescence, we'd take a little dig at ourselves," counters Edwyn. "It was meant to be self demeaning, it was meant to be quite wry. Ha ha."

The overriding preoccupation of the brashly honest, painfully funny Holden was the deceit that seemed to go with adulthood compromise, which he saw blossoming in his 'young adult' contemporaries.

Against his harsh ingenuousness, most everybody was exposed as phoney. I suspect 'Two Hearts Together' would shrivel before his stern gaze, but the flip's 'Hokoyo' — written by Zeke — and the forthcoming single 'I Can't Help Myself' are agile and intuitive enough to look Holden straight in the eye without flinching.

"I do feel there's a sort of strength back in the group," enthuses Edwyn. "Some of the songs on the new LP are the best we've done — a post-post-Postcard feel both in timescale and sound."

Unlike J.D. Salinger, Orange Juice might just survive the precocity of their early creations to become more than a one-shot wonder.

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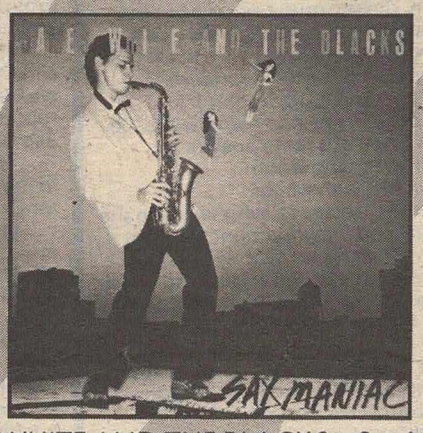

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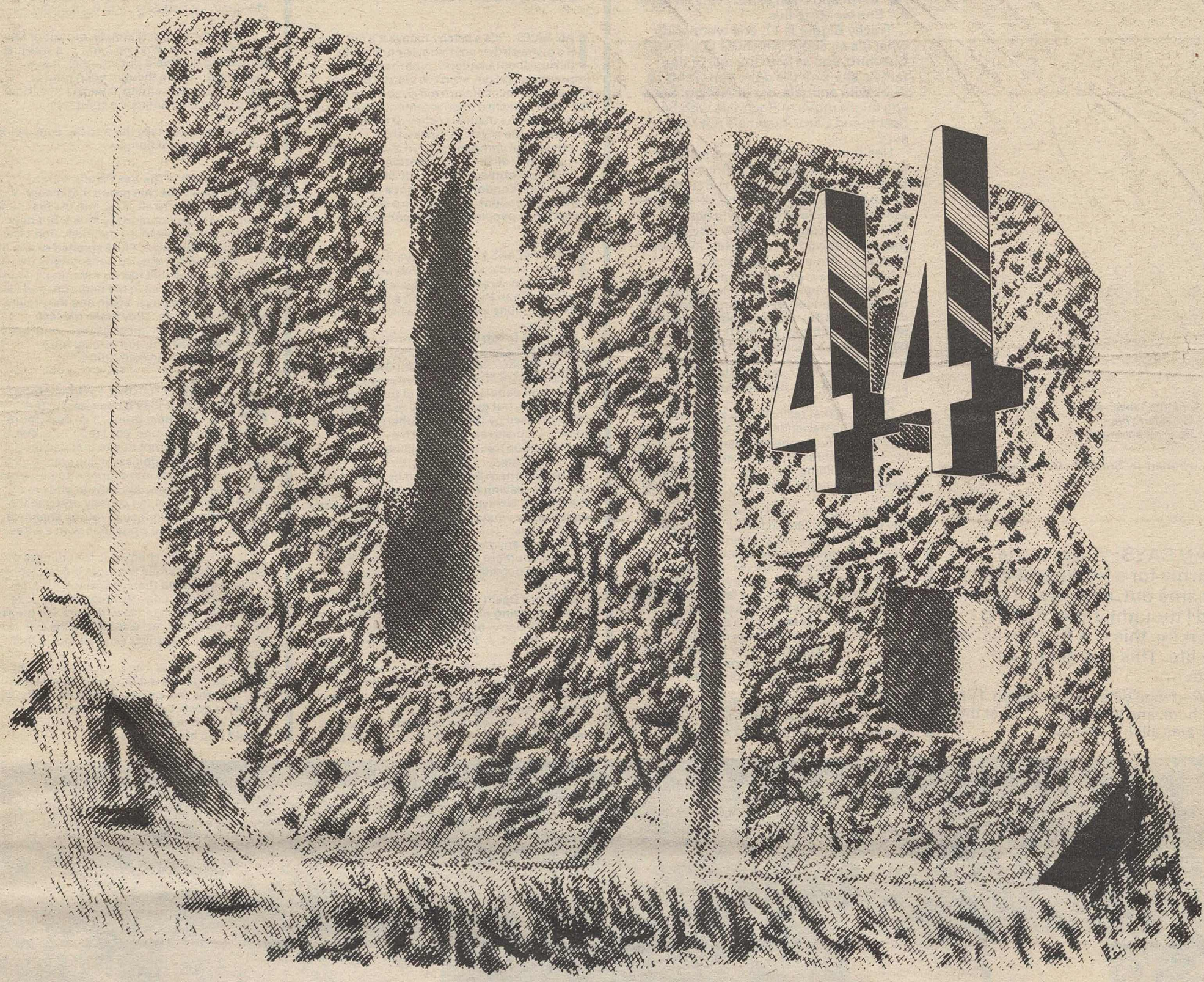

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"Fatman takes away
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He weakens me."

'Fatman' by Southern Death Cult

IAN SAYS: "I was in the army for a while, and then I came out, and I was a punk, and I thought, right, fucking anarchy, this is it for the rest of my life. This has got to last forever.

"And then when it died down, I just sat there, and I thought . . . what the fuck was all that about?"

TRACEY THINKS: "What to say what to do I don't know why I'm on this earth and I don't know why I'll leave it." She wants to live.

Tracey Bigger is 17, and wondering what it's all about. She lives in Stockport, Cheshire, and as with the rest of her family, she's on the dole. She wants to work with animals, or something. Soon she might move to Rochdale with her best friend Carol, but she's not really sure.

Hesitant, helpless, her hair is bright white, and she likes her clothes to be black. Her favourite group is Bauhaus, maybe because there's a black-ish magic, maybe because of Murphy's body. There's no group that really lifts her into the wild beyond; or drops her innocent blue soul into an ecstatic trance.

Her illusions are great and simple. The only thing that's vivid about her is her vagueness. She gets uncomfortable walking down the street, alarmed at the awful, obvious oddness of her arms and legs, feeling that all the passers-by in the mud around her are sniggering at her awkwardness. Some would simply call her 'shy', but it's a lot more profound than that. She's completely lost; at a loss.

One thing that really makes sense to her is going to The Hacienda with Carol; even with only a few pounds she still finds ways to get there two or three times a week. Inside the Hacienda building she senses that somewhere distant there might be a purpose, something to find.

At The Hacienda last Friday she met a great boy called Buzz; looked like he'd emerged from the shadows of a Bauhaus song, crimpled fringe-over-eye, clipped eyebrows, powdered face, piercing eyes, gorgeous, and he's even in a group. A group that are going to be supporting Bauhaus on a few of their dates, and even playing with the Banshees.

She thinks of Buzz, and she thinks that maybe any group with him in must be fantastic. She writes down for him her phone number, on the inside of a cigarette packet in pink lipstick: and adds two kisses. He promises to call her.

The next day Tracey's smiling all the time, and telling Carol that she's in love. Tracey remembers the name of Buzz's group. *Southern Death Cult.* She even loves the name.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT.

IAN SAYS: "It's a catchy name! It's not that it's just weird or anything. It's not really talking about London . . . perhaps the impression you get from the word 'London'. The control that comes from such a place. All the main branches of government are in London, all the main branches of the military, the media, the music business, the multinational companies, so in a way London is a source of all the discontentment.

"But the Southern Death Cult isn't specifically 'London' . . . I've got a lot of friends in London! The name is a subtle hint about those people who have control."

IN A REHEARSAL room above Roots record shop in Bradford, we talk. Five voices, some unfinished sentences, the usual intrigues, interpreted and translated with a tiny distortion, a tiny irregularity, which alters everything.

Southern Death Cult do not produce the conversations and claims familiar in all such interviews; they go further, their view is fresher, they're acceptant yet infuriated . . . as if telling off people is a waste of time. At a loss, full of doubt, but getting ready to take you on. I'm impressed by the way Southern Death Cult present themselves to me; with a *consideration* that's more thrilling than the word suggests.

I take Southern Death Cult to be: free of pettiness, craving for sensation and experience, always gathering strength, always surprised by what comes next . . .

Barry says: "I never imagined it meaning anything to anyone other than ourselves. The fact that Southern Death Cult is meaning something outside of ourselves amazes me even now."

Southern Death Cult are 18 months old and started showing off in public last October. Aky, drums, 20. Barry, bass, 20. Ian, vocals, 20. Buzz, guitar, 21. A 'fame' is taking them by the hand.

Barry says: "We didn't have a plan of action. We didn't intellectualise about the name or anything. It didn't occur to us. We just wanted to be in a band blah blah blah . . ."

Ian says: "We wanted to play the Queen's Hall down the road. That's all we wanted to achieve. Then one day we played with Chelsea and Gene October got onstage and said, Right this group is gonna be supporting us down the Marquee, for two days, and we just shit ourselves.

"Fucking hell, the Marquee, amazing! Cos we didn't realise *what we had* . . . it was just something that we'd put together. It just happened. People thought we'd tried to manufacture something. It wasn't that. How this group came about is a complete accident."

Above all else I take them to be: convincing. Not ready to die of hunger.

AKY SAYS: "The Sex Pistols were probably the one group that meant something to all of us, and the first punk thing was what I personally loved. But now I've like grown out of it. I definitely don't like any of that stuff now, The Exploited or any of that. I don't think they've done it right, they've done it in a way that has no meaning. I do like Killing Joke. I can sit in my bedroom and listen to them over and over again and they really do something for me. They make me feel aggressive, the Banshees as well. Aggression not in like smashing something, but a personal power, an inspiration."

AFTER WE'VE finished, I ask the group how honest they'd been during the interview. Buzz grins: "I've been more honest than everyone 'cos I didn't say owt."

This is true, but not due to that risible hostility you can often associate with 'such' groups, that unace immature grimness. Buzz was just a little slow, too slow to edge in a word before Aky or Ian eagerly diverted the conversation down their favourite channels, or Barry felt around a question with a shrewd caution.

Buzz's is the most obvious friendliness of the SD Cult, his smile the most indestructible. Those who feared that SD Cult were a unit perfecting the grudge techniques of K Joke should have a cup of tea with Buzz. No greasy chip on his shoulder; a sparkle in his eye. Not even a tough hangover can extinguish that sparkle.

Buzz had been at The Hacienda the night before and got incredibly drunk. "I met this girl," he tells me, pulling a piece of cardboard out of his pocket. It's the cardboard with Tracey's phone number on. "I wonder if I should ring her?"

ian

southern death cult

Post punk comes the last tribe, SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, a Bradford group who attack the centralisation of media and political power in London. PAUL MORLEY discovers their anger and aggression is only inspiration — not a way of life. Photos ANTON CORBIJN

barry

buzz

aky

-the last tribe

Buzz is the one in the group who will look the most responsive when you mention the delights (or not) of being at the centre of attention. When he thought that not all of his face was going to appear on the cover of this newspaper he was horrified. He doesn't read *New Musical Express,* but he knows that there are those who do. *New Musical Express* buys him some make up for the photo session.

"Ay," says Aky, joking, "you should have had a shave this morning." There's the slightest hint of an unruly bristle.

Buzz brings to Southern Death Cult a useful vanity, a belief about the self based in firm narcissism.

Tracey waits for his call, and a whole lot more.

IAN SAYS: "We're not an aggressive protest band. We don't want to be any sort of Gods. Stimulating thought, bringing people together, entertaining people, creating an atmosphere of sheer exhilaration and enjoyment. These are the main things. It has to be a way of breaking through all the cliques, break it down. I've got people writing to me who are into Toyah, The Associates and ABC. I think that's fucking excellent. Cos we want to break down all the fucking barriers. This is how it should be, a coming together."

SOUTHERN DEATH Cult are not to be taken as ragged, haughty, even sordid, despite their name and the way they've been slotted onto the outside of the pop mess. Don't read here what to read into them. Don't be misdirected when I say they are a group of romantic expectations and vagrant energies, that there's not a lot of morbid suspicion, that there's a disquieting fragility mixed in with the severe inventiveness. Such words are written in the mist on a window.

So; blood-puffed, parched throat, a rush of spirit into the world, a novel awareness of danger and light . . . the words, the claims, become bland. Only 'action' can prove that something special is forming, something as relevant to the times as a fine poem or a lonely girl, something that isn't *too* angry, *too* distraught, *too* concerned, something that doesn't feel that to be harsh is enough, that the 'action' has to be prefaced with a snarl and accompanied by a fist. The action is something that *works* despite 'the things that get in the way'. Things — bias, business, cynicism, that are put there, or things that just materialise.

SD Cult know a lot about the things that get in the way, that interfere with and scratch at the natural dash that exists pure and simple at the start. As soon as the group were written about there were tags and labels and comparisons — never just an abstract emotional response! — and pretty soon it seemed as though it was all going to be sucked into the black hole of big business and small minds.

All those busy bodies with the sticky labels, date stamps and boxes for the new toys, turning a new energy into just another name. Record labels moved forward with their brat-traps, but SD Cult are not brats; they scoffed at these companies careless attitudes towards what has to be very special to the group.

It's an ancient dream that the type of energy generated by SD Cult — back through Banshees, Associates, J D and back beyond and round and through — will remain uninfected. But nothing can stop it coming.

Already with SD Cult the labels and comparisons sprout like hair.

Ian says: "The group is just an extension of ourselves, our experiences, what the four of us are interested in. We've looked like this for years, not just because here's a group and some kind of new wave we want to lead or anything. When we started people were calling it redskin rock, and I just felt sick. My interest in North American Indians is nothing so superficial and it doesn't speak for the rest of the group. That was the first cult tag that we had to steer clear of, and we got past that, and we were chugging along and now there's some new ones coming at us and you think, Oh Christ!"

Barry brings to the group a sly hardness, a neat watchfulness. When he mentions that Bauhaus — "especially the slow songs" — have had quite an impact on him, he pauses and then adds "I make no apologies for that."

For him it is certainly the music papers who, in their endless quest for diversion, create the divisions, the fences, who miss the point. For him it is dreadful that inexperienced writers suddenly have an audience of thousands. He talks carefully, listens with a distant interest, and he always looks very sure of himself even when he's expressing doubt or admitting to a contradiction.

Barry says: "We respect what Sex Gang Children and Danse Society and those other groups we are being attached to are doing for what it is, but we're not a part of it, we don't feel that it's the same."

Ian says: "I don't think they feel that they're part of anything either. 'It', this thing that's apparently about, it's just some guy's been sat at a typewriter and he's decided there's a new wave."

Perhaps it's enough to indicate; there's an audience falling about waiting for something that is solid and directly related to their experience, something that comes in at an angle, inside out, all skin and nerves, and (here it comes . . .) I suggest, blandly, to Barry that what 'it' is could be the most logical, the purest extension or fulfilment of the energy The Sex Pistols unleashed and he will say, in his way: "Possibly . . . but that might well be a high thing to lay claim to . . ."

Ian says: "Oh god, *they* might think of some shit name for whatever it's supposed to be . . ."

It's inevitable, and SD Cult know it. They scratch their heads; but carefully. Have to watch the wonderful hair. I would say — a label, disposable — that SD Cult play music 'for God's sake'.

BARRY SAYS: "Sitting here and talking about it, it can seem pretentious. We're trying to intellectualise things that . . . that we just do! It just comes naturally. We go onstage and play songs that we wrote and it just comes natural, we just do it. Trying to rationalise it and its direction, its motivation, and the force that comes behind it, er, doesn't sit right. We just do it."

BARRY SAYS: "Look at *TOTP* now . . . I think to myself, where's the progression I thought there was two years ago?"

Aky says: "Have you seen *TOTP* lately? It's like it was in '73, '74, it's all come back, the pop star thing."

Barry says: "It's slipping back into its traditional roles."

Do you not see any value in subtlety or a kind of literacy and comparative adventure surviving amidst the crass flash?

Barry says: "Well, it would be an important thing if it was happening, but I don't see that it is. You might think of some examples to prove me wrong, but I don't think so."

The bland thing for groups to say is right when we get through there it will be different, and the day comes and nothing happens; as in the Joke getting on *TOTP* and being as menacing as the theme tune — are groups who claim to be outside the identifiable pop tradition more controllable than they'd like to think?

Aky says: "It depends how you do it, what kind of band you are. I mean, The Exploited have been on and they haven't lost the hard core punk following."

Exactly . . . surely you have to align yourself to some extent with the gloss of the format, its sophistication — in such a context The Exploited 'alternative' is laughable, it doesn't relate to the experience of those who haven't chosen punk or who are outside, nothing is particularly dislodged, no defences beaten.

I suppose we're talking about an impact that transcends everything. If you could go on and translate your faith with fierce impact it would 'work', a communication outside what you would expect anyway. An impact like Bowie and 'Starman' on *TOTP,* and the Pistols on *So It Goes.*

Barry says: "It would revolve around faith in ourselves and whether we have it or not. If we had that complete faith we could come across on *TOTP* and make such an impact, achieve that transcedence and break the barriers . . ."

Ian says: "People shit in their pants when they see examples like you've given. That *had* to come across. Whether we've got that much faith in ourselves . . . at this point in time I don't think that we have. It's happened so quickly. We haven't had a chance to totally assess everything."

Such an impact would enable you to wriggle free of any kind of controlling labels.

Ian says: "I don't think that we're ready yet."

So is this sudden exposure harmful?

Barry says: "Certainly when it first happened. We haven't explored all the possibilities adequately to see how far it can go, so how can we have that complete faith in ourselves?"

Ian says: "We haven't even found the perfect form for writing our songs yet. Right now we've got 11 songs, with four waiting to spring out. I feel that the material we're beginning to do makes me think, All fucking right, instead of thinking, Oh, well maybe we'll be able to do it next week, the new stuff makes me think, Well, I'm just going to go and shit in someone's face. I'm getting that confidence . . .

"I keep talking about shitting myself, but that's just how I felt when I saw The Sex Pistols, I just couldn't believe it. That's the impact you're talking about. I dunno whether we're all too modest to fully explain what the band means to each one of us, it's hard to look down on . . . If we were to get all the confidence possible and make that impact it may filter out after that and reach through to all kinds of people, but we've got to wait for the right time and when, and if it happens we'll be able to get past it and just keep going and going and going . . .

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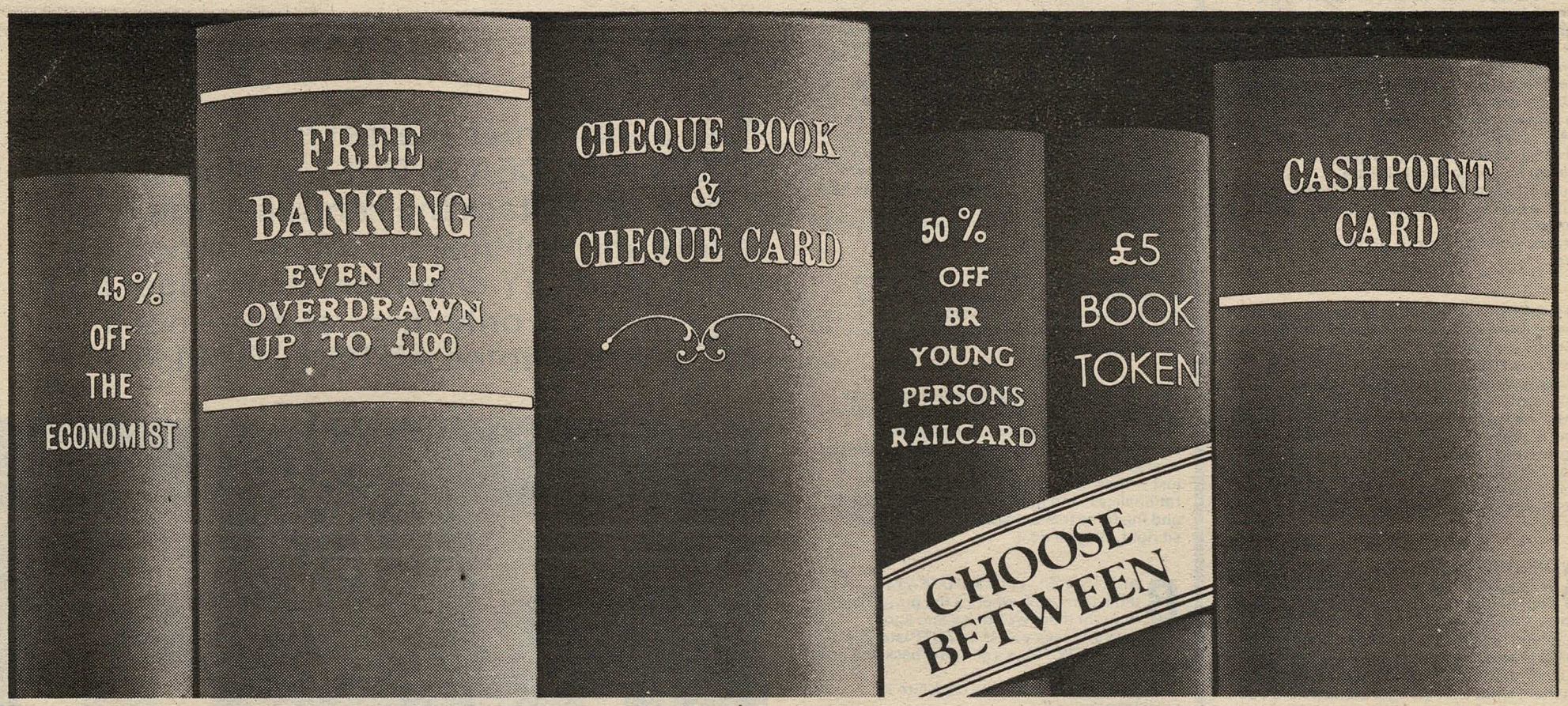

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PULSALLAMA

P·U·L·S·A D·R·A·M·A I·N N·E·W Y·O·R·K

MERLE GINSBERG wigs out over New York's newest all-girl group PULSALLAMA. Photo JOE STEVENS

TO UNDERSTAND Pulsallama, you need to know a few things first. Like what "gross me out" means.

That's New York colloquial suburbanese for "make me completely ill". It's not a challenge, but a sarcastic pronouncement revived from the '60s (for that added element of nostalgia). It's the type of thing that extremely hip adolescent girls say every other minute.

'Gross Me Out' is a Pulsallama song, a chant with a refrain that asks the very necessary question, *"Are these people for real?"* and answers, *" 'Fraid so . . ."*

Some other Pulsallama titles are: 'Pulsallama In California,' 'Pulsallama In Crown Heights', 'Funky Pulsa', 'Pulsallama On The Rag', and the recent Y/America releases, 'Ungawa Part II: Way Out Guinana' (a funky dance version of a black high school basketball cheer with some very hot arrangements).

Now you understand: Pulsallama are a New York band who take the art of parody to new lows — and paradoxically speaking, that means High Parody!

Pulsallama are also an all-girl band, or — as they are sometimes referred to — an all-girl percussion orchestra.

THERE USED to be 13 of them wearing cocktail dresses, *not-playing* an awesome array of (dare I say?) phallic percussive things, screaming, crying, and generally being as giddily girly as possible. They are about the furthest extension you could have on the "all-girl" theme. Their very name conjures up images of esoteric cults, ancient rites, bacchanals, secret services, paganism and general lasciviousness.

Yet the present seven-strong incarnation of the group all claim to be debutantes, a description of them used in recent article in *The Tatler*. But unlike all-girl bands like The Go-Go's, you can't comment on Pulsallama's girliness, because they do it for you.

Pulsallama's egotism isn't a conceit; nor is their (now trendy) funkiness. Les Girls — Jean Caffeine, Kimberly Du, Stace Elkin, April Kingsley, Lori Montana, Min Thometz and Wendy Wild — have all emerged from the high camp and low satire of the "environment" (now referred to in New York as "clubs" or "alternative spaces") of the historic Club 57.

57 is a little hovel in the basement of a Polish church in Lower Manhattan's East Village. Because they were not licensed to have live music, a group of kids created all sorts of underground, sleazy, arty and subversive entertainments. It hosted New Wave Vaudeville Nights, with James Chance and Lydia Lunch offered as "dream dates"; Ladies' Wrestling Nights; Las Vegas Night; Monster Movie Club; Black Light Nights; Glue Sniffing Nights; Mock Inaugural Balls, etc . . .

OUT OF WHAT can now be referred to as the dada doings at Club 57, grew The Ladies Auxiliary Of The Lower East Side. Out of the Ladies grew Pulsallama.

The Ladies thought they might start a band — they needed them at parties and bands were fun! They didn't know how to play, but that hadn't prevented anyone else on the circuit from doing it.

So, in an act of girl defiance, they chose to hit things: beer bottles, toy machine-guns, plastic bags, cowbells, empty water-cooler jars, timbales, tom-toms. It was a little raw, a bit abrasive, not unlike primal therapy. Their lyrics, always a variation on *"Pullsallama"*, were exuberantly chanted in Greek choral style.

Sometimes, they all wear wigs — the same ones. Thirteen platinum blonde flips hitting jugs. Sometimes they blow kisses. Sometimes they give the audience the finger. But you know that *whatever* the hell they do, they *probably* don't mean it.

And they picked up a following.

At first it was a cult; then some Pulsallamas learned to play. Jean Caffeine — recently voted one of New York's Top Ten punks after her picture with John Lydon ran in *NME* — began going up to Harlem to take drum lessons. They played bigger clubs. Then Dick O'Dell of Bristol's Y Records found them, and their record was released early this summer. And not long ago, they even opened for The Clash in Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Min: "We got pelted with cups and change. We made about 15 bucks in change that night before we got paid."

NOW THAT Pulsallama are big news, and their record is being played everywhere, they are getting touted as the next Go-Go's — America's answer to Bananarama. But if you put all those girls in a room together for a few days, I know who would come out alive.

Pulsallama have it all over those girls: wit, spirit, funk (they can now all officially play), street smarts, looks, and more than that, *beaucoup de chutzpah*.

The interview begins when Min and Stace, the two smallest Pulsallamas, arrive. Stace unveils an outfit she's designed and created especially for Min: a two-piece see-through baby-blue chiffon sequin number. It suits Min, who resembles an extremely pretty little boy, with short blonde hair always falling in her eyes (not unlike Nick Heyward's); she stands at about 4'll".

Stace, with long dark hair, is slightly taller, and is reputedly "the stylish one"; not surprisingly she's also an accomplished clothes designer.

Wendy arrives late, dressed in perfect psychedelia: a paisley shirt, turquoise granny glasses, stick-straight blonde hair. She's Wild, that Wendy.

Lori arrives breathless. "Sorry I'm late," she gushes. "I got drunk at work." (She moonlights as a bartender at art shows.) She has the look of an archetypal Italian princess: thick dark hair, a soft, sweet face, slightly petite, she's often seen near Danceteria's video games with Keith Levene.

Just finished a drumming class, Jean bursts in the Y office and dances around, showing off a recent suntan — they don't call *her* Caffeine for nothing. Her hair is deliberately cut to look like a wig.

April is last and unexpected. She's quiet, with long dark hair in braids, and she wears red harlequin glasses.

ROUTINE QUESTIONS are brushed aside with boisterous humour.

"My real name is none of your business," Jean Caffeine tells me. "I named myself cause I drink a lot of cappuchino . . . I guess I'm pretty hyper . . . I'm 22 . . . I play real drums. I'm trying not to be a cult figure; I think I'd like to be a graffiti artist. I also DJ at The Nursery, a really unpopular after-hours club that no one goes to."

Lori: "My friends call me 'Bubbles' for the way I looked at a Ladies' Auxiliary Debutante Ball . . . I'm 24 . . . I play bass, though not like a typical bass player. I write what's in my head, having had practically no training. I used to play beer bottles."

Min: "Everyone calls me 'Bonefinder' because I have a great ability for finding bones."

What do you do with them?

"I give them to friends. I live near Wing Ding Chicken in Avenue B, so I get some real good ones."

Wendy: "No one can pronounce my real last name, so I keep it short and sweet. I can't remember when I changed my name; it must be all the mushrooms I've eaten. I do parodies. I think of myself as Janis Joplin with a twist — mostly twist — the godmother of soul. I can do James Brown's whole act. I'll do anything onstage.

"I used to strip. But in fact I'm privately very timid. Maybe I'm a closet case; I really have very quiet habits, like macrame and pot holders. I used to play a waterjug I stole from work."

Stace, 23: "My present nickname is 'Timbalina', but I change it about every six months. First, I played beer bottles. Then I bought timbales in a pawn shop. I have six cowbells now. When I'm into something, I'm into it all the way."

Jean (interjecting): "We play cowbell duets! We're bad!"

Self-conscious of being 26, April offers: "I play wica, guero, zibraset, morroccas (I'm not sure what all those things are), and sing. I went to art school, but it's more fun to be in a band."

How do your write your songs?

Jean: "We all write them. We each write our own parts."

Stace: "They often come from personal experiences or jokes . . . like our song 'Pulsallama On The Rag' — we were getting into a fight with each other. Someone said they were on the rag. Wendy started singing, and it just happened. 'Rag' is really about attitude, not anything gross."

A lot of your songs are about Pulsallama, like 'Pulsallama In Crown Heights', 'Funky Pulsa' . . .

Jean: "We're into heavy self-propaganda . . . it's supposed to be funny. Our ideas come out of left field."

Lori: "This is not a joke band. We *make* jokes, but we're not a joke. We're all working very hard."

Let's tell the readers about Pulsallama's beauty secrets, since you are all so beautiful. Now do you girls stay in shape?

April: "I talk on the phone and watch TV."

Wendy: "I ride a ten-speed bike."

Stace: "We want to do a book — *The Pulsallama Book Of How To Exercise in Bed*!"

Jean: "I exercise my mouth!"

Are you gonna be rich and famous?

Stace: "We'll either make it ourselves . . . or marry it."

Jean: "I wanna marry some 17-year-old who lives with his parents in the South Bronx. He has to have a hat that says STP on it."

Wendy: "I wanna marry a younger man who's into psychedelia."

Lori: "I wanna marry a rock star." (Could she be referring to anyone specific?)

Kim: "I like preppy men. My boyfriend is a preppy. But I'd marry Warren Beatty . . . or Julie Christie."

Min: "I wanna marry a Cuban refugee."

Stace: "We're Latin fans."

Stace: "I really just wanna marry someone who gets my jokes . . ."

What's your favourite thing to do?

Unanimous: "Talk about everyone and each other on the phone every night — and play in Pulsallama."

Well, gross me out kiddiwinks!

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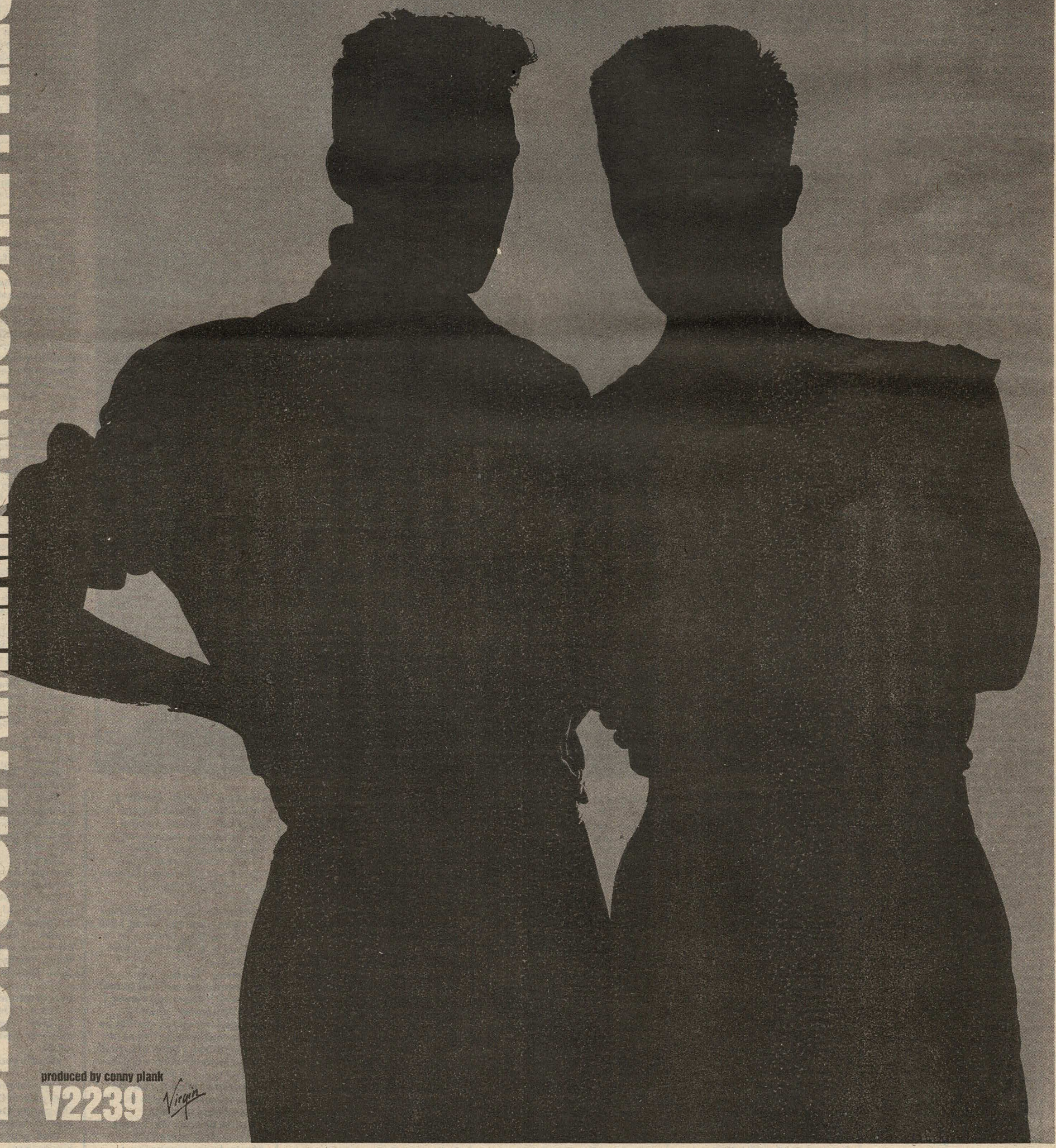

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SINGLES

REVISITED BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

NOW THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY . . . LET'S TALK ABOUT POP

DEVO: Peek-A-Boo (Virgin)
Apart from the above-named Orchestras, there are two supplementary reasons why this isn't single of the week. The first is that the record in question is by Devo, and the second is that it's on Virgin. Apart from that, it's wonderful: a genuinely nasty slice of perverse dance music. Among images summoned up by this record are: themes from TV cartoon shows, pinball machines that talk back, the Big Bad Wolf and the voyeur-murderer figure of the contemporary urban horror movie. Energetic, inventive, memorable and horrid (hook-line: the evilly triumphant *HA HA HA HA* cackle), this record will *not* be a hit because no nation that is capable of creating Sam Smith's bitter is going to buy Devo records.

LINX FEATURING DAVID GRANT: Don't Hit Me With Love (Chrysalis)
As you may have noticed from the billing, Sketch has now changed his name to Featuring. Opening with a burst of steel pans, percussion and assorted whooping, the song concerns a young blood getting smothered by some clinging woman whose love is cramping his style. The 7" version (which is what we have here) seems unnaturally short as well as being a dive into the same territory currently being explored by the current Creole single, while Featuring stands at the back looking cool and playing the bass line from 'Flashlight'. The video will probably be wonderful.

THE JOYS OF THE FLESH

PAULINE BLACK: Shoorah Shoorah (Chrysalis)
THE BELLE STARS: Mockingbird (Stiff)
Now *this* looks like a cheap shot. From Pauline Black's work with The Selecter and her public pronouncements during and since that involvement one is left with the impression of a woman possessed of the kind of vicious, scathing intelligence which would rip right through the very notion of the kind of tacky packaging of female singers which involves sprawling on a grimy floor wearing a negligee and giving a come-hither smile to the camera.

Yet here it is and here she is, and what are we to make of it? The record is this week's first Adam Kidron production and it's a percussed-up party version of the old Betty Wright epic, and it's more the kind of thing one would expect from The Belle Stars, only better sung.

The Belle Stars themselves show up with yet another oldie — the Charlie & Inez Foxx masterpiece 'Mockingbird' wrapped up in a poster and performed exactly how you'd expect after their last two singles. Not unpleasant but hardly inspiring, in other words.

Pauline — on the other hand — has reputedly spent some time working with The Members and with Jerry Dammers, and both those ventures should be considerably more interesting than this, which is little more than a holding operation.

Pauline Black is simply too smart to be credible when playing dumb.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING...

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Slowdive (Polydor)
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Atlantic City (CBS)
It is experientally true — even if not rationally so — that people whose work is considered Extremely Important generally *sound* Extremely Important, as if weighed down by other people's sense of their Importance. Both Siouxsie and Bruce, in their somewhat differing ways, carry that portentiousness as part of their basic tool kit. 'Slowdive' finds Siouxsie *et cie* mashing down hard on the 'eerie' button with the customary bashing beat, instrumental clatters and screams and reverby, serpentine vocals. Patti Smith, I'd like to introduce you to Hawkwind; you could do very well together.

Bruce, on the other hand, provides an extract from his new album 'Another Side Of Bruce Springsteen', recorded on a walkie on the *actual beach* in Asbury Park. A manly tremble shaking his reassuring baritone and a lonely harmonica wheezing away to itself in the corner, Bruce recounts yet another tale of gang fights and driving through the night. I don't know where we'd be without him.

I mean, this man saved rock'n'roll.

THE MOTOWN LEGACY (Pt 357b)

COSMETICS: Get Ready (Rough Trade)
ORANGE JUICE: I Can't Help Myself (Holden Caulfield Universal)
These two records are, in their way, evidence that things are getting fairly ludicrous. The first of them is a staggeringly ordinary funk-up of an unimpeachably wonderful Smokey Robinson tune which has been issued — for some unknown reason — by Rough Trade. It is unrealistic to expect a company like Rough Trade *not* to aim deliberately at releasing chart records, but it is not unrealistic to expect them to release *good* pop records. This is product bland enough for *Warners,* f'Chrissakes. Values change, times don't.

The Orange Juice single is the most out-of-order thing released all week. It isn't The Four Tops tune, but the lyrics precede the title with "and just like The Four Tops . . ." and periodically the shiny yellow tinkling instruments play the riff from the Tops single.

Next week: '(Just Like Martha & The Vandellas) Dancing In The Street'. Same label, same composer credit.

TAKE THIS OLD CRAP AWAY BEFORE I PUKE

THE NEW YORK DOLLS: Personality Crisis EP (Kamera)
JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS: Chinese Rocks (Jungle)
Exhibit A: The New York Dolls' original demos of four tunes that later ended up on their first album. Exhibit B: Thunders — predictably bombed — caterwauling the lamebrained junk anthem 'Chinese Rocks' live at the now-defunct Speakeasy club in the hallowed year of 1977. While the present writer can appreciate the importance of The New York Dolls in a strictly historical sense, he has unfortunately always distrusted their equation of hedonism with self-destruction, and the myth of casualty-worship that they so enthusiastically fostered. Earnestly aiming for martyr status before they even made it, they cynically exploited heroin addiction as glamour with the career of Thunders, surely the most useless human being in the recent history of the medium.

In '82 — whatever they could have meant in the past — these records are both revolting and irrelevant.

MORE! FASTER! SNAPPIER!

APB: Rainy Day (Oily)
HEY! ELASTICA: Eat Your Heart Out (Virgin)
SHRIEKBACK: My Spine Is The Bass Line (Y)
BLURT: Some Come (Big Balumbas In Burundi)
I like APB for the punky enthusiasm with which they tear into old Chic riffs: their last single was a real little gem, and this one is just as good. *"This country's cursed with stormy weather and it's always cold,"* they complain. *"Why did it have to rain today?"* This question has in the past engaged philosophers and meteorologists alike for longer than I care to mention, but it's rarely been put better. Hey! Elastica attempt the same sort of thing, except that they think they're cool in a way that APB don't, they don't have nearly such a good song, and they are produced by Tony Visconti; the end result of which is a kind of unhealthy, feverish sheen on the surface of their music. Shriekback and Blurt, on the other hand, disdain the softening, sweetening corruption by remaining resolutely in character: the formers by rapping in a singularly incomprehensible manner which presumably works several amusing variations on the title's metaphor, and the latters by being extremely 'interesting' but highly unlistenable (as in REALLY INTENSE). This white pop-funk lark isn't all beer and skittles, y'know.

NICE UP THE DANCE

FREDDIE McGREGOR: Big Ship (Intense)
SUGAR MINOTT: Dance Hall Style (Tads)
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT: Matty Gunga Walk (Greensleeves)

None of these tunes is what you'd call brand new, but they haven't yet been acknowledged in this singles column, so *forward,* anyway. 'Big Ship' is — at least — a new mix of a tune that's done the rounds for a few months and it's certainly pleasant enough listening, but what comes with it is an endearing brace of tunes: the jaunty 'Follow This Yah Sound' and a skanked-up version of Kool's recent 'Get Down On It' entitled, with suitable ingenuousness 'Reggae On It'. The Minott item — backed up by the by now inevitable Roots Radics Band and introduced by U. Brown — is an engaging deejaying affair scooping up 'Hallelujah I Love Her So' into a fairly extravagant medley which nevertheless pales by comparison with the indefatigable Eastwood & Saint, whose most recent reggae hit has a decided Calypsonian lilt to it as well as a dizzyingly incongruous series of quotes from 'Here We Go Loop De Loop' and some extremely smart dubbery towards the end. Does this mean a Frankie Vaughan revival?

DOES THIS MEAN A FRANKIE VAUGHAN REVIVAL?

THE PIRANHAS: Zambesi (Dakota)
The Piranhas — number one in Belgium for 16 weeks with 'Yap Yap Yap' a few years ago — now subtitle themselves as, featuring Boring Bob Grover, the man with the golden trumpet'. Leaving the precise coloration of Mr Grover's trumpet temporarily to one side, we are left with the unpleasant fact that said Grover (fascinating character though he may be) sounds a great deal like Mr Vaughan. Or maybe he sounds like Max Bygraves. The only point in his favour is that he doesn't sound like Tony Hadley.

IT'S ALL A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS, MATE. HAVE A DRINK

DR FEELGOOD: Trying to Live My Life Without You (Chiswick)
RODDY RADIATION AND THE TEARJERKERS: Desire (Chiswick)
One bunch of past-masters of the pubby arts, and one bunch of would-bes. This Feelgood record is an affecting little Motowny tune in which Lee Brilleaux — climbing off his macho act a little and none the worse for it — recounts the struggles he had quitting booze and tobacco and admits ruefully that trying to live without his beloved will be an even more forbidding task. Unusually for a Feelgoods record, it sounds a little ploddy down in the rhythm section — from the last sessions with the originals — but even without that last vital ounce of bounce, it's still a hummable — maybe even radioable — tune.

Roddy Radiation's gang — you remember Roddy: he used to be in The Specials and could occasionally be heard playing Chuck Berry riffs in the wrong key! — get a nice eerie 'Ghost Riders In The Sky' guitar motif going, but forget to include anything resembling a song. What I mean is that it's rather forgettable; in fact I've already forgotten it. Clue: one of these records was produced — in a last-gasp search for authenticity — at Pathway Studios by Nick Lowe, and the other one wasn't.

PUNK'S NOT DEAD (LOOK, IT'S STILL MOVING)

UNDEAD: Violent Visions (Riot City)
THE EJECTED: Have You Got 10p? (Riot City)
VICE SQUAD: State Of The Nation EP (Riot City)
RIOT SQUAD: Riots In The City (Rondelet)
THE ENEMY: Punk's Alive (Fall Out)
THE MAGNIFICENT GONADS: Peace Artists (Secret)
NAPALM: It's A Warning (Konnekschen)
Make that 'still twitching'. Punk is not actually *moving* anywhere: it has become so stylised that it hardly seems as if it can still serve as a vehicle for any kind of real expression. Punk records fade into urban wallpaper, an unending clatter and clang designed to let off steam without actually affecting anything. The Ejected stand out from the crowd because 'Have You Got 10p?' is at least funny (and it bears the genuine 'Thanks to Garry Bushell') certificate of authenticity; and Napalm do because they're German, have an extremely odd approach to both the language and the subject matter and appear to have actually *thought* about both instead of simply reacted. I'm glad to see that Riot City Records of Bristol have an 'arrangement' with EMI which enables Vice Squad to maintain their integrity and credibility, incidentally. Let's hear it for indies!

SINGLES OF THE MONTH

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA: Love (Earthworks)
ORCHESTRA MAKASSY: Mambo Bado (Virgin)

"'Standing at the crossroads of rhythmic music I look around and I see Jazz, Blues, Soul, Samba, Calypso, Beguine etc, and I know that this music was born in Africa and was brought to America three centuries ago when my people sailed in chains across the Atlantic with their songs . . ."
— Manu Dibango, liner note to 'Soul Makossa', 1972

Okay, now Africa is plugged into the circuit and those transmissions which have been ignored for all this time are now being heard and the channels are open . . . what now? The novelty is wearing off, and the palate is developing a certain discernment; the records keep coming and — as Danny Baker indicated last week in his Singles Extra — the affectations of some of the more Afriquophiles may be starting to get on the collective wick. The trouble is that the Scribe Wars quite often leave the music somewhere in the wings while the scuffle goes on: I now know how Danny Baker feels about Richard Cook, but I don't know how Danny feels about Orchestra Makassy. All you got was Danny's *attitude* to Richard's *attitude.*

All of which may go some way towards explaining why Orchestra Makassy are back in the singles — held over for third smash week! (Let's not forget Chris Bohn's earlier review) — their single is one of the loveliest pieces of music to emerge from the current wave of interest in the scene d'Afrique (the others, for what it's worth being Pablo's 'Bo Mbanda' and the astonishing dub of Sunny Ade's 'Ja Funmi'). It's a world away from the dreamy, hallucinatory landscapes of King Sunny's music even though it's discomixed to a turn towards the end: this one is the purest stepping, hard, bright and warm, with innumerable false endings and the biggest *lift* imaginable from any record I've heard in a very long time. Whatever your attitude to trendy wankers who keep going on about African music, you should hear it. The only trouble is . . . you might turn into one yourself.

Similar dangers attach to overexposure to the Orchestre Jazira single. They're based somewhere slightly nearer and decidedly wetter than Kenya, viz the Balls Pond Road, a terrifying stretch of urban deprivation in North London. Their single is as ferocious a concoction of horns, guitars percussion and voices as any of the better-known major-label African stuff but its secret weapon is that it's sung in English, which should reassure deejays that they can play it safely without getting involved in passing secret messages which they don't understand.

Incidentally, the label with the biggest involvement in African music and the longest history of recording African music *in situ* is the one that hasn't bothered to compile any samplers or issue any discomixes. Good old EMI! Is anybody awake in Manchester Square or are Cliff, Macca, Duran Duran and The Beatles reissue programme taking up *all* your time? You are sitting on the best African catalogue of the lot.

Now GET UP WITH IT!

Makassy — the man they keep reviewing. Pic Anton Corbijn

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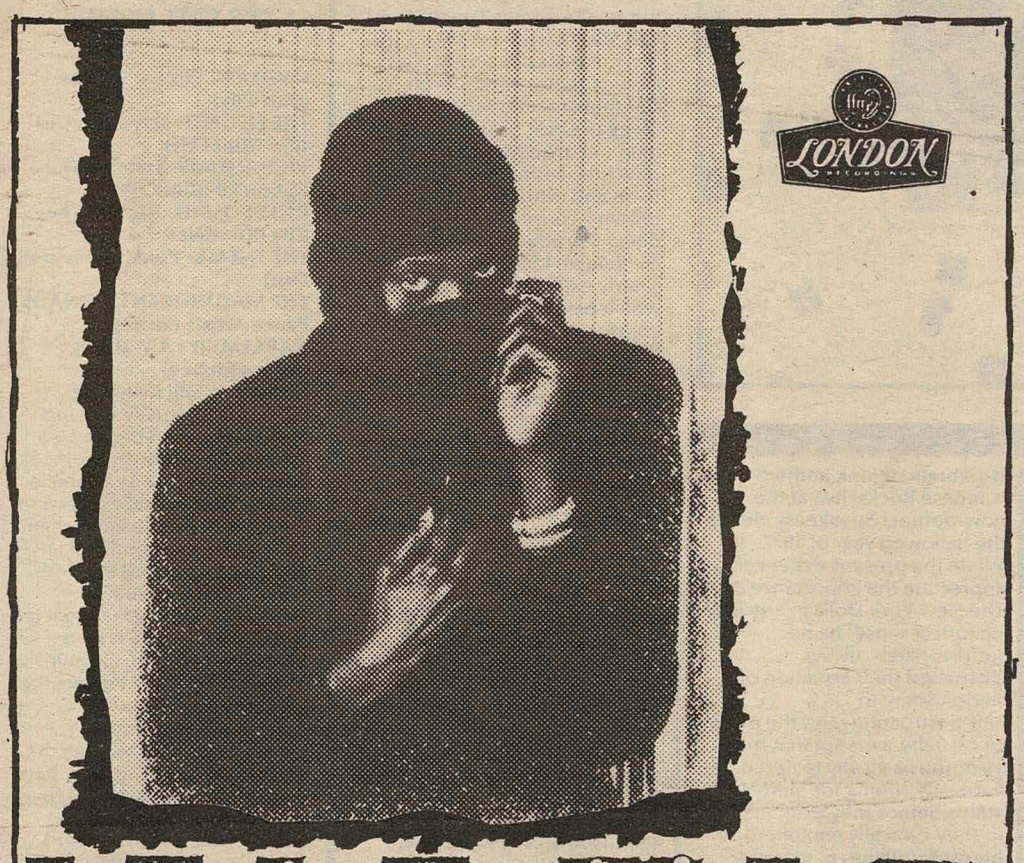

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BROTHER D WITH COLLECTIVE EFFORT: Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize
FASHION: White Stuff (The Unfinished) (remix)
YELLO: Sensation (No More Words) (exclusive)
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS: Petit Matin (exclusive)
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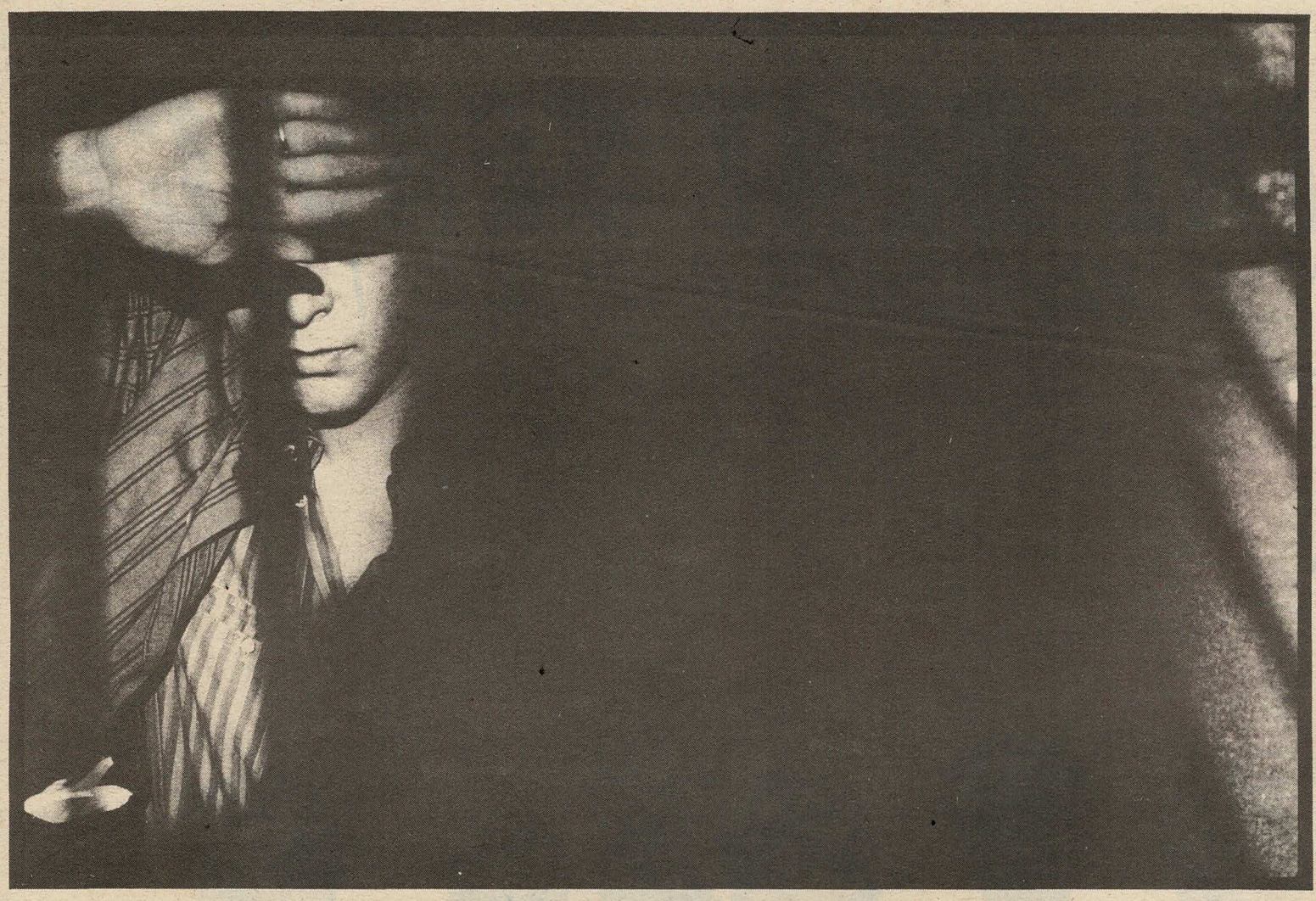


RHYTHM OF

After the ambitious WOMAD Festival, the bailiffs cometh and PETER GABRIEL has decided to get himself out of hock — even if it means a reunion with Genesis this week.

ONE OF the things that pleases me about Peter Gabriel's bravissimo contributions to the big rock world is their capacity to deceive.

He's easily misunderstood, I suppose, what with a whole workforce of otherwise unemployable rock labourers and layabouts from another time still feeding an insatiable planet with the same old/new cardboard bombast and papery grandeur. We hear the symphonic badinage and bring down the shutters on another old house, overhung with dusty old momentoes. We laugh at the names Tull, Camel, Genesis ... but on they go.

Peter Gabriel wanders those incriminating backlots like a distraught wraith. Because he used to sing and play-act with one of them, they won't altogether release him. He spends his parole making his own records, fantastical and fulsomely energetic expeditions into corners of the world his literate curiosity leads him. And, truth to tell, although his old associations bother him and he attempts to shake them away there's something about them he's still rather partial to.

That's what always gets him into trouble. As I diplomatically suggest to him, Gabriel can't resist the epic. Of course, this will elicit further confusion: so by 'epic' I will say the recital of a content of the writer's choice in heroic style — the mechanics of the illustrious.

Peter moulds one of his tentative, painful smiles. He really is a quiet, undemonstrative man, never the babbling rhetorician his wordy constructions might imply. He is abstemious and shy of marshalling explanations.

Now *there* is his saving stride. The epic for Gabriel is not the spurious gymnasium of cosmic misery his old compadres imagine it to be. It *is* a shallow choice to align Gabriel's fractious child with those blustering swots, who fondly pile up their synthesisers and their cheesy melodies and their moon-eyed poetics until their quantitative lust is sated (I must calm down).

GABRIEL HAS passed through those hankerings himself.

On his first record he was still succumbing to them, even if a queer and poisonous sense of the macabre inculcated the usual inflated majesty. On his second he bled out most of those posturings and found himself in a raw area that kept exploding into colour as he touched it — that second LP, with its cropped and screwball run of songs, sounds brilliantly excitable still. Gabriel handled pop for the first time and it gave him a burning shock. I tell him it's my favourite of his records and he glumly replies that it's the one people like least.

His third record retreated again, and a crossing of Can's Ethnological Forgery Series and the pained observations of a self-conscious outsider found Gabriel invisible in a frame creaking under top-heavy music. The abstract jags of 'DIY' and 'Exposure' were bevelled and sweetened into the untroubled 'Games Without Frontiers'; and 'Biko', though morally unimpeachable, was too simple a resolution for Gabriel's conscience.

His fourth record has already been lambasted by critics impatient with his idiosyncrasies. Perhaps I may (as usual) take a revisionist view: 'Peter Gabriel', flawed and difficult though it is, has a rare quota of courage and experiment in it. Ugly and overstretched as it often appears, it takes breath in the *forgotten* resonance of the epic. It is Gabriel's first step at repositioning the heroic pretensions of rock.

Broadly, the songs have a sprawling quality that imples a juggling of definition. This isn't the phony grandeur of the artrock fossil but the charge of an uncertain creative mind. The epic, when normally employed, involves a dulling of the senses: its *completeness* blunts involvement, encourages stupor. Gabriel's epic has the artistic quaking at its centre — he stands aghast at its potentialities.

It works and it fails. Although Gabriel's own favourites among the eight tracks are not mine, the whole record reverberates with the qualities of risk and sophistication. I think 'San Jacinto' is genuinely remarkable — a strange flux of discordant images suddenly propelled into clarity by the music taking shape, a nervous chitter of Chinese chords and a booming orchestral conception.

Preoccupations and forms that Simple Minds and their shamed cousins Ultravox have made triumphal, Gabriel has fashioned into real abstraction. Here the epic has been made provocative once more — by a turncoat who grew tired of its tendency to inspire laziness.

Perhaps it's no surprise to find his creaseless Kabuki features so gentle in repose. 'Peter Gabriel' has been poorly received; Peter Gabriel receives the reaction with a kind of rueful understanding.

"I SUPPOSE some of it is based on reactions to how people perceive me," Gabriel mumbles. "My last record seemed to make me a little hipper but I think it comes and goes."

We can deal with some of the customary criticisms fairly swiftly. White liberal guilt?

"There's a certain exploration of my conscience, but I don't think you can go around just feeling guilty. You realise when you buy your Walkman that that money can keep someone alive in Burundi but that's like an occasional flash of feeling. I don't see that my writing is guilty."

Nor me, particularly. Gabriel's strongest ideas always centre on non-specifics. How about the charge of ethnic patronisation, the glib packaging of cultural strands to selfish ends?

"I think theft of all types is very important to any music that is alive. A few rhythmic workhorses have carried rock for so long. If I hear original rhythm patterns from elsewhere that motivate me, that I wouldn't have come across in rock music, then I'll make use of them.

"Like in Bali, if they hear disco music from pirated cassettes it can be incorporated into the gamelan music. It's not just one-way — *they* aren't accused of colonialist attitudes. They just like it and use it. The way to counter those attitudes is to push some attention and respect back to the source material. If people are aware that Burundi rhythms are underneath Bow Wow Wow then it can push something back along that road."

There is a counter-argument. For Balinese or Kenyan musicians these are just 'found musics'. But a figure like Gabriel is in a far better position to go out and look for these different strains — and then be selective and subjective in their use.

"OK, I'm in a better position because I have more access to information. But society's shift has allowed a greater freedom in making these decisions anyway — technology's opportunity for removing restrictions should stimulate and invigorate what you do. Of course I can't play African or Aboriginal music or whatever. But I can be challenged by those different elements."

Does he ever feel he's trying to cover up his English roots in doing this?

"It would be fair to suggest that I should look more closely at the English folktradition. At the moment that's getting a bit hip so maybe I should avoid it," he deadpans. Gabriel has a highly developed sense of mordant self-mockery.

What are his favourite places in England? Peter grows even quieter as he searches his memory.

"There's a little hole in the ground in the Lake District — it's like a three-foot waterfall, in a marshy pit. That I like very much. The North Devon coast ... in terms of city stuff I prefer other cities to London. New York or Paris are more interesting.

"I suppose there's observations in my records that are relevant to England now but it would be presumptuous to be prescriptive in any way. If a thought leaves a particular after-image..."

GABRIEL WORKS with his own studio facilities, exactly the place to put together the epic. It must be an irresistible temptation to indulge your imagination in the great gulf of the 32 track machine, tiny sounds grown huge, whispers and laughter batting between the walls of the vault.

"I know I'm not part of the minimalist movement, let's put it like that. I like things that move in a sequence which doesn't constitute a 'normal' structure. I like to move between big things and little things. In the end I have to make music that is exciting to myself — if I just follow what else was happening I probably wouldn't get it right and it would sound like it.

"If it's big scale stuff that moves me ... like, the end of 'Rhythm Of The Heat' uses the Ghanaian war dance as an echo — because a big bass thud underneath it puts it in a different dimension. An area that I can identify with more strongly than something that sounds purely 'African'."

Gabriel's voice is a potent instrument. From a raven-throated croak to a searching treble it skids and arches through the music like alien speech lifted from myth. Though he is contributing more in synthetics he still has to rely on a proficient team of musicians.

Does he regard himself primarily as an organiser of sound?

"I'm not a very good player," he chuckles.

RICHARD COOK REPORTS

SHADOWS BY ANTON CORBIJN

"Yeah, there's certain areas of sound that I've tried to build up pictures with. That's as

"I've only done a little bit of production work elsewhere and it's taken up a lot of energy and time. There's always a confused relationship between artist and producer. I'm not a quick worker and any production job I undertook would probably take three months or so. That's a long time."

Does he feel he can only go so far away from his earliest associations with Genesis?

"I've always believed that musicians are much more flexible than the media or whoever allows them to be. Phil (Collis) does this Earth Wind & Fire stuff and it's worked very successfully for him, even though people said they couldn't mix. Different projects, different degrees ... there are limits, but, I dunno."

It's difficult, with this omipresent shadow of 'hipness', to escape the impression that Peter Gabriel is bothered by the vagaries of reputation; that the tabernacle of fame is something he despises his longing for.

"I'm vain enough to be aware of it," he admits slowly. "And I'm aware enough to know that it's crazy for me to chase it. There are people who openly dislike what I do because of the Genesis background. I find the most ego-rewarding moments are when you get through to someone who's previously never liked what you've done. But this whole *external* view only comes up after I've finished doing something."

TO ASSIST paying off the debts accruing from this year's WOMAD Festival-musical triumph, financial tragedy — the benevolent troupers of Genesis offered their presence for a reunion gig with Gabriel, proceeds going to the Festival fund. A munificent gesture, maybe, even if the venerable gentlemen involved probably checked their wallets first. Does Gabriel look forward to the event? He has his answer ready.

"The motivation is to pay off the WOMAD debts. For me, um... I think I will enjoy it but having tried for seven years to get away from the image of being ex-Genesis there's obviously a certain amount of stepping back. I don't think they would choose at this point to work with me or I with them but as they've offered, it's very generous, I'm very grateful and I'm intending to enjoy myself."

Hip or not, Genesis have a following of formidable dedication. Why does he think they have remained so popular?

"Melodies, sounds, rhythms." He puts out the words like a speech rhythm teacher. "I don't know. Their approach has sustained them. No, I haven't listened to their recent records very much. Just this last week or so because of this gig."

Peter does look a little worried. It seems an unfair chore for him to chase up old ghosts after a venture as brave as the World Of Music And Dance party that not many went to. What did Gabriel enjoy most about it?

"Seing a 50-year-old Chinese horn player getting a standing ovation from a rock audience," he grins, the recollection still alive. "The people who were there proved that audiences needn't be as moronic as the industry treats them. The way people were prepared to give most of the stuff an open attitude was great.

"I'd like to try it again. Except with someone else footing the bill. We hoped for a commercial sponser because it could have been really viable. There's still room for a lot more types of music to make a place in 'youth culture'."

GLOOM AND despondency have little say in the confines of the epic, and the persistent misinterpretation of Gabriel's emotive climate must be tiresome to him. Anthems abound and pessimism exacts no duty here. How does he deal with negative emotions?

"I think there is a therapeutic value in music that has a negative characteristic of some sort. There's so little music that sounds genuinely happy. It's much easier to sustain misery than it is to sustain happiness, for most people."

Peter does his best to keep a straight face but breaks into a laugh — of course! His real weakness lies in his theatrical sense. Mime and masque fascinate him. Costumed for the crowd, Gabriel can lose the grasp on his first intention.

"When I got the reputation for being a clothes-prop with Genesis I wanted to drop theatrical presentation altogether. There's always a danger of using theatre concepts where musical concepts aren't strong enough. But there's things I've enjoyed doing and been most moved by using that approach — and if I can do that and get closer to it in performance then I think I should do it."

Does he ever feel like he's losing control on stage?

"You mean as in crazy? I don't feel crazy...research into pain has shown that people feel a lot less when they get into a trance-like condition through dancing or performing. I suppose I come through as a different personality."

Placid and withdrawn, Gabriel looks far from the stage psycho he's classed as. If his records have a connection it is their cry against the levelling of injustice on individuals. What is the most serious injustice he sees? He thinks for a long time.

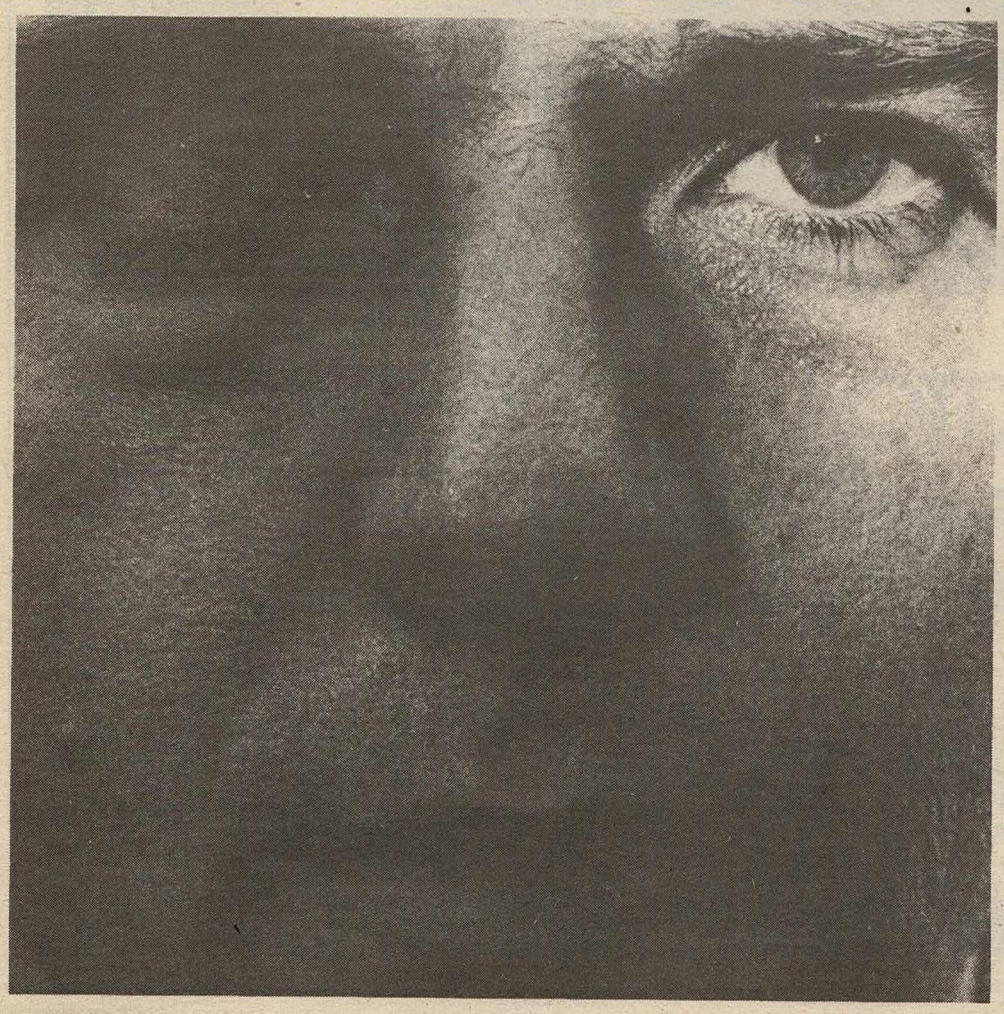
"On a surface level I would say the inequalities of opportunity. Something like 'Biko' was a focusing device: a revulsion at the circumstances channelled into the approach of a song."

But where, finally, is Peter Gabriel in that channel? Does the epic swallow him whole? Is he submerged?

"I think there's more or me visible now. I need to carry on in this vein but I would like to open up.

"For anyone with a snorkel, I'm very visible."

THE PETE



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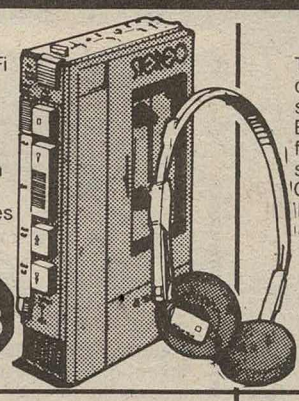

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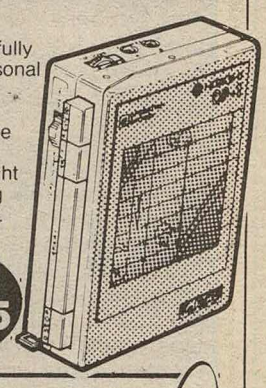

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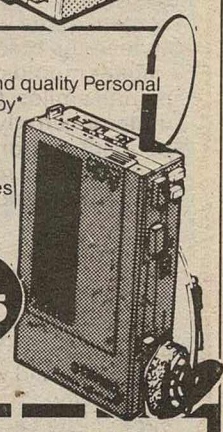

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The Milkshakes — garage band on home turf. L-R: Mick, Bruce, new bassist Martin, and Wild Billy Childish

SHAKE SOME ACTION!

TIME WAS when you could stroll down many a suburban street at twilight and hear the whole Top 40 colliding at once, via earnest emanations from every garage on the block.

Sure, ever since the '60s garage bands have all sounded alike — mean, macho and dirty thanks to the sax, Farfisa and fuzztone guitar — but then that's because, as Lester Bangs succinctly put it, they offer "20 years of rock and roll history in three chords, played more primitively every time they're recycled".

The thing about genuine garage bands is that they will remain forever 'modern noise', however much flavour of the month stuff surrounds or buries them — because their subjects (suburban repressions, hormonal torment, geographical ennui) remain both awesome and topical to successive interpreters.

And recently — after enduring a week's worth of 'moderne' Mooch atmosphere at the ICA (accurately described by one attendee as "trying to pretend there's a party in a Tube train") — I chanced to rediscover one of the real articles. They're five years old, they're called The Milkshakes, and they hail from Kent's Medway Towns — round which they usually play.

The Milkshakes' story comes courtesy of Wild Billy Childish — nee Stephen Hamper — of Chatham. Billy's a painter and a poet whose stuff puts our self-publicised ranters well in the shade.

But, good as it is, that's a separate story. "When I write rock and roll songs," says Billy, "I write *all* in cliches 'cause I think they're great and I don't give a shit about it . . . Look at those old blues geezers who write about things, they use just a little bit of imagery, comparisons: Leadbelly, Blind Lemon Jefferson . . . As far as I'm concerned, I like real tough things.

"And it's good because you can be real . . . sexist they call it, in rock and roll . . . stuff about women, really be hard with 'em.

"All I'm really interested in with music is getting back to some sort of basics. Like in the '60s you got all these soapy Americans — Paul Anka and all them. And that was after that really hard sort of music, Link Wray and Bo Diddley, them sort of people. A real hard time, then this real soapy time.

"These days everything lasts for such a short period. Look at punk — it lasted about three months, then it went completely downhill, got all sort of ponced-up, worse than it was before."

Billy was "quite young then" and "only cottoned on in '77" when he started a combo called TV21. ("We did things like 'Stingray' and 'Fireball XL5'.") By March of '78, TV21 had metamorphosed into The Pop Rivets.

The Rivets were "all dressed up as mods because we thought that was funny; we did a song called 'LambrettaVespaScoota' as a pisstake of mods — I mean, we wrote songs like 'Beatle Boots' too — but we got a really good review in *NME* and it said we were trying to jump on the mod bandwagon!"

The group's self-produced debut LP ('Pop Rivets!' 1979) also got a good *NME* review — a rave, in fact, from local sympathiser Monty Smith *("the finest, most honest rock'n'roll record I've heard this year").*

"The drummer in The Milkshakes, Bruce, was the guitarist for The Pop Rivets," says Billy. "And like, Monty Smith called him 'a blissfully cliched and erudite guitarist'. I asked my Dad what erudite meant and he said it's like he's *accomplished* — and he is.

"He can do all these cliched ol' things and he's ever so funny the way he does it."

'Pop Rivets!' was financed with £300 "borrowed from a mate who'd got back pay off the dole". The band made the LP, then "the drummer's girlfriend, who was Swiss, had to go over to sort out some tax so we went too and that was the start of us playing in Germany; we got loads of gigs round small clubs."

Whilst in Germany, The Milkshakes became the first band since the Fab Four to play Hamburg's Star Club, now the Salambo Erotic Sex Theatre.

"We were playing down Hamburg docks and they were all wearing badges and stuff. *Then* their interest was in English things; now they've got a whole load of arty old music of their own."

Back in Blighty, the Rivets produced a second LP ('Empty Sounds From Anarchy Ranch'), toured again, guested on John Peel, cut an EP titled 'Going Nowhere' ("about us") and split up.

Milkshake Micky and his Jamaican mate Bertie, however, had roadied round Germany for The Pop Rivets and — since they'd written songs with Billy — decided to make a joint LP.

"Fortunately," relates Billy, "Mick got involved in a road accident where his car got smashed, which provided some cash."

That LP was 'Talking 'Bout — Milkshakes', the artefact which sparked my interest in this whole saga. Art it ain't, but it's a lot less simple than it sounds on a first spin.

Lyrics like, *"They tell me you love another / For your sake don't let it be true . . . If I catch you walking . . . Gonna chop off your hand / Don't you kiss another boy cause this boy just don't understand"* evoke The Cramps as much as anybody. And Billy likes The Cramps.

But this music *is* the "basic stuff" Billy alludes to — as basic in its way as the simulated gang-fight of Link Wray's classic 'Rumble' or The Beatles' raunchy 'Live In Hamburg'. The sax on 'Pretty Baby' (Martin Waller's) recalls Steve McKay's on The Stooges' 'Funhouse'; the string thangs on 'Shed Country' reiterates the pulsing lineage of those instrumental groups I alluded to earlier.

But it's all The Milkshakes' own — all those Kinks riffs and Beatles bits; all those wandering vocals and withering guitars. The come-ons aimed at underage girls (Billy's lyrical and poetic speciality), the handclaps on 'Ruhrge Beat', the sheet-metal-workeresque idea of how to bang out a new macho musical ethic.

"Because we use guitars," says Billy,

■ *Continues over*

Cynthia Rose gets all shook up with The Milkshakes, as Wild Billy Childish puts the froth on the garageland daydream. Main pic: Peter Anderson

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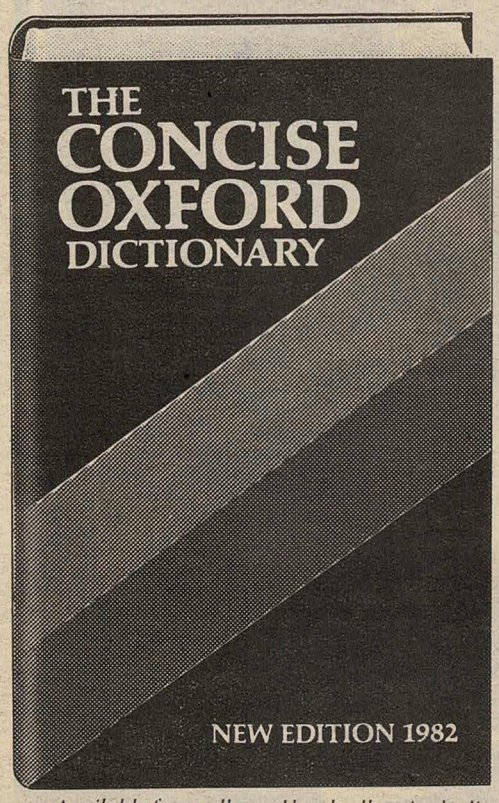

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The Milkshakes playing the Star Club, Hamburg

MILKSHAKES!

■ *From previous page*

"and because we record it all to sound live, like we really play, people think that maybe we've got big ideas about ourselves as revivalists.

"But there's nothing wrong with a drum that sounds like a drum and not a piece of plastic. You know how The Human League go on, saying Oooh, I don't want to play guitar cause guitars hurt my fingers — so you get women's music for women to listen to. That includes women *and* men of course, before the bloody feminists start up.

"Leadbelly, Link Wray, Chuck Berry, John Lee Hooker, Billie Holiday, the early Kinks — there's no bullshit at all in those recordings. You get the real toughness of things, before they're watered down.

"Remember how good The Damned were back when they wrote 'Idiot Box'? I mean, I *liked* Television, I liked ol' whatsisname — Richard Hell. Now he's a man that knows good rock and roll — he's got 'I Gotta Move' on his new LP. But you listen to it and it ain't as good as The Kinks cause it ain't got the bass.

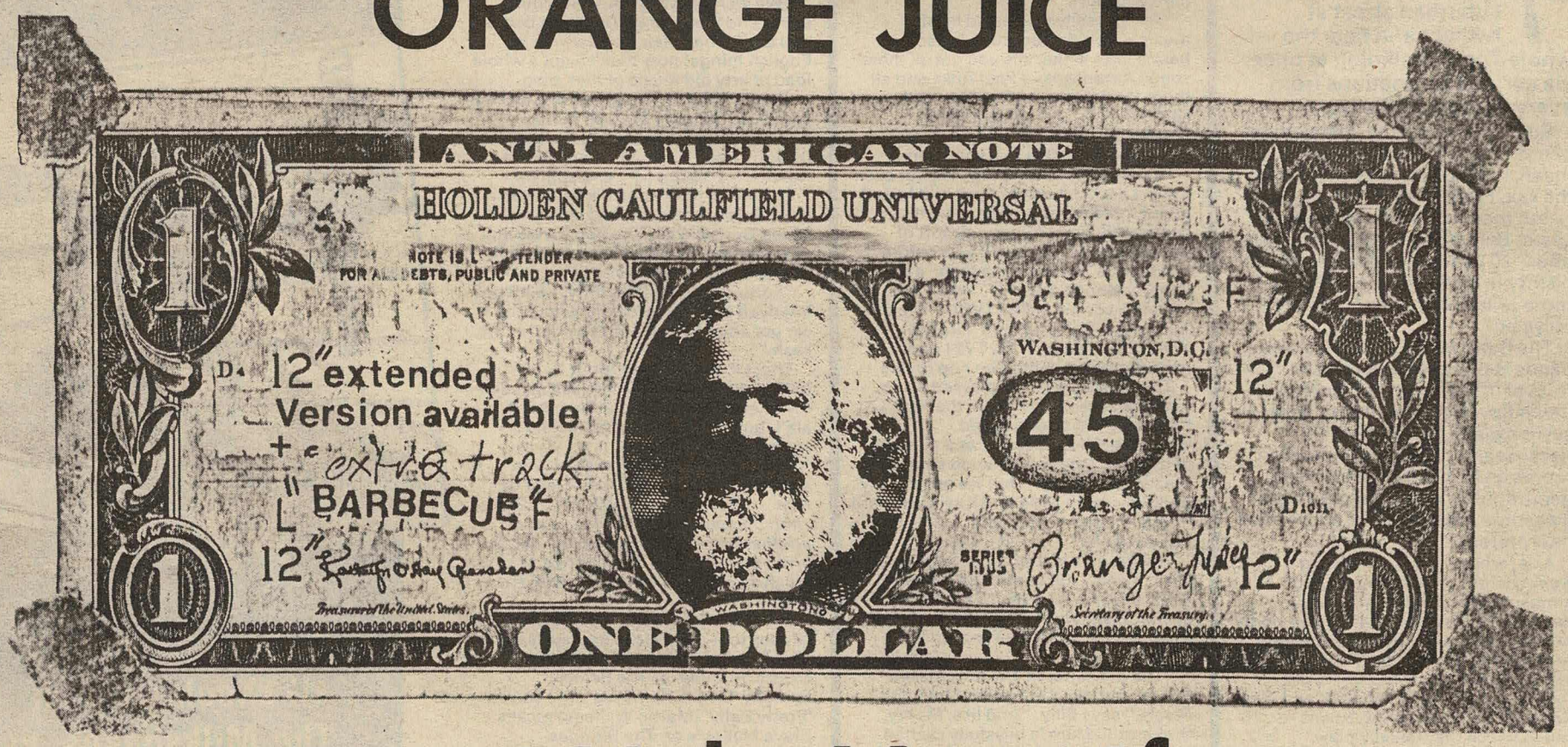
"I saw Hell when he was playing over here in '77, with The Clash. I really like him, he's one of my favourite modern music geezers there is. 'You Gotta Lose' is a classic."

Give The Milkshakes' 'For She' a few hearings and it's not surprising to find Childish admiring Hell — inseparable as the latter is from sideman Robert Quine. "Oh yeah, *he's* great . . . he starts off trying to play a solo, then he gets bored and he turns into a sort of jazz version of Jimi Hendrix. Funny old fucker — he starts getting annoyed with it all, hittin' his guitar.

"We don't take ourselves very seriously," finishes Wild Billy. "Sometimes we play good gigs, sometimes we make a shambles trying to work out new songs. Same as everybody . . .

"I mean, if no one takes any notice, you gradually slow down and give up, if you haven't got some real underground following. Unless you're self-motivated, you gradually slow up anyway. The Pop Rivets might as well have become 'highly commercial' — at least bought a car or something! Don't matter, though . . . you're not gonna make much money being in a band anyway, are you?"

ORANGE JUICE



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Paul Schrader

HOLLYWOOD'S LONELIEST BRAT

Director and screenwriter PAUL SCHRADER is one of the Hollywood Brats — a rainbow of industrious perversity that includes Scorsese, Spielberg and Coppola. They are the most powerful group of film makers in America today, and Schrader has made a profound impact with his scripts for *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*, and his own films *Blue Collar* and *Cat People*. This rare interview is a searching examination of his methods and morals.

BY IAN PENMAN PIC ANTON CORBIJN

TAXI DRIVER was my initiation to the cinema screen, the first *knowing* experience of film's eddying, visceral power — a honeymoon night in the dark, when intimacy emerged from the mere outline of this sensual pursuit.

The interior voyage of Travis Bickle — a store of iconography, imbued with such hallucinatory vividness by Scorsese and De Niro — bore the signature of one Paul Schrader. It was a sign traversed by potentials, marked with obscure and obdurate trajectories — and I have followed his brilliant career in the movies ever since.

Burrs of information and reputation gathered around his name, to create a figure of shadowy intensity: scholar, low-life dredger, city prowler, wheeler-dealer, one-man script industry.

It all begins in religion.

Schrader's childhood was spent in the Dutch Calvinist community of Grand Rapids, a bleak mid-Western satellite of Michigan. He was instilled with the inflexible tenets of a theological education, instructed as to the inexorable grace of God and the foulness of Earthly pleasures. Possibly because Schrader's first glimpse of the big screen was also the gaze of a sinner at one very forbidden object, his subsequent involvement with it has been highly charged, contradictory, devotional. (Although he admits his first clandestine meet was a disappointment — Disney's *The Absent Minded Professor* was not the prurient epiphany he had been led to expect of the movie theater).

Schrader, like Scorsese, was destined to be a man of the cloth. Partly through the divine intervention of Pauline Kael, he got out and got to study film at UCLA (and his Master's thesis was published as the very studious book *Transcendental Style in Film: Ozu, Bresson, Dreyer).* He edited *Cinema* magazine and, by his own admission, became an "overly serious film critic". He left behind the autopsy work of criticism and began scriptwriting, via a transitory muddle of personal problems (broken marriage, broken affair, broken stomach from the 'relief' of the usual hard-living excesses).

In the midst of this manic-depressive minefield, he conceived and wrote *Taxi Driver* (this is 1972; it wasn't filmed until '75-'76). In '73 he collaborated with his brother Leonard (who always seems to be passing by — hi, Len! — but whose own escape from Grand Rapids isn't documented) on a script which they sold for a well-publicised $300,000 and later directed in 1974 as *The Yakuza* by Sydney Pollack.

After this, there was no stopping the boy. Like many of his characters waiting round the corner, Schrader *became* his job, hooked into the business-sense of getting scripts written and sold, and wouldn't let go . . .

Deja Vu (written '73, sold, resold and [illegible] directed by Brian De Palma as *Obsession* in '76); *Rolling Thunder* (also '73, made in '77 and disliked, disowned by its original author); *Quebecois* (also '73 — a gangster tale, sold but as yet unmade); worked on the first draft of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* (the Dreyfuss character as a modern day St Paul!); *The Havana Colony* (written '75 — "a cross between *Casablanca* and *Last Tango* set in Havana 1959" — as yet unmade); *The Hard Core Life* ('75 — directed by Schrader in '79); *Blue Collar* ('76 — again with Leonard, and Schrader's directorial debut in '78); *Old Boyfriends* ('79 again with Leonard, directed by Joan Tewkesbury in a somewhat altered state); *American Gigolo* (written and directed by Schrader, 1980).

Having also re-written *Raging Bull* for Scorsese inbetweenwhiles, Schrader found himself 'blocked' and went back to teaching film theory for a while. His agent got him the chance to direct someone else's script, for the first time. Schrader subsequently lent Alan Ormsby's script for *Cat People* an unmistakably personal treatment, got 'involved' with leading lady Nastassia Kinski, and got rid of his writer's cramp. Two of his own projects are written and waiting, as is his latest gift to Scorsese, an adaptation of Nikos Kazantzakis' *Last Temptation Of Christ* (the mind boggles).

A hard work drivin' man, indeed.

THIS BIOGRAPHY is the skeleton of Schrader's body of work, onto which he has projected — in more senses than one — himself, flesh and soul.

Like some of my other favourites in the movie world — Scorsese, James Toback, Nicolas Roeg — he is an aesthetic terrorist, someone whose symbolic manoeuvres can be both crudely personalised and blessedly resonant, when software impressionism gets too much (budget).

He is also one of Hollywood's aptly named Brats, along with friend Marty, John Milius, Spielberg, Lucas, Coppola, De Palma and (maybe) Cimino. What unites this rainbow of industrious perversity — aside from a unanimous love for John Ford's *The Searchers* — is their rejection of '60s liberalism, and reimbursal of old movie-making ways.

As a body, they have refused to take the antidotes of sociology and clothe a character in unsuitably rounded mores; characters who — whether morally rigid like Milius' *Dirty Harry,* or morally dispersed, like Travis Bickle — are *isolated* with (or) in their violence, rather than violently 'right-wing'. These films are the bold confession of a generation suspicious of the linear 'freedom' promised by various societal liberation-pacts — a return to the darkness of individual anomie or responsibility caught in the singular light of cinema.

Work such as Schrader's cannot be stabbed onto the 'Out' spike with a *genre* or empirical reductionism; it deals with the underground silos of our emotional life, with the nomadic escape routes of a sleeping psyche. What has been largely ignored is the extraordinary 'political' investment of works such as *Taxi Driver* and *Blue Collar.*

As Deleuze and Guattari have written: "What the film shows so well (to the shame of psychiatrists) is that every delirium is . . . social, economic, political, cultural, racial and racist, pedagogical and religious."

Besides which, the value or valour of a movie may *(should)* take years to germinate — so that the currents embodied by such an immediately striking character as Travis are only now becoming fully apparent.

PAUL SCHRADER is in this country to give a series of *Guardian Lectures* (more on the technology and perception of film in general than on his own work). The visit wasn't intended to be a promotional one — his mind is on the future — and he wasn't really expecting any interviewers; that it coincides with the London opening of *Cat People* is only down to the curious and interminable delays the film's release has met with here.

My original idea — a good many months ago, when I first saw *Cat People* — was to try for a lengthy interview, outside the publicity schedules (which can be awfully restrictive for everyone involved). This is not to be. Schrader has agreed to do a few hastily arranged meets with the press, so Anton Corbijn and I are allotted a mid-morning hour, between two Fleet Street inquiries (an hour which I hog to Anton's slight detriment).

Mr Schrader had flown in the night before, and when we talk in his Knightsbridge hotel room, it's fairly obvious that he needed more sleep than the previous night afforded. So although not the punchy, ebullient conversationalist I'd found described in other interview articles, he is forthcoming and friendly. Over a chain of True Blue smokes, and a pot of black coffee, he begins to have a bit of fun deliberating over the metaphysical quandries of sex, violence and religion.

What follows is only a snatch of the original mass of questions I had compiled (some day, Paul). I hope it sketches in some of the background to the compulsive and intelligent Mr Schrader, his cinema, and the working ways of the movie world. We start with the director's imminent move to New York . . .

WARE you leaving Los Angeles?

"Well, I've been there 14 years, and I think that's reason enough in itself. That whole phase of my career has been completed — ten years of doing the Hollywood thing, the career hustle — creating a reputation, getting the financial power to work in the industry. Now that I've directed four films, directed a big Hollywood film, the question is whether I just try to maintain that or whether I keep exploring and trying other things. Part of that exploration is to leave Hollywood *per se,* and to move.

"The next two things I want to do are both smaller scale, and both radically different. One of them is like *Blue Collar* — a street movie, a realistic movie — and the other is experimental, a biography of the Japanese author Yukio Mishima which incorporates dramatised sections of his novels. I've taken to describing it as a combination of Resnais and Syberberg, which does *not* endear me to financiers!"

Did you enjoy living in Hollywood?

"Yes. You enjoy it, because if you enjoy being a fish you enjoy swimming in the water. You have no other choice. But I've wanted to leave for some time. It's quite a stultifying town. It's a company town and you don't really meet anyone outside of the motion picture business."

You said to an American magazine last April, when *Cat People* had just opened, that "My career and bankability are at stake in the next two weeks". So, how did it go?

"Yeah, I guess I was overstating. They are at stake, but that's kind of a dramatic statement — it's like a football player before the World Cup saying my career's at stake. Well, he's right, but it doesn't mean he isn't going to play again the next year! It was a crucial moment — directing a big budget Hollywood film — but maybe I put too much weight on myself. I look around me and see much more substantial films *financially* meeting with much greater artistic and commercial failure.

I realise now that I had personalised the process far too much. It's my Calvinist sense of stewardship — I felt responsible for every dime. You're only really responsible for doing the best you can."

Has directing what started out as someone else's script (on *Cat People*) changed your own attitude toward screenwriting?

"No, not at all. Since *Cat People* I've written three scripts and I'm just starting the fourth — two of them are for myself and two are for others. I write 'em all the same, whether it's for myself or for someone else — it makes no difference."

Talking recently about your early scripts, you said your "mature" work was yet to come. What difference shall we see?

"I think that's a necessary attitude. One has to face the fact that you're always just learning. I'm sure on my death bed I'll have the feeling I've just figured out how to do it! It doesn't mean I'm not proud of what I've done.

"Really, there's nothing new, you're just redoing what's been done hundreds, thousands of times over, over the centuries. But every new set of events, every time a paper comes out in the morning, you need to reformulate everything else that's been written or thought.

"Time and technology is moving so quickly that the old truths have to be constantly repackaged."

***Cat People* has a much more visual bias for you.**

"In that particular film I felt that the camera was a character, that operated independently upon the story. It was not a simple observer, it didn't owe its existence to the characters — it was wilful and quite independent as opposed to the conventional camera that watches, and if the character walks that way it goes with the character. I had an aggressively stylised camera.

"The film is about 80% constructed on the backlot, practically everything is built, internal and external. So it's really a city of the mind as much as it is New Orleans. The Zoo, both inside and outside, was constructed. The real zoo in New Orleans has, I think, a Taitian theme."

There is a great richness of observed detail . . . the Marilyn Monroe mural, the religious inscription in the pavement stone, the church that looks more like an old-fashioned cinema . . .

"Well, New Orleans is one of those magical cities where they name streets after The Muses, and suchlike. The church was something we did find. It used to be a disco *(laughs),* then it became a black revivalist church and they couldn't find the money to redecorate it — so it looks exactly like it did as a disco and they just have church services in it. Going in to that picture of Marilyn Monroe, then her becoming a church is just a little toy, another example that mythology does not die."

How much did you change or add to the original script?

"The script that was given to me was much more conventional. There was no prologue, there was no dream, there was a villain who was killed, the house burnt down at the end, the character Paul was not so large . . . and the myth and eros underpinnings of the genre were not as much in the fore.

"Maybe in films of this nature it's best to ignore that you're motoring on such a deep river. Most of the horror genre films pretend that it's a very shallow stream, that they're just entertaining. I look back and maybe I should have done the same."

Why do you say that?

"Well, if one thinks about the great fairy tales, the ones that have endured, the great myths, they're usually very uncalculated. No one sat down and figured out the meaning of *Goldilocks And The Three Bears* or *Little Red Riding Hood* . . . yet they have endured, because they have a kind of sexual significance, in terms of the education of the young, and so forth. *Cat People* is a kind of adult version of a fairy tale, with the things that are unstated in the normal horror film, the normal bedside story, here made more overt. I think it may have put a lot of people off. *I* love it, and it's tantalising to a lot of people — but it pisses off a lot of others."

I THOUGHT THE eroticism of *Cat People* — more sexuality than sex — was exceptional. I can think of few other films that've attempted such an eroticism . . .

"Well, it's not really about sex *per se,* it's not about sweat on the sheets and relationships. I don't think I've ever done anything about sex *per se.* It's always about a mischannelled kind of sex, the weird channels sex moves in sometimes. I think what I like to do best is have three characters in three chairs — sex, religion, and violence. Then play the music, have 'em all get up and run around, turn off the music and they all sit down again, and then find out what happens . . .

"What happens when sex is in religion's chair, religion is in violence's, and violence is in sex's. That's what happens in life. All these desires get mischannelled and end up sitting in the wrong chair. And that's what interests me more than sex or religion or violence *per se.*"

Can you tell me something about the notion of "postponement of pleasure", which you've often mentioned.

"That comes from religious training. I don't believe in it any more, but unfortunately it gets ingrained in you when you're a child, singing songs like 'This World Is Not My Home' . . . I mean — you know — gimme a break! Some poor eight-year-old kid cheerfully chirping away that this world is not his home! Well, that's a terrible thing to jam into the mind of a child. This world *is* my home. I was trained that true pleasure was the postponed pleasure, true pleasure is the pleasure *after death!* . . . when you join your maker.

"Residues of that brainwashing obviously

OVER

Nastassia Kinski tastes blood in *Cat People,* which opens in London this week.

SCHRADER

CONTINUES

refract throughout one's life, there's no way you can pretend that they don't. You bear the scars of your upbringing."

What were its advantages?

"It gives you a kind of intellectual discipline — very organised, very thought-out. It's a good educational background. On the other hand, it hits you in the same way, because you're always thinking about what you're doing while you're doing it. This particular kind of Calvinism, Jansenism — most of these people try to think their way into Heaven, as opposed to more emotional religions where people felt their way.

"It gave me a very good educational background and a lot of ideas to work with, but it is emotionally inhibiting."

Did it in a sense teach you the power of language, of blasphemy?

"Yeah, and also just the idea of having a private life, a fantasy life. I figured out as a child that I didn't really belong here! And there wasn't anybody to tell, because I didn't know anybody who was any different. So you start living inside, fantasy starts to become a very palpable part of your life."

Do you think one of the reasons *Taxi Driver* worked so well was that both Scorsese and you share that secluded, sectarian background?

"Yeah, but different slants, different personalities. Which is why I think the next one will be very, very good. I have great hopes for it."

I'm intrigued about a quoted "Five scenes that aren't even in the Bible".

"Well, it's about 40% Scriptures, 40% Kazantzakis and 20% myself. It's a whole chain of redoing. First of all, no one really has any idea who Jesus was. Apparently there *was* a Jesus, but there's no real in-depth evidence and his overseeing of books that were written after Christ died. Paul created one Christ, then the early Church Fathers recreated that, and then Augustine came along and recreated that. Kazantzakis did his version, then I do mine and Marty will do his. So we all stand in a very illustrious line of bastardisers, each one remaking the original myth to his own liking."

Did you have any crises of conscience dealing with such a 'sacred' text?

"No. I think it's only sacred to the extent that you make the myth work again. I really can't get that excited about whether or not an actual person lived 2,000 years ago in the region of Galilee. I think it's just as valuable whether he did or whether he didn't."

Do you anticipate upsetting anyone — the born-again Christians, the Moral Majority?

"Fortunately, those people don't go to the movies. So it doesn't matter who it upsets. It'll upset them and they'll get a lot of free publicity, but they don't go to the movies anyway, so they don't have any economic threat. Kazantzakis' novel itself was banned by the Catholic church."

WHY DO YOU think *Taxi Driver* 'hit' the mood of the moment so well?

"Because it was true. It still is, it still is true. *And* there's a lot of luck involved in creativity, at certain moments in your life — just being in the right place at the right time. But the whole concept of *hit/not-hit* . . .

"Using a musical metaphor: now, I'm no big fan of the recent Bob Dylan stuff, but anyway it's not fashionable, it's not supposed to be good. Dylan's every bit as good as he was ten years ago — 'Every Grain Of Sand' is as good a song as 'Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands' — but there's a certain kind of luck, of faddishness in all that. Circumstances conspire so that 'Blowin' In The Wind' becomes a hit and 'Every Grain Of Sand' doesn't. Who's to say if one's better than the other? One just happened to appear at the right moment and the right time."

I find it interesting that John Ford's *The Searchers* has been named pretty unanimously amongst Scorsese, yourself, and the other Movie Brats as favourite film and seminal influence. *Taxi Driver* seems to have become *The Searchers* of my generation; it has the same iconographic power.

"It does, it *has* grown. I was looking at it — it just came out in America on video cassette so I went out and bought it. I was curious about the quality — so I ended up watching ten or 15 minutes of it the other night. The resonance does hold up."

Was that the first time you'd seen it for a while, then?

"Yes. I have a very hard time watching it."

You have a hard time watching it?!

"Anything. I haven't seen it and it's the same thing with Scorsese. For every day for two years you're just concerned with everything involved — the ratio of the sound of the footsteps to the room noise to the zipper. One day it's over and you can't do anything about it anymore, and then you throw it out of your mind, you don't go back, you don't see it again. The experience has become almost excruciating. You don't *want* to think anymore about it, it's something you can't change. For so long it was totally malleable, then one day it's over. To have to go back, just to remind yourself of all the things you can no longer do . . ."

Anything in particular you'd change?

"That's why you have to stop thinking about it! You know that there are a hundred things to change. All you do is let your mind drift for 20 seconds and it'll start filling up with things you want to do but can't. It's like your life. You start thinking about *all the things I didn't do in my life* and you cannot function, it's immobilising."

One detail in *Taxi Driver* that's always fascinated me is the series of shots 'from on high', looking straight down on surfaces . . .

"Marty's using that to unsettle you. I'm using something similar in *Cat People* to try and create a sense of something *out there,* moving around, that the camera's not tied to reality. Marty's trying to cut against the grain, to unsettle you with certain shots that you can't quite process — like the Alka Seltzer shot, and so forth."

When Travis goes into the porno theater and tries to chat up the concessions girl . . .

"*(Laughs:)* That's De Niro's wife!"

. . . she's reading a magazine article, titled *How Spending Your Money Can Affect Your Sex Life.* Was that meant to link up?

"Yeah, well, those are all those toys, little crackerjack toys for critics, that one puts in movies so's to make them more delightful."

Travis harbours a very moral disgust for the world of pleasure, but spends all his free time in front of a porno screen: this reflects his basic self-destructiveness?

"Yeah. I've always loved characters who become the thing they hate, who're defined by their own hate, because they cannot accept *this* world, they cannot accept what they are — *this world is not my home,* they don't belong

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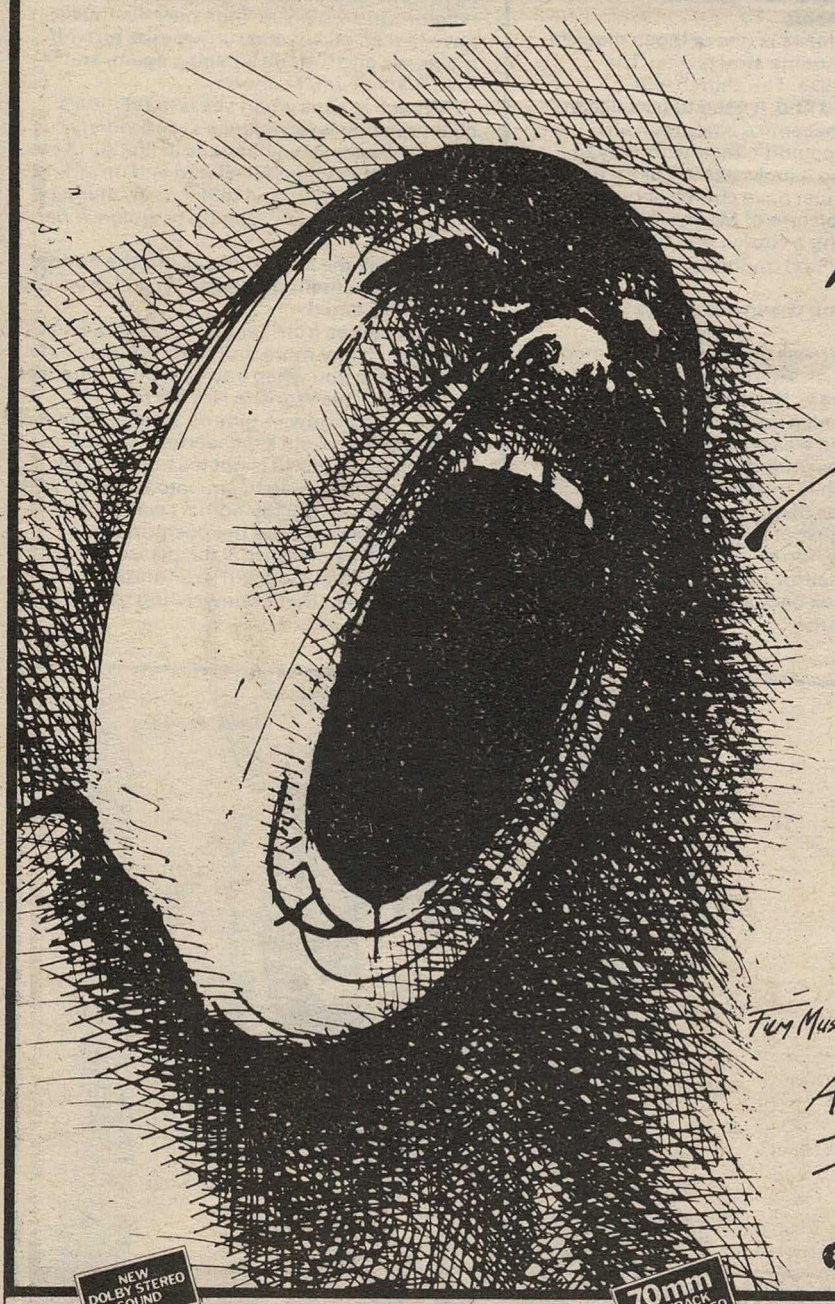

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"And so he (Travis) talks about having a purified body while he's popping speed and having the worst form of diet imaginable; he talks about having an organised mind when he has a very disorganised mind. There's a contradiction so deeply embedded in his soul that he can't get it out, so all that he does is accelerate it.

"It's not New York City that's causing his problems, it's not women causing his problems — no one is turning up the flame under that pressure cooker but he himself. It's what happens when you have a fundamental conflict in your psyche that you cannot understand . . . and so you just keep pushing it and pushing it till it explodes.

"These characters have always fascinated me. This is why I'm interested in Yukio Mishima, because he is Travis Bickle for intellectuals; which is this man of extraordinary brilliance and talent who understood completely the contradiction . . . and then exalted it, rather than trying to solve it.

"I've always been interested in our ability to become what we hate, or to hate what we are. I was going to write a script a while back — I just decided not to do it — about a narcotics agent, an undercover agent, who became a junkie. It's another version of that same kind of character, of slipping into what you hate in order not to deal with what you love.

"I was just talking to someone about the character in (Norman Mailer's) *The Executioner's Song*, and I described him as someone who became what he hated because he couldn't accept what he loved. And that's a fault that gets exaggerated in a murderer like Gary Gilmore, but something we can all identify with, because it's very scary to become what you love."

Travis is very much a failed father-figure, is he not? The difference between him and Jake in *The Hardcore Life* is that Jake is a successful father, and has a strong moral grid on which to plot his 'search' . . .

"Yeah. It's very clear in *Taxi Driver* that the father figures are the ones where he puts his hatred. When he can't kill the father figure of one girl he kills the father figure of the other, and for him they're interchangeable as fathers. The movie doesn't say that a pimp and a politician are the same, it's beyond that kind of superficial reading . . . but those are the father figures and that's where the hatred is going, BAM! straight to Dad. That's why he can't stop in the middle with the girl, because he just needs to use those girls as a stepping stone to get to that hatred. He can't understand that and he can't stop it either."

You've said that you identified with Travis whilst writing his story . . .

"Well, yes, it came out of me on occasions — it'd jump like an animal out of my head. That's how I got into fiction: this animal started inhabiting me, this *alien*, you know! It had to come out and it couldn't through non-fiction, and so that's really why I got involved in screenwriting; not because I wanted to be A Writer *per se* or wanted to make money *per se*. It's just that I had problems I couldn't deal with in realistic terms. I needed larger doses of fantasy."

You've said of Travis that he "acts out his personal drama on the stage of *other* people's lives . . . which is a very selfish and aggressive and frontiersmanlike thing to do". Is this a very archetypally American characteristic, in everything from Travis to foreign policy?

"Yeah. It's just a reflection of the relative youth of the country, the fact that America's never been invaded. It's always been able to push out its problems elsewhere. No one has ever come to us, landed troops and come into *our* territory — so we're pure, we're unviolated. It becomes part of your National ID."

Were you in a sense acting out your personal dramas on the screen?

"Yeah, that's one of the pleasures and the luxuries of it all. Everybody does it: you start a fight over a girl . . . only in movies you're doing it on a bigger scale. You've just got to get rid of these toxics that the psyche creates, they have to go through a process of elimination just like all the other things we ingest. Like food — you can't keep on putting it in, or you'd have problems."

I was interested to read that the Mohican cut in *Taxi Driver* was some kind of Vietnam reference . . .

"It wasn't in the script. It was something that someone told Scorsese about. It basically meant Don't fuck with me, I think I'm going to die."

HOW DIFFERENT was it writing for *Raging Bull*, where you had a protagonist who wasn't an invention, but upon whom you presumably still imposed your own sense of structure? Did you invent a lot of the events?

CONTINUES PAGE 57

ON THE BOX

Friday October 1
I.T.M.A. (Directed by Albert Hitchlock 1941). Yus, my dears, it's that man again, Arthur Mullard in the rags to riches story of a fish-and-chip man who opens up his own video-copying service. Oh, no . . . hang on . . . it's really Tommy Handley in a terrible old World War II 'morale booster' (the man should've been strung up for being a spy!) derived from a popular radio show of the time. Interestingly enough, the director Albert Hitchlock never made another film; no one knows why. **(BBC2)**

Getting Straight (Richard Rush 1970). Originally offered to Albert Hitchlock as a last-ditch comeback project, but the — by then — 79-year-old bicycle repair man said: "I hate students. They're worse than the government. Nixon is a great man, though, and a dab hand at the tandem." Henry Hathaway was then offered the job, but he'd died in 1968 so that was a bit of a no-go situation. Finally, Richard Rush got around to it. The result: the only US campus sit-com-cum-drama worth bothering with, Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen lending welcome ballast to the usual clumsy cliches, here cheerfully punctured. Persevere with it, because Rush went on to make *Freebie And The Bean* and *The Stunt Man*, Andy Gill's two favourite movies ever. **(BBC1)**

Saturday October 2
Bonnie Scotland (James Horne 1935). Albert Hitchlock wasn't involved with this at all, not even in the pre-planning stage. In fact, he wasn't even born yet (which means he was only five or six when he made *I.T.M.A.* so it's not surprising it looked terrible). This fillum stars somebody called Laurel and Hardy. Anton Corbijn says that it was seeing this that galvanised him into emigrating to England. The Dutch! Doncha just love 'em!! **(ITV)**

Airport '80 - the Concorde (Jerry Jameson 1979). This one's a must! How well I remember seeing *Airport '80 The Concorde The Movie Of The Book Of The Other Movies — The Movie*. Phil McNeill recommended it to me and I've never spoken to him since. It stinks, honest. **(ITV network)**

The Demon Juice

Demon Seed (Donald Cammell 1977). Or, as it's known in America, *They Flew By Night*. A terrible, terrible sci-fi film, sluggish and sloppy, which proves that Julie Christie was going round the bend long before she was molested by robots (as here) and that Donal Cammell didn't do as much on *Performance* as what Nicholas Roeg did. **(BBC1)**

Rebecca (Alfred Hitchcock 1940). Hitch rather dismissively referred to this as "a woman's picture" but it's much better than that, and even if it isn't strictly typical, it's an eerie and involving study in anxiety. Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine and Judith Anderson (the 'orrible Mrs Danvers) are all unforgettable. **(BBC2)**

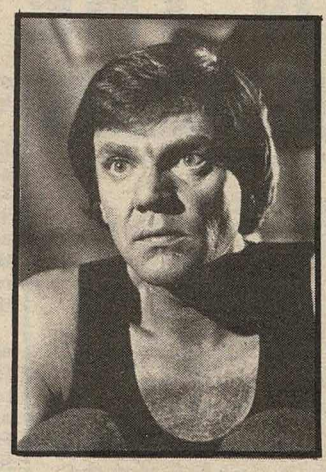
Sunday October 3
Gold Diggers Of 1933 (Mervyn Leroy 1932). You know the bit in *Bonnie And Clyde* when they go into the cinema and see Ginger Rogers singing 'We're In The Money'? This is that film. **(BBC2)**

The Scalphunters (Syndey Pollack 1968). Sprightly comedy western, with broadly effective performances from Burt Lancaster, Ossie Davis and Telly Savalas. Good fun. **(BBC1)**

The Day Of The Jackal (Fred Zinnemann 1973). Edward Fox plans to assassinate General De Gaulle. Do you think he will succeed? **(ITV network)**

Monty Smith

IN THE CAT



Cat People (Jacques Tourneur 1942). Not on release as such but certainly playing on Monty Smith's hand-cranked Phillips Videomatic VCR-style top loader is the original 73-minute scorcher which served as a vague inspiration for Schrader's perverse 'version'. Actually, beyond the common use of a suspiciously similar title, this *Cat People* and Schrader's *Cat People* have absolutely nothing to do with another, no relation whatsoever. So don't bother reading this bit is my message to you, the reader, this week. Good night. (News At Ten, Monty Smith's front room)

Ian Penman

cat people X

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LPs

FLASH— IN THE PAN?

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

The Message (Sugarhill)

OR . . . THE official adventures of Flash — the album!

That single 'The Message' might be a vividly graphic account of the dirty day-to-day struggle down at the roots of black American ghetto life. It might be the hardest, most militant instalment of the rap payback since the last Gil Scott-Heron album. It might even be the single of the summer and the Sugarhill label's biggest international hit since 'Rapper's Delight'.

But, whatever else, 'The Message' is a single and in the platinum-peddling world of the US music biz, singles simply do not build careers. And so Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five have made an album, their first, and, like almost every other Sugarhill rap album, it isn't really very good. Those who have ever tried sitting through such Sugarhill turkeys as the West Street Mob and Sequence albums released earlier this this year will know just what I mean.

To understand why, one has to understand that rapping, like toasting, is basically a singles music and a 12" singles music at that. It is the art of taking a theme and twisting it around the percolating peaks and troughs of a bubbling rhythm and developing that theme in as many directions as the rapper has rhymes. It is an art that suits the discomix format perfectly but never transfers well onto an album.

This first law of rap applies even to the art's greatest exponents, ace deejay Grandmaster Flash, *"the king with the cuts on three turntables"*, and his five jive-talking emcees Melle Mel, Cowboy, Mr Ness, Raheem and Creole, *"the furious, serious and ever so mysterious five that rock the house."*

This LP contains eight tracks, three of which have already been released as singles — 'Wheels Of Steel', 'It's Nasty' and, naturally enough, 'The Message'. Of the five new tracks, only one, maybe two, are worth more than a cursory listen.

Taken in sequence, the opener 'She's Fresh' is fairly typical of a Sugarhill or Enjoy rap track of about two years ago. Brash and ebullient, the Furious Five jostle with fuzzed guitar and some piping hot horns on a rasping razzle that lays down the creed at its most basic, raging lyrical about cars, girls, parties and generally feeling good. As a rap, it works although it doesn't exactly break new ground.

Next up, 'It's Nasty' is the Five's re-working of the Tom Tom Club single 'Genius Of Love', the Sugarhill house band gracing the track with far more sweat and swing than the stylised Compass Point sessioneers who performed on the original. The witty rapartee of the five emcees is here directed at their detractors: *"People say it's dirty/People say it's wrong/They talk about our music like it's a nasty song ..."* A shame that the silly and unnecessary fade-out cuts them off in mid-rant.

'Scorpio', a dull, farting electrofunk fling complete with vocoder, is the first real filler, but it is followed by the best new track on the album, an incisive version of the old Detroit Spinners hit 'It's A Shame', a fierce song that Flash himself reckons is close to 'The Message' in feel.

The song is a success right from the shimmering guitar motif (lifted straight from the Tamla original) that opens it. Its uniqueness, however, is that it actually combines Flash's exquisite turntable technique, the verbal venom of the Furious Five and some aching, plaintive 'real' singing on the same track for the first time.

Side two opens on a low note with 'Dreamin'', the rap platoon's soggy tribute to their hero Stevie Wonder, set not to the customary blistering funk backtrack but to some slushy mood muzak: *"Stevie, you make me Wonder,"* they coyly croon. Is this really the same group that cut 'The Mesage'?

The gospel-inspired 'You Are' charts similarly mellow waters before we dip into the two tracks to which Flash and his five rappers owe their reputation, 'The Message' and 'Wheels Of Steel'.

In a week when the BBC television news carries a report of people literally starving in the black ghettos of Detroit, there is little more to add about the 'relevance' of 'The Message'. It was all said in the singles review months ago.

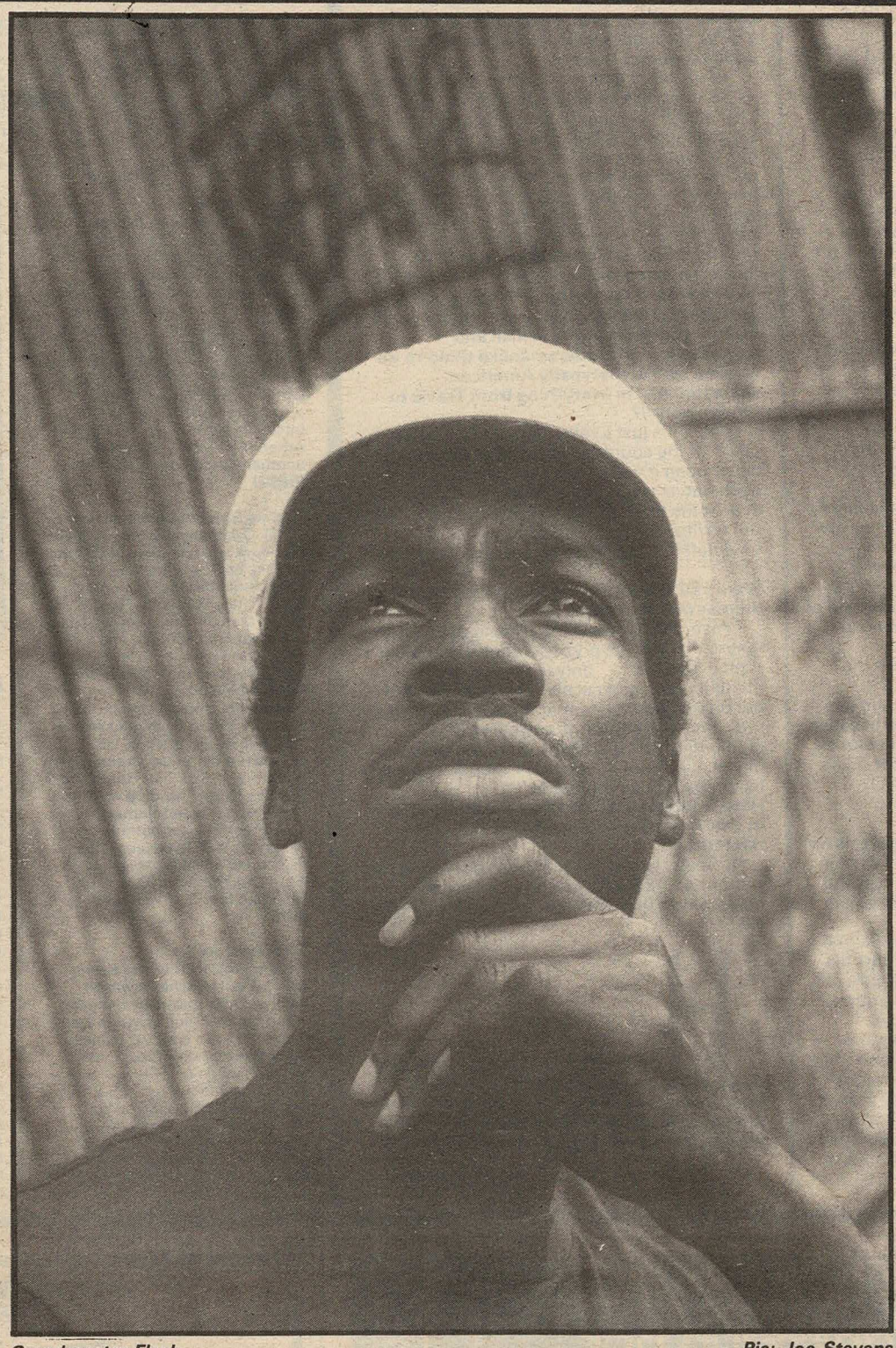
Which leavies Flash himself to conclude the LP with the unexpurgated import version of 'Wheels Of Steel', recorded 'live' by the deejay at his three turntables. The track is seven staggering minutes of some of the most magnificent and macabre mixing, editing, scratching and spinning of singles ever recorded, Flash cutting back and forth between Blondie's 'Rapture', Queen's 'Another One Bites The Dust', Chic's 'Good Times' and an assortment of Sugarhill rap to produce his ferocious monstermix.

If this LP had more of that tough, frenzied unorthodoxy, things might be different. As it is, the whole thing reeks of a group mellowing their approach to suit the American mass market, guided, no doubt, by the astute marketing sense of Sugarhill supremo and producer Sylvia Robinson.

It is probably wrong to criticise their motives — *"get funky, make money!"* — so I'll just say that a lot of people who bought 'The Message' as a 12" single are going to be disappointed by this album, an essential purchase only for those yet to pick up the singles.

Those closest to the edge are advised to save their cash for the next single.

Adrian Thrills



Grandmaster Flash — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

GANG FARE

KOOL AND THE GANG

As One (De-Lite)

THIS IS not actually an LP. This is a flat black doss-house where the whiskered, shambling frames of seven mild songs have chosen to bed down for the night. Whom do I sue?

Kool & The Gang's previous LP 'Something Special' was my number one favourite of last year. It didn't have a bad track on it and had all those magical singles — 'Get Down On It', 'Steppin' Out', 'Take My Heart', a jamboree bag of a thing. Ever since I've been struggling through the days, easing through '82, just waiting for the new one. Each morning the postman would clobber along our landing and I'd count off his steps — it takes 50 exactly from the lift — and then throw open the door beaming with expectancy. "Sorry Dan," he'd say, "it's no good throwing open the door and beaming with expectancy like that, all I've got for you is another Freeman's catalogue which you didn't order in the first place. Oh, and a letter from your bank saying they're through asking for the loan back — they're going to have you stabbed instead."

After a morning like that the rest of the day goes downhill. I could wing it playing 'Too Hot', 'Celebration' or 'Jones vs Jones', but it was no good. I needed *fresh* Kool to lunch on. And then yesterday . . . Just like in the scene from *Returns The Conquering Hero* when the telegram boy comes running through the cornfields hollering and waving the wire that tells Miss Matilda that Lester isn't dead after all and will be coming home on the midday train, the postman hurried along to my door.

Banging and knocking and ringing he could hardly contain himself: "Danny it's here, it's arrived! Your LP it's here!" "Calm down, Duckworth," I bade him, "what are you talking about? What's arrived?" "Your LP sir. Kool & The Gang . . . it's here!" By now he was crying for me. I accepted the package with a quiet calm and inner serenity, smiling gently, and sighing as if to show the ordeal was over at last. "Thank you, Duckworth," I told him and pressed a tuppence into his hand. "Oh don't thank me sir," he chortled, the tears by now streaming down his cheeks,

The Beat

WHO DARES, CHANGES

THE BEAT

Special Beat Service (Go-Feet)

IT SHOULD go without saying that these days, The Beat aren't the band they used to be. 'Special Beat Service' presents Wakeling, Roger *et al* in a distinctly different stylee, and whether it comes up to expectations or not depends entirely on what (and where) your expectations happen to be. This is not a replay of — or return to — the sounds, subjects and styles of 'I Just Can't Stand It' or 'Wh'appen'. Neither is it a call to mash up Maggie or the bomb. This is a brand new Beat, and it wasn't what I expected, either.

If I'd been asked to bet money on the content of the next Beat album, I'd probably have mumbled something about a more African sound, a few soca touches, a few songs about unemployment, some heavy heavy dub . . . just goes to show how wrong you can be. The new Beat have carefully disassembled the ingredients of their trademark sound, developed different aspects of it to different extents and put it all back together in a different order. Now Ranking Roger's toasts come no longer come as deft commentaries on and interventions into Dave Wakeling's songs, but instead the man controls two tracks from beginning to end. The sparkling guitars still dance around each other, but now there's a piano joining in the lobster quadrille.

However, the most important change is in Dave Wakeling himself: he's turning into a quite remarkable vocalist. Or — to be more precise — two quite remarkable vocalists: Elvis Costello and David Bowie, sometimes in turn, sometimes simultaneously. He sounds quite uncannily Costelloid on the opening 'I Confess' — one of several end-of-the-affair songs generously sprinkled through the album — which comes complete with floridly lachrymose piano just to enhance the resemblance, but it also has a seriously swinging High Life beat and — uh — *mandolins*, and some of the heavily burnished trumpet that crops up throughout the album. (My copy comes denuded of all packaging, so you'll have to look up a sleeve in the shop to find out just exactly who is playing all the exotic stuff.)

'Jeanette', the band's last single and one of their rather worrying series of non-hits, presumably recounts the illicit liason being confessed in the previous ditty. Against a faintly comic travelogue-swirl of accordian, it tells a tongue-twisting story that ends up sounding rather like Costello recycling a

BORE

"it's a great day for us all sir. The whole village has been praying for your return to health." "Careful Duckworth," I warned him, "yours is only a minor part in this review. Don'to go inventing villages all over the place." And with that I closed the door.

I confess I ran to my record player like a kid with a new tin car on Christmas Day. I re-set the treble, bass and anti-skate knob (I have no idea of its function but re-set it in any case). I dusted the deck off, re-positioned the amplifier and put a fresh 10p in the electricity meter. Just to be sure, I threw my system away and went out and brought a new one. Everything had to be perfect. I put . . . the record . . . on . . .

I write this review from my sanatorium in the countrside where I am under sedation. Where once a genuine feeling of joy beat in the Kool & The Gang breast now beats a tepid metronome that props up the most underdeveloped of writing ideas. From the casual elegence of 'Something Special' Kool & The Gang have plummetted into . . . well I hesitate to call it a rut. They don't even *repeat* their formula. Instead they take this whole year to prepare a record of such numbing banality that it even tarnishes its predecessors. Even the warm redeeming features of James Taylor's (no relation) voice can't stop this collection of 'chants' rocketting into new areas of cheerless idiocy. Kool & The Gang appear to have run out on us and themselves. 'As One' finds them with nothing left, lobotomised, stumbling around in tortuously over-long 'funks' trying to remember the recipe. It is a royally dumb LP.

Occasionally — and here I dig deep into my generostiy box — the flow shows, let's say on 'Hi De Ho' and 'Think It Over', maybe even parts of the disappointing First Big Single 'Big Fun'. But everything is swampled in the lumbering half-wit shadow of showpieces like 'Street Kids' and 'Let's Go Dancing' which, God help us, makes allusions to being a reggae song.

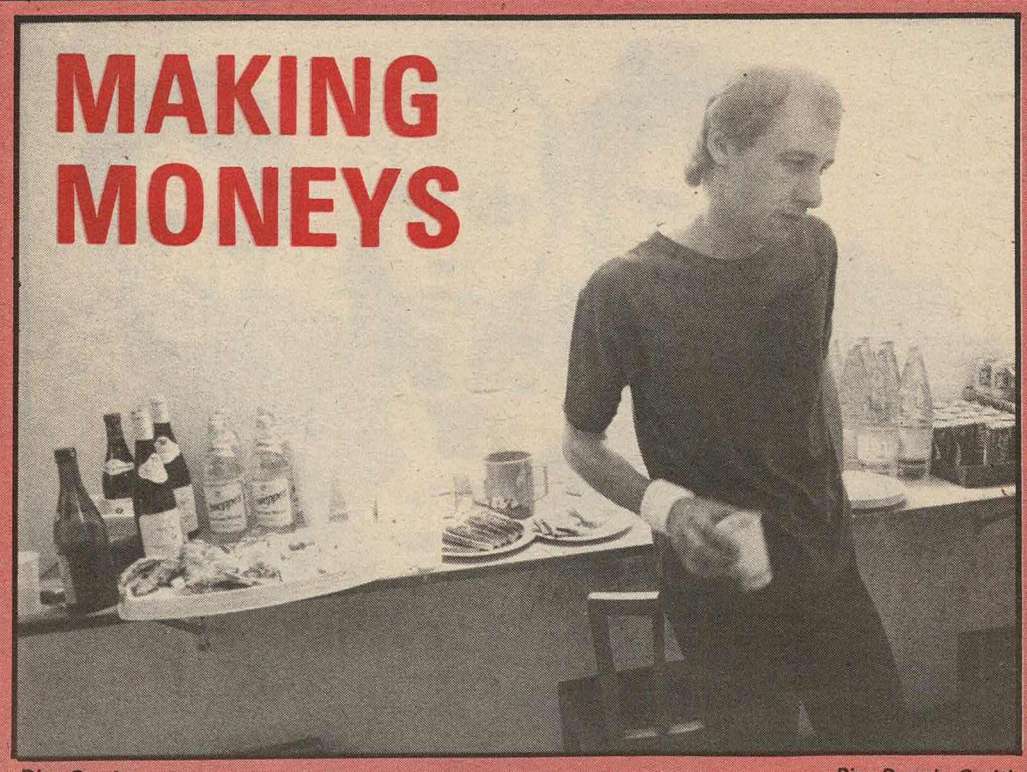
No, I refuse to believe this is Kool & The Gang. Uh-uh. This is some cruel trick, a joke, sent perhaps by my "colleagues" or even the GPO to torment me. But I have seen through it. I shall go up and sit by my door again waiting for the *real* goods, the *real* meat. They can't fool me. Any day now . . . I got plenty of time . . .

"Danny Baker"

DIRE STRAITS

Love Over Gold (Vertigo)

MAKING MONEYS



Dire Straits *Pic: Pennie Smith*

MARK KNOPFLER was obviously one of those kids who spent their '60s adolescence obsessively perfecting their guitar style. Clapton, Hendrix, Buddy Guy, John Lee Hooker, James Burton . . . each would be loved to death and eagerly subsumed into a series of schoolboy bands, firmly rooted in the snobbish 'purism' of the era.

Naturally, the end-product of this force-fed route to musicianship was often a surfeit of technique without sensitivity. But while many of his contemporaries demonstrated the futility of musical in-breeding with the anaemic, aimless rock of the early '70s, Knopfler bided his time. And in time, Knopfler began to develop such rare qualities as timing and restraint, began to hone the *feel* of his playing . . .

By the time 'Dire Straits' was released in 1978, Knopfler was 28; mature, modest, a masterly guitarist with a singing voice not a million miles removed from Bob Dylan's . . . how could he fail?

Well, his songwriting could trip him up. Certainly, he wasn't about to set the world alight with his witty wordplay or his impassioned prose — but he stuck to what he knew: South London pub jazz, a chance encounter in Trafalgar Square, the art gallery phonies and Chinatown eateries of London's West End . . .

And in its modest way — as an appealing self-portrait of a winsome South London boy and his liquid guitar — 'Dire Straits' succeeded. In fact, it succeeded to the tune of eight gold records, five platinums, two double platinums, and two triple platinum discs! And what's more, Dire Straits' subsequent releases 'Communique' and 'Making Movies' have matched its performance in every major territory.

The reason I know this is because 'Love Over Gold' comes accompanied by a press release bearing a close resemblance to a balance sheet. The sales performance of each LP is detailed for all 19 major world markets, as well as how many shows have been sold out in Gothenburg, Adelaide and San Remo. Dire Straits are Very Big Business.

No longer is Mark Knopfler a South London boy. He's played with Dylan, he's composed the soundtrack for Oscar-winner David Putnam's new movie starring Burt Lancaster, he lives in New York while the rest of the band live in England. He's become an Artist and lost his roots. And 'Love Over Gold' — straight into the Top Ten first week out, with the single at No.1 — is Very Big Business.

Although obviously still secure in his own ability, and still possessed of a superlatively easy touch, Knopfler sounds like a man who knows great things are expected of him. It's not just the 15-minute epic opener, or the fact that 'Love Over Gold' runs to just five meticulously wrought tracks — listening to him *caress* the notes out of his guitar with the air of a man *creating* great music, at times Knopfler seems afflicted with the sterile preciousness of such great Artists as Sky or Queen, albeit without those groups' overweening arrogance.

Hopefully, though, Knopfler's pomposity is simply an effect of trying too hard — and boy, is he trying hard on the first side here.

'Telegraph Road' is an epic not only in length, but in conception and construction. In fact, it's a Bruce Springsteen epic. With its world-weary atmosphere, its majestic chord changes, its mining town storyline, and its quasi-religious mythologising of the blue collar life *("I used to like to go to work but they shut it down/I've got a right to go to work but there's no work to be found/Yes and they say we're gonna have to pay what's owed/We're gonna have to reap from some seed that's been sowed")* . . . are you *sure* it's not an out-take from 'The River'?

Except it's obviously not — firstly because the structure is too clinical for that sprawling mess of Americana, and secondly because it's simply too good to have been left out. Despite its derivativeness, 'Telegraph Road' bears itself with pride through its numerous changes — and Knopfler's first solo tugs the emotions so skilfully it literally made me catch my breath first time I heard it.

The only other track on the first side is the 'surprise' hit single 'Private Investigations'. An overblown synth-laden Spanish guitar ballad — a kind of angst-less 'If You Go Away' — it bears the same relationship to 'Bohemian Rhapsody' that exclusive Book Of The Month club offers in the colour supplements bear to *Daily Mail* Falklands Union Jack offers. The class is strictly on the surface.

In the context of all this grandiloquence, what opens the second side seems positively ludicrous. 'Industrial Disease' is a hammy comedy number which attempts some cutting comments on the state of the nation, but comes off like a half-baked version of The Kinks' 'Muswell Hillbillies'.

In the nick of time, though, Dire Straits' best side asserts itself with the lush melodic fantasy of 'Love Over Gold'. Yet even that is ponderous — and it's not until 'It Never Rains' that they hit home base and finally seem properly at ease.

Here they're mining that profitable seam that runs straight from 'Blonde On Blonde' to their best song to date, 'Romeo And Juliet' from 'Making Movies'. Finally Knopfler's guitar starts popping out those sweet notes like Robbie Robertson — there's even a couple of phrases that recall Jerry Garcia at his flowing best — and as the band hit a hard groove for him to slip and stumble over, you realise they're playing to their strengths at last.

Interestingly, it appears to be a song about an artist who's got caught on the Tin Pan Alley merry go-round and used up until there's nothing left. Not that Dire Straits ever truly had a lot — their best work was always a triumph of instinct and technique over form and content — but they have manifestly steered clear of the Tin Pan Alley trap: despite, or because of, the massive success of previous records, they've managed to get two years' breathing space between 'Making Movies' and 'Love Over Gold', to rest and re-think.

Yet the weaknesses of this new LP are probably attributable to precisely that. The continuity has gone, and suddenly they're staggering under the weight of commercial expectations, trying to make Art.

Triple platinum guaranteed.

Phil McNeill

WHITE RAP OR RIGHT CRAP?

THE FALL

Room To Live. Undilutable Slang Truth! (Kamera)

SOMEONE ASKED me the other week whether I thought The Fall were in a rut. I don't think they are — not in a rut, as such.

Y'see, what's happened during the course of the past couple of records is that Mark E. Smith, a notorious droll prole character, has learnt to dance and simultaneously discarded the shackles of coherent speech as well. The once pure shots of bristling invective — an exhibition of old-Fall was always at once simplictic and didactic — are now so obscured by Smith's over-riding ART pretensions that it's becoming increasingly more difficult to distinguish between the white rap and the right crap.

These days, Mark E. Smith prefers to hide the old sarcastic needle, an incisive rant, well out of the reach of anyone but the dedicated, in a scrambled Scrabble style haystack of words, which more often than not turns out to be an overly clumsy tract.

So what's this new seven-track thing all about then?

Frustratingly sketchy, that's what this seven-track thing's all about. 'Room To Live' sounds as if they've written, recorded and pressed it and still got back in time for last orders (half past ten). Where 'Hex Enduction Hour' was a collection of immaculately neat, complete, shrink-wrapped and bouncy classics, 'Room To Live' is scarcely more substantial than a tawdry collection of scantily clad doodles.

Sure, given enough time, and energy, these germs may well have the 'r' extracted, some polish applied and emerge as Fall gems but . . . but most of these songs weren't even twinkes in Smith's eye on the last UK tour (May-June). So what are they doing here so soon?

With the misplaced emphasis of 'Room To Live' centred around some obscure yearning to capture the spontaneity and supposed vitality of fresh, undeveloped ideas, the overall impression is necessarily one of indecision and discontinuity.

'Jokes Hysterical Face' opens the record to the tune of a thousand guitars twanging doggedly away at a Crampsabilly barrage. The Fall have reverted, hopefully only temporarily, back to a one drum-kit set-up for this record, but the guitarist obviously hasn't been informed of this slight reduction in rhythmic weaponry and continues the relentless, wayward dischord regardless.

In fact, the remaining three tracks on side one — 'Marquis Cha Cha', 'Hard Life In Country' and the title track — are the only ones that emerge with any credit at all from this tacky assemblage, side two providing an indulgent hash of ill-researched experimentation, plodding basses and annoying feedback. 'An instance of soul-sap on us white folks by this bossa-nova crap.'

'Marquis Cha Cha' fares better than most in that the guitar is chained deliberately down to pave the way for Smith to make a belated contribution to the Atlantic war effort over a backdrop of basic but intriguing bass and drums interplay.

'Marquis Cha Cha' is what The Fall do best but 'Room To Live' is way below. In fact . . .

'Room To Live' is right crap.

Amrik Rai

The Fall *Pic: Bryn Jones*

Madness backing-track. Best lines: *"We share one last cigarette and swap false addresses"* and *"Be sure to warn me if you're ever in Birmingham."*

Other new sounds (for The Beat, anyway) include 'Sole Salvation' 's energetic early-Motown riffing and the intro to 'Sorry', which sounds like nothing somuch as the kind of brass-and-drums sledgehammering of early Chicago and Bull, Shit & Tears, while 'Rotating Heads' combines old and new Beat staples. Quite simply, it is 'Mirror In The Bathroom' in hell with new, stabbing brass section charts, a sax solo by new man Wesley Magoogan which contrasts with the urbane, gaspipe manner of Saxa by uncoiling like a striking snake, and Wakeling's languid/anguished Bowie-styled multitrack vocals.

Against songs like these, Roger's two tracks sound as though they've wandered in from another album entirely. 'Spar Wid Me' and '(Pato And Roger) Ago Talk' — the latter familiar from its single incarnation — show Roger assimilating some new influences, like Eek-A-Mouse on 'Spar Wid Me' and the Eastwood/Saint-Michigan/Smilie duo style on the team-up track, full of diddly-bong, MMMMURDAH! and RRRRIGHT! 'Spar Wid Me' uses a stately folk-style banjo for additional comic effect. I think it's time Roger made his own album, but *this* one seriously misses the way that he used to interact with Wakeling on songs like 'Drowning', 'Mirror' and 'Hands Off'. Wh'appen, Unity Rockers?

Perhaps the most characteristic piece on the album is 'Sugar And Stresses', The Beat's annual state-of-the-nation address, complete with '60s layered 12-strings and a singularly perky beat, but while it sardonically observes *"Right and wrong can't get much wronger"* it lacks the defiant upfulness with which The Beat were wont to confront Babylonian adversities. It's followed by Wakeling's most elegantly despairing ballad-for-the-lovelorn, the lovely 'End Of The Party'. The suave, melancholy piano is back, and Saxa — it *has* to be Saxa, his tone is unmistakable — plays a solo that just oozes out of the horn.

If this had been the end of the album, 'Special Beat Service' would probably qualify as the most depressing album of the year, but luckily the finale is 'Ackee 1–2–3' upon which everybody cheers up considerably. A High Life singalong complete with kids' choir, barking dogs etc, its gaiety could well be a trifle forced, but it's still nevertheless welcome.

The motto of the SBS would seem to be 'Who Dares Gets Mashed'. The new Beat don't get hits like the old Beat did, but then they don't make music that the old Beat did. What they do make is intriguing; a new flavour to roll around the tongue, a new taste to acquire. 'Special Beat Service' is — like its immediate predecessor — a transitory work rather than an arrival. It'll be interesting to see where they finish up.

Charles Shaar Murray

The Gun Club *Pic: Deborah Feingold*

SHOOTING STARS

THE GUN CLUB

Miami (Animal)

CARS, BLOOD, money and sex . . . I hear these are the four basic elements in modern US folk mythology. (symbolised, maybe, in the gore-splattered automobile of lover outlaws Bonnie and Clyde). In any event, it seems like a good way to kick off a Gun Club review.

The Gun Club, whose second LP this is, are a great unwholesome mutation of a deep Southern states rock group. They're gloriously impure and they're unique and they're magically more than the sum of their influences — which are weird and wide, but some hybrid of punk/swamp/blues/voodoo/country/horror/rock might point your imagination in vaguely the right directions, just for a beginning. They're a messy noise, as well befits such a hellish brew. They're written for and sung for and in all ways fronted by some brattish young man named Jeffrey Le Pierce, whose head seems a crazed container of snot and pilfered imagery. His songs lock manically into that enormously rich store of American musical heritage and populist lore and legend. I think they're great.

The group's first LP, 'Fire Of Love', came out early this year as a Ruby label import, subsequently UK-released by Beggars Banquet. Now they're signed to Animal, an outlet founded by Blondie-man Chris Stein, who in fact produces this album. (JL Pierce once worked for the Blondie fan club, actually, and Debbie Harry admires him back. I make no guess as to the identity of the backing singer, credited on the record sleeve, as "DH Laurence Jr".) News of Stein's involvement led to some wonder if Gun Club's passionately attacking sound would get softened down — and it does, but only a bit. 'Miami' lacks the roughest raw edges of its predecessor LP. However, bland it ain't. Stein's done an acceptable job of giving the Club a little polish to go with their spit.

They're not remotely like Blondie, by the way. If I might offer some comparisons — only trying to be helpful — then a punkier Jim Morrison's Doors, a less camp/trashy Cramps, or a bayou Ramones might give slight ideas. But essentially, The Gun Club are their own men (except, stop press, they've just recruited a new lady bass-player, Patricia Morrison). Appearing with Pierce on the album Terry Graham, Rob Ritter on bass, and Ward Dotson on guitar.

There's a guest steel guitarist, too, Mark Tomeo, lending sensuous C&W tinges to the numbers 'Mother Of Earth' (best track!) and 'Texas Serenade'. Other flavour-conveying titles include 'Devil In The Woods', 'Sleeping In Blood City' and 'Like Calling Up Thunder'.

Then they do a cover version of 'Run Through The Jungle', first done by their swampland ancestors, John Fogerty's (genuinely) legendary Creedence Clearwater Revival. *"I've never been no Christian/I don't wanna be baptised,"* howls Pierce, with that blasphemous aplomb beloved of boys with Roman Catholic childhoods behind them. Here is that dank and sinister netherworld of spook-blues, black cat bones and hoochie-coochie men, where civilised religion lies like a thin skin, stretched taut across a darker heart of ancient pagan superstition. Good drum sound, as well.

The Gun Club shiver and shake. Love 'em to death. And beyond.

Paul Du Noyer

DO YOU WANNA TORCH ME?

CARMEL

Carmel (Red Flame)

THIS IS a sound stripped (almost) right down: you take some skins, you take a bass (now you're getting someplass), and you take a vox, then you has . . . what?

Well, you has a lot of pressure placed on three people to deliver the goods for a start. Full marks to them for not taking the easy way out and adding something simple-minded like a sax, because in the context of this record a sax would have been the equivalent of those moronic underlinings you used to see in school textbooks where some jerk was trying to show how clever he was.

For these songs, though, the drums/bass/voice combination is still a little ornamental. You can do without the bass; in these songs the bass-lines are just footnotes and captions. Trouble is the one song which is just voice and drums is spoiled by silly additions to the voice; echo-effects on the word "angry", indeed! Words are referential, Carmel, remember? Carmel herself, when you put your Neo-Torch cards on the table, is the irritation in the woodpile. Her singing is good, but it isn't distinctive enough to drive this kind of three-seater.

On 'Guilty' she sounds a tiny bit bored, and on 'Tracks of my Tears' she caresses each sentence like she's been reading John Cheever for a week. The only entirely successful track is 'Sugar Daddy', where she doesn't go over the top in trying to prove what a good breath-controller she is. Remember what the man said: "When the phrasing gets shaky, the shaky get phrasing".

This isn't to say that I didn't enjoy listening to the songs (although I don't recommend listening to them on your own, like I did, on a Sunday morning: you feel daft, and you feel even dafter when your 70-year-old neighbour comes in to show you his latest oil painting of a bridge in Cornwall: "The aesthetic sensors, Captain, they're overloading!"), but just that at certain times to certain ears this could be a novelty record: so keep your critical ears clean when you listen to it. Of course, at certain times to certain eyes Stonehenge could be a novelty bus-stop. Listen hard, but don't let the precedents slip beyond middle distance, and you should be all right. I'd like to hear her do 'Big Noise from Winnetka,' though. With drums.

Ian McMillan

Carmel *Pic: Bono Casarotti*

Ronald Shannon Jackson *Illustration: Ian Wright*

LOOKING FOR CLUES

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY

Mandance (Antilles)

THE PECULIARITY of the new electric jazz is its pull towards two times, the past and the future. It has almost forgotten the present. 'Mandance' looks through the failure and achievement of the past and rockets the whole angry melee into the future, missing any current dimension. Rightly, it is over-ambitious, wrongly, it has no stabilising balance of ideas. Maybe the problem is insoluble, the perspective impossible.

Jackson is a drummer, already in receipt of generous applause from the more wakeful of American commentators for his live appearances, and he wrote and arranged all nine tunes here. As a performer he has a speed and gradation of touch so immaculate it lifts the group without smacking heads into stifling regulation — the understanding of polyrhythm, minute judgements of emphasis, glimpses of unfettered power and almost impressionistic cymbal colourings are a constant, true-hearted pleasure. Jackson sounds like one of the few drummers who could create a listenable solo set.

The members of his Decoding Society (reference: the deciphering of daily intake into personal programmes) require a similar proficiency, because this is brutally difficult music to play. Quite apart from the velocity of 'Catman' or 'Belly Button' wrinkles of expression have to humanise the machine. Jackson loves to tie up melodies in a knotted maze of bends and drops, cliff-hanger spills coming out of the shadows and shocking switches of direction arriving like an unsignalled express. But it's planned through (on a record cut live) like a big-league heist and nobody slips overboard.

At the same time, the wriggling contours and deliberately restless gait finally undermine their intent. A lot of exceptional ideas are summoned and spent leaving only a fleeting impact; fragments like 'Spanking' and 'The Art Of Levitation' emerge as disruptive, unfinished sparks. 'Alice In The Congo' goes through so many changes in its six minutes including some admittedly beautiful textures, its surface flash loses out to irritation.

The music benefits from a brilliant production by Jackson and David Breskin, where everything sounds big and clear, and the Society's bassists Melvin Gibbs and Bruce Johnson are superlative players — a whole generation of great bassmen is growing up with this music. Their upsurge and resonance sustain the superstructure of horns and electric guitar in a way that celebrates a central dictum of the music: that melody springs from rhythm.

The differences between this and Ornette Coleman's 'Of Human Feelings' — superficially from the same corner — are endless. Where Prime Time turn round and round in a tight box, extracting the most spellbinding variations from a simple scale, the Decoding Society run on and on along splayed-out rails until they're breathless. In 'Iola', 'Mandance' and the sombre facets of 'When Souls Speak', where music is hinted at. Despite my reservations, there's more than a germ of real greatness inside.

Richard Cook

EYE OF THE TIGER
-THE ALBUM-

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ZIGGY STARDUST*/

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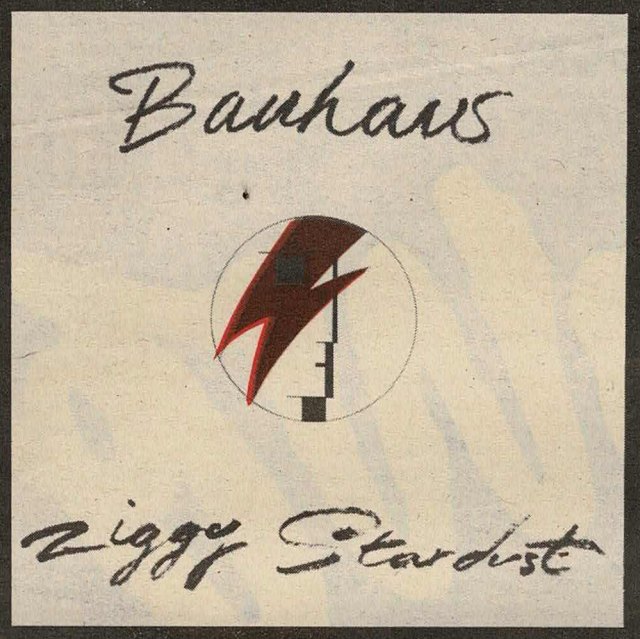

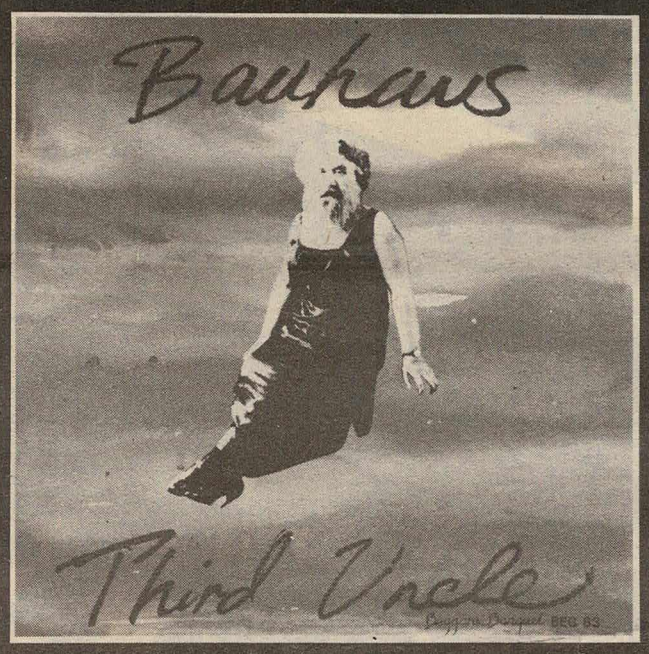

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'COVERS'

ZIGGY STARDUST*
PARTY OF THE FIRST PART*
THIRD UNCLE
WAITING FOR THE MAN*°

°(Recorded live in Manchester with NICO)

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11:	Poole Arts Centre	23:	Birmingham Odeon
13:	Norwich University	24:	Hanley Victoria Hall
14:	London Lyceum	26:	Liverpool University
16:	Aylesbury Friars	27:	Leicester De Montfort Hall
17:	Portsmouth Guildhall	28:	Warwick University Arts Centre
18:	Guildford Civic	29:	Sheffield Lyceum
19:	Nottingham Rock City	30:	Leeds University

BBC TV OGWT OCTOBER 8&9

*Tracks Not Available on next BAUHAUS Album
THE SKY'S GONE OUT — Available October 19th

Neil of Blancmange *Pic: Peter Anderson*

NO MERE TRIFLE!

BLANCMANGE

Happy Families (London)

AND SO ... having triumphed over the unnecessary handicap of lumbering themselves with a name like "Blancmange", Blancmange make an album. Blancmange make a very *good* album, in fact.

That it's good will come as scant surprise to fans of the English electro-duo's earlier work (most of which, in the form of two 1982 singles and the 'Sad Day' track off that 'Some Bizarre' thing, is included here). Personally I only remember them as a grey and lifeless live act I once walked out on, so I *am* surprised, and pleasantly. 'Happy Families' is a calmly assured collection of work: maybe not stamped with greatness, quite, but there's not a number in the whole ten that's without appeal, intelligence and warmth. More than fair enough.

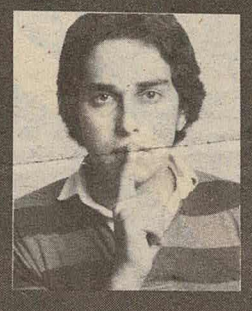
Blancmange are Neil Arthur (voice, guitar, electronics) and Stephen Luscombe (synths and keyboards). If this long-play debut betrays no beginners' awkwardness, and it doesn't, then it's also true that it suggests scope for development. There's impressive, though never overstated, drama in their delivery and winning ingenuity in their arrangements: a nicely controlled excitement. There are aspects to the sound I'd prefer to hear getting jettisoned, but if they allowed their individuality to grow then even finer things could be in store.

Specifically, I'm a bit bothered by the robo-rhythms — set a cliche to catch a cliche — which they fall back on occasionally. If electronic instrumentation can free music from old rocky limitations, then it's no use letting your technology impose its own, even narrower constraints. That clipped and brittle predictability (chikka chikka chikka) is less than the songs deserve. Blancmange, you might say, ought to *wobble* more ...

Where they *do* climb out from behind the terminal, and give the softwear a decent chance, they're great. Songs like 'Waves' and 'I've Seen The Word' and 'Cruel' are fluid and moving and if they can make music this poignant then they don't *need* pre-programmed approach of 'Wasted' and 'I Can't Explain'. Admittedly, this may be no more than a personal prejudice on my part, but there you are.

Luckily, the flaws are minor and the merits are major. And 'Happy Families' is worth a piece of anyone's time.

Paul Du Noyer



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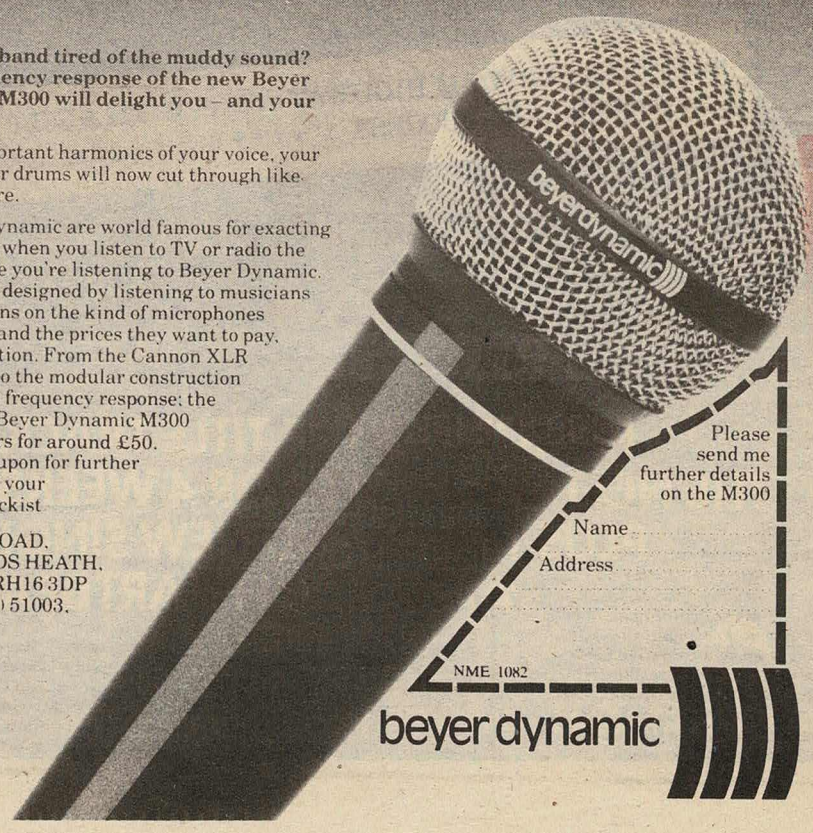

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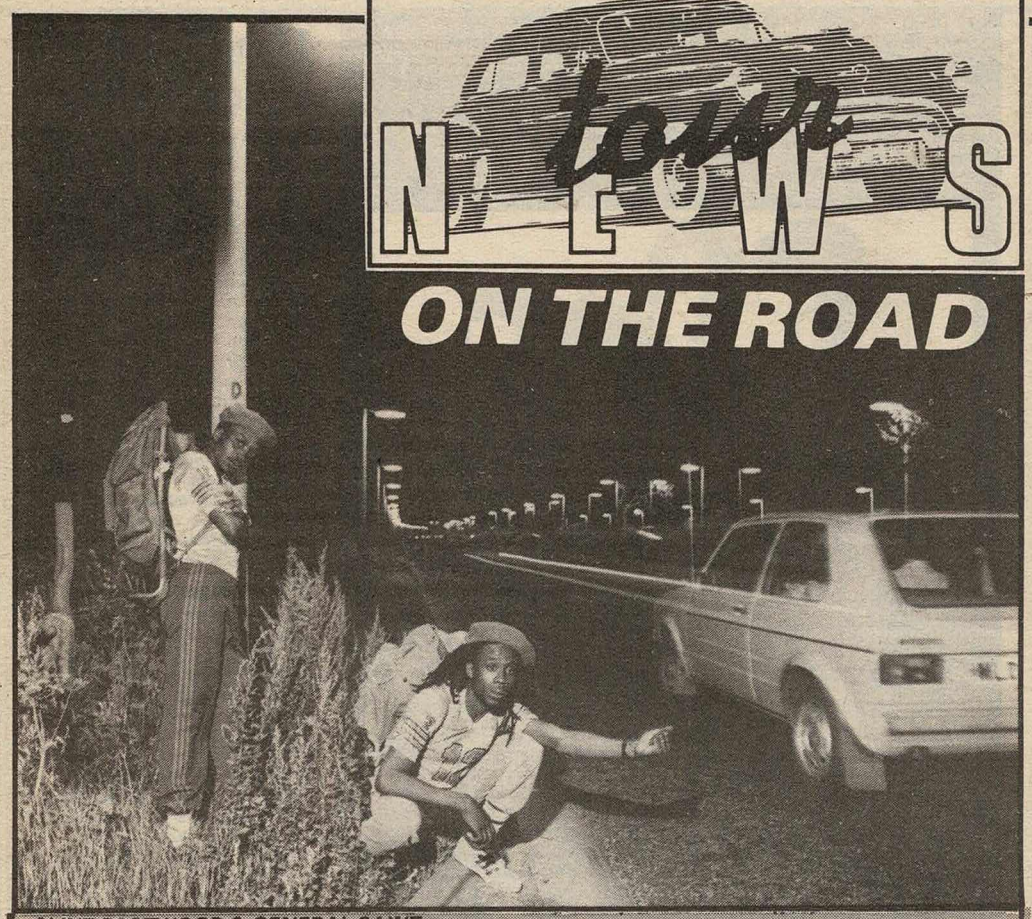

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

JOE COCKER, who recently played a couple of hometown gigs in Sheffield, now comes to London to headline at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, October 23. Tickets priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 are on sale now.

JOHN DENVER headlines a one-off London concert at the Victoria Apollo on Monday, October 25. He plays the full show, with no support act — and tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £5.50.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT play London Strand Lyceum (October 21), Salford University (22), Liverpool University (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Coventry Warwick University (28), Sheffield Lyceum (29) and Leeds University (30).

JOHN MARTYN, Talk Talk and The Blues Band have now been confirmed as special guests in the Genesis-Peter Gabriel concert at Milton Keynes Bowl this Saturday (2). And Martyn has added another London date to his extensive UK tour, at the Dominion Theatre on October 23, as his first show there the previous evening is now sold out.

DURAN DURAN continue to add dates to their upcoming UK tour, due to the very heavy demand. They'll now be playing an additional matinee show at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 14 (£4.75 and £4.25), and they've slotted in an extra hometown date at Birmingham Odeon on November 30 (£4.50 and £4). Tickets go on sale at 9.30am this Saturday (2) at box-offices and usual agents.

ABC have added two more dates to their autumn tour, which was announced at the end of August — at Deeside Leisure Centre (November 27) and Leeds Queens Hall (28). All tickets for both venues are £4.50. They go on sale for Leeds from this Saturday (2) and for Deeside from next Monday (4).

DUNDEE has a new venue called Dance Factory, whose aim is to provide quality acts in a night-club environment. It will basically operate at the 500-capacity Teazers Disco, although it has the flexibility to move to other venues. First confirmed bookings are Hey! Elastica (October 14), The Monochrome Set (20), Big Country (27), Aztec Camera (November 4) and Durutti Column (25). Club membership is available, but not essential.

SCARLET PARTY are playing a number of London dates to showcase their debut EMI single '101-Dam-Nations'. They are at Camden Dingwalls (October 4), Soho Le Beat Route (7), Herne Hill Half Moon (9), Covent Garden Rock Garden (13) and Chelsea Art College with Amazulu (15). They also perform in the "World Village Campaign" in Battersea Park on October 10 — see separate story.

BLUE RONDO have had to call off their October 3 show at London Kensington Rainbow Rooms, announced last week, because of problems concerning insurance requirements — but they promise to set up an alternative London date as soon as possible. Full details of a major UK tour, coinciding with the release of their debut album (see *Record News*), are expected next week.

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT are back on the road at Oxford Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (October 7), Liverpool Warehouse (8), Sheffield Leadmill (9), Cardiff Top Rank (13), Brighton Top Rank (15), Portsmouth Locarno (19), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (21), Hitchin Regal (22), London Chelsea College (23), Glasgow Mayfair (28), Aberdeen University (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (31), Uxbridge Brunel University (November 5), London Victoria The Venue (6) and London North Polytechnic (9) — and more are being set.

TWISTED SISTER, the hard-hitting New York band who featured prominently at this year's Reading Festival, are to be special guests on the previously reported autumn tour by Diamond Head (October 28-November 10). They'll be showcasing material from their recently released album 'Under The Blade' on Secret Records.

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER, the ranting punk poet who's just been signed by Cherry Red Records, goes on the road in support of his first release for the label — a five-track EP titled 'Cocktails', out this week. So far set are London W.1 Adams Arms (this Saturday), Kingston Polytechnic with The Passage (October 8), London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel (21), London Brixton Old White Horse (22), London Wood Green Trades & Labour Club (24), Leamington Spa Centre (29), Brighton Zap Club (30), Leeds University (November 1), London Earls Court National Poetry Centre (4), Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (6) and Bradford University (11).

AZTEC CAMERA have extended their tour still further, by adding a further nine dates to the 14 reported in recent issues. They are Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (October 14), Canvey Island Goldmine (15), York College of Ripon & St John (16), Sheffield University (23), Leeds Warehouse (November 3), Dundee venue to be set (4), Stirling University (5), Sunderland Polytechnic (6) and Darlington Arts Centre (7). And there's still more to come!

POOKIESNACKENBURGER, who recently completed a four-week season at the Edinburgh Festival, have lined up a string of dates for this month. In London they play Covent Garden Community Centre (tomorrow, Friday), The Cricklewood, N.W.2 (Saturday), Wood Green Brabant Road Centre (Sunday), Brixton Old White Horse (October 8), Covent Garden Community Centre again (16), Battersea Arts Centre (17) and Deptford Albany Empire (21-23). Out of town, they visit Leicester Polytechnic (5), Brighton Pavilion Theatre (9 and 10) and Bracknell South Hill Park (15).

BLUE ZOO support their current Magnet single 'Cry Boy Cry' with dates at Cardiff University (tonight, Thursday), Reading Bulmershe College (Friday), London Mile End Queen Mary College (October 5), Chippenham Technical College (6), Birmingham Polytechnic (8), Leicester Horsefaire (11), Manchester Hacienda (12), Portsmouth Polytechnic (14), Weymouth Dorset Institute (15), Braintree College (16), Leeds Polytechnic (21), Liverpool Polytechnic (22), Sunderland Polytechnic (23), Dartford Orchard Theatre (25), Aberystwyth University (27), Bristol Polytechnic (28), Bangor University (29) and London Chelsea College (30). More are being set.

SARACEN add to their current tour with newly confirmed gigs at Nottingham Boat Club (this Saturday), Stafford Riverside Leisure Centre (October 4), Thetford Brecklands Centre (9), Warrington Lion Hotel (23), Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn (26), Sheffield Peguin Club (28), Leeds Civic Centre (31), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 10), Dudley J.B.'s (12), Scunthorpe Berkeley Club (18) and Hatfield Polytechnic (21).

Go Go drummer GINA SCHOCK

THE GO GO's are flying in from the States to play two dates in Britain next month — at Aylesbury Friars (November 13) and London Strand Lyceum (14). A&M will be releasing a new single by the all-girl group to coincide with their visit, though titles haven't yet been decided.

BOY'S OWN have been confirmed as special guests on the November tour by Yazoo, for which dates were revealed exclusively by *NME* last week. Prior to this, they support Blancmange at Basildon Raquels (October 7) and London Victoria The Venue (12).

VICE SQUAD have added three more dates to their UK tour, announced two weeks ago, including a gig in their Bristol hometown. The extra shows are at Portsmouth Polytechnic (October 21), Leicester University (22) and Bristol Trinity Hall (26). Further dates, including London and Scotland, are being finalised.

JONA LEWIE emerges from hibernation to play two rare gigs at London Putney Half Moon on Thursday and Friday, October 21-22. Tickets are £3.

PRINCE LINCOLN & The Royal Rasses, currently on tour to promote their album 'Ride With The Rasses', have added Leicester Highfields Workshop Centre (October 9) and Glasgow Night Moves (10) to their schedule. Another London date will be announced shortly.

TALK TALK'S CHAT SHOWS

TALK TALK have been lined up for their biggest-ever UK tour, taking in leading venues around the country, including a major London showcase. This follows the chart success of both their single 'Today' and album 'The Party's Over'. Newly returned from touring America with Elvis Costello, the band will have a new single issued by EMI to coincide with their British tour dates, which are:

Loughborough University (October 29), Birmingham Odeon (30), Manchester Apollo (31), Bangor University (November 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (3), Liverpool Royal Court (4), Sheffield Lyceum (5), Bradford University (6), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (8), Warwick Arts Theatre (9), Nottingham Rock City (10), Lowestoft Leisure Complex (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Poole Arts Centre (14), Cardiff University (15), Bristol Locarno (16), Southampton Gaumont (18), Hitchin Regal (19) and Aylesbury Friars (20). Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at box-offices and usual outlets, with prices varying from £3 to £3.50.

● Talk Talk will also be among guests appearing in the Genesis-Peter Gabriel concert at Milton Keynes this Saturday (2).

Whitesnake's holiday jaunt

WHITESNAKE have announced details of a major UK tour — starting two weeks before Christmas, and continuing into the New Year. They play Southampton Gaumont (December 10), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (11), Newcastle City Hall (14 and 15), Deeside Leisure Centre (17), Leeds Queens Hall (18), Glasgow Apollo (20 and 21), Birmingham Odeon (27, 28 and 29), Manchester Apollo (31 and January 1) and London Hammersmith Odeon (3, 4 and 5).

Tickets are priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50 (Hammersmith); £5 only (St. Austell, Deeside and Leeds); and £5 and £4.50 (all other venues). They are available now from box-offices and usual outlets in the areas concerned — the only exception is Hammersmith, where the box-office doesn't open until October 8, though postal applications are being accepted immediately.

The tour, the band's first for 18 months, dispels rumours of a break-up following their various defections. Although we don't yet know their revised line-up, vacancies have now been filled, and leader David Coverdale will be announcing the new personnel in a week or two. Meanwhile, they start recording an album next week, for release at the time of the tour.

KATH WAY

Dislocated action

DISLOCATION DANCE will be playing a number of dates this month in support of their new single, out this week on New Hormones and featuring two band compositons, 'You'll Never Know' and 'You Can Tell' — plus a cover drawing by singer Kath Way. Only two gigs were confirmed at presstime — London Covent Garden Rock Garden (tomorrow. Friday) and Liverpool Polytechnic with Aztec Camera (Saturday) — but we're expecting another batch next week. There'll be some dislocation in the band later in the autumn, while trumpeter Andy Diagram records and plays with Liverpool outfit The Pale Fountains, and Kath Way takes a role in the Hugh Leonard play *Da* which runs at Stockport Garrick from November 6 to 13.

CANNIBALS ON THE WARPATH

TOTO COELO, described by their publicist as "the totally quintessential all-girl group", have been lined up for their first series of live dates since the chart success of their 'I Eat Cannibals' single. With rock supremo Harvey Goldsmith now acting as their agent, the girls play Manchester Golden Garter (this Thursday to Saturday), Glasgow Joanna's (Sunday), Hull Westfield Country Club (October 4), Stoke Trentham Gardens (5), Liverpool Alisons (6), Livingstone Mavilles (7), Kirkcaldy Bentley's (8), Bangor University (9), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (10), London City University (15), Watford Bailey's (18-23), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (24), Southampton Top Rank (26), Eastbourne Kings Club (27), Reading Top Rank (28) and Chippenham Goldiggers (30). Back to the publicist for the last word : "Their highly original show will be a totally choreographed correlation of song, dance and theatrics".

CLIFF TO PLAY GOSPEL SHOWS

CLIFF RICHARD is not headlining an official UK tour this autumn, despite his recent chart successes, but he is playing a string of ten pre-Chrstmas gospel concerts — which are being kept so low-key that even his record company doesn't know about them! However, if you fancy spreading the word along with Cliff, you'll find him at Glasgow Apollo (December 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Bradford St George's Hall (8), Preston Guildhall (9), Stoke Trentham Gardens (10), Wells Royal Bath & West Showground (11), Hull City Hall (15), Cardiff St David's Hall (16), Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (17) and Brighton Centre (18).

Reddy set to go

HELEN REDDY arrives in the UK next week to headline a string of 11 concerts — which, in fact, is the longest tour she's ever undertaken here. She plays Cardiff St. David's Hall (October 5), Reading Hexagon (7), Warrington Spectrum Leisure Centre (9), London Wembley Conference Centre (10), Brighton Dome (11), Stockport Davenport (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), London Lewisham Concert Hall (15), Southport Theatre (16), Bradford Alhambra (17) and Poole Arts Centre (18).

ASWAD AS WAS

ASWAD are back in live action this month and their first 11 gigs to be confirmed are at Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (tomorrow, Firday), Plymouth Polytechnic (Saturday), Brighton Jenkinsons (Sunday), Cardiff University (October 4), Sheffield Leadmill (5), Bradford University (6), Liverpool Warehouse (7), Loughborough University (8), Dunstable Queensway Hall (9), Norwich East Anglia University (10), Belfast Queen's University (14), and Huddersfield Celopatra's (16).

Q-Tips are back, Monochromes are set

THE Q-TIPS, whose split announcement a few months ago now seems to have been a false alarm, are back on the road again — though with a decidedly new look, as their original drummer and horn section are currently involved with Adam Ant. New members are Mark Pinder (drums) and Tommy Willis (guitar); Kim and Maz (also known as the Wealthy Tarts of Jools Holland fame) are drafted in on back-up vocals; and Jimmy, Paul and Brian (ex-Dexys) blow the horns — and they all join original members Mick Pearl (bass), Paul Young (vocals) and Ian Kew (keyboards).

First confirmed dates are **Birmingham** Aston University (tomrrow, Friday), **Sheffield** University (Saturday), **Canterbury** Kent University (October 6), **Norwich** East Anglia University (7), **London Southbank** Polytechnic (8), **Egham** Royal Holloway College (15), **Glasgow** Technical College (23), **Aberdeen** The Venue (24), **Edinburgh** Coasters (25), **Leeds** Warehouse (26), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (27), **Bristol** Polytechnic (28), **Cardiff** University (29) and **Bradford** University (30), with more being finalised.

THE MONOCHROME SET have now confirmed most of the dates for their UK tour, which aids promotion of their new album 'Eligible Bachelors' and upcoming single 'Cast A Long Shadow' /'The Bridge', on Cherry Red Records. For the outing, they're rejoined by original member Tony Potts, who's been working in the States on a new film — and he'll be handling the slide and projection work on the band's dates which are:

London City Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Central** Polytechnic (October 8), **Kingston** Polytechnic with Marine Girls and Ben Watt (9), **Newport** Stowaways, Gwent (12), **Southampton** University (13), **Brighton** New Regent (14), **Galashiels** College of Textiles (19), **Dundee** Dance Factory (20), **Glasgow** Night Moves (21), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (22), **York** St John's College (23), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (25), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (27), **Manchester** UMIST (28), **Newort** Harper Adams College, Shropshire (29), **Keele** University (30) and **London Victoria** The Venue (November 2). More will be announced in a week or two.

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Sat. 2nd · YORK st johns college
Sun. 3rd · DARLINGTON arts centre
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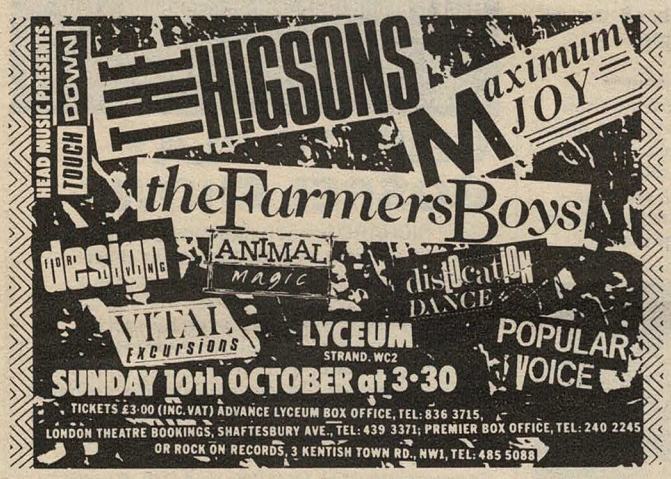
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Adam poised to top LP charts

ADAM ANT releases his new album through CBS on October 11, with the same title as his current chart single 'Friend Or Foe'. With the exception of The Doors number 'Hello I Love You', all the tracks were written by Adam and Marco Pirroni, who also jointly produced the set. It's also available in cassette form, and this only will include a free poster offer. Track listing is *Friend Or Foe, Something Girls, Place In The Country, Desperate But Not Serious, Here Comes The Group, Hello I Love You, Goody Two Shoes, Crackpot History And The Right To Lie, Made Of Money, Cajun Twister, Try This For Sighs* and *A Man Called Marco*.

● **The Roches,** who are due over here next month to play a couple of concerts, have their third Warner Brothers album issued on October 8. Titled 'Keep On Doing', it comprises ten songs, and was produced by Robert Fripp.

● **Wishbone Ash,** currently midway through a British tour, have their album 'Twin Barrels Burning' on release this week. A single taken from it, titled 'Engine Overheat' and featuring Laurie Wisefield on vocals, follows tomorrow (Friday). The label is AVM Records, distributed by PRT.

● **Kissing The Pink** have their new single 'Watching Their Eyes' out on Magnet this weekend, in both 7" and 12". It will be followed in November by their debut album and an autumn tour.

● **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts** have an EP titled 'Last Respects' out this week — it runs 20 minutes and plays at 33-rpm. It's on Rackets Records, distributed by Pinnacle or by post at £1.50 from Rackets (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), The Chapel, Wood Lane, Chapmanslade, Wiltshire.

Secret sessions

SECRET RECORDS' October schedule includes the singles 'Computers Don't Blunder'/'Addiction' by *The Exploited*, 'Low Life'/'Bread Or Blood' by *The 4-Skins* and 'Funky Zoo'/'Flies' by *Brian Brain* — the latter is also available as a 12-inch, with an extra dub version of the A-side. A three-track EP of new material from *Chron-Gen* features 'Outlaw', 'Disco-Tech' and 'Behind Closed Doors'. And there's a compilation album called 'The Secret Life Of Punks', which puts together the best punk tracks released by the label over the last two years.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE are at last on the point of releasing some new material. Their new single will be 'Mirror Man', and it's scheduled for November release by Virgin. The B-side isn't yet settled, though it's likely to be the Phil Oakey composition 'Gold'.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS follow spells with WEA and EMI by signing to Anagram Records, a division of Cherry Red. They've been busy recording a single for release later this month, and they'll have an album of new material out in the New Year.

JOAN JETT & The Blackhearts' new album 'Bad Reputation' is now confirmed for October 8 release by Epic, to coincide with their upcoming UK tour, when they'll be showcasing much of the material on the new LP — as they will when they cross the Berlin Wall to play two unique concerts in East Germany on November 19 and 20.

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP have their new ten-track album 'Assault Attack' issued by Chrysalis on October 15, five weeks before they begin their major UK tour. Despite vocalist Graham Bonnet's sudden departure from the line-up in late August, his voice is retained on the LP, so this is the one and only opportunity of hearing him in action with the MSG.

BLUE RONDO have set October 22 as the release date for their Diable Noir/Virgin debut album 'Chewing The Fat.' It contains nine tracks, eight of them written by leader and singer Chris Sullivan, the ninth being a re-working of the soul classic 'I Spy For The F.B.I.'

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN has her new single 'Heart Attack' issued by EMI next Monday (4). It's also one of the songs featured on a 20-track 'Greatest Hits' compilation, spanning her 12-year career and released on October 11. The LP is to be the subject of a national TV campaign.

ANDY SUMMERS and ROBERT FRIPP are, of course, guitarists with The Police and King Crimson respectively — and they've got together as a duo to record the album 'I Advance Masked', which they also wrote and produced. It's released by A&M this weekend, and one of the tracks will be issued as a single later this month.

HOLLY BETH VINCENT's new single is the Stephen Stills song 'For What It's Worth (What's That Sound)', taken from her recent 'Holly & The Italians' album and released by Virgin on October 8 — and besides singing, it features her playing all guitars, synthesiser and extra drums. Plans for an autumn tour have had to be shelved because her visa expires shortly, but she hopes to be back here early next year.

Compilation LP of Beatles hits

THE BEATLES GREATEST HITS is a 20-track compilation, released by EMI on October 18 to mark the 20th anniversary of the group's recording debut for the company. All the tracks were No 1 hits, except their very first single 'Love Me Do', and the full listing is: *Love Me Do, From Me To You, She Loves You, I Want To Hold Your Hand, Can't Buy Me Love, A Hard Day's Night, I Feel Fine, Ticket To Ride, Help, Day Tripper, We Can Work It Out, Paperback Writer, Yellow Submarine, Eleanor Rigby, All You Need Is Love, Hello Goodbye, Lady Madonna, Hey Jude, Get Back* and *Ballad Of John And Yoko*. As revealed last week, 'Love Me Do' is reissued as a single next Monday (4), exactly 20 years after its first appearance.

● **The Mekons,** who recently re-formed to record the album 'The Mekons Story' for CNT Productions, have now completed work on the set and it will be issued shortly at a price of £3.99. Meanwhile, their single 'This Sporting Life'/'Fight The Cuts' is out next Monday. (4).

● **APB** have their new single 'Rainy Day'/'From You and Back to You' issued this week by Oily records, distributed by Fast Products of Edinburgh. The band are currently touring America, but expect to play some London dates on their return.

● **Jah Wobble** has a three-track 12-incher titled 'A Long, Long Way' issued tomorrow (Friday). It features Dave 'Animal' Maltby, and it's available on Jah Wobble Records.

● Voice of a Generation' is the 18-track debut album by **Blitz,** for release by No Future Records on October 15, and they'll be playing a series of dates to coincide. From the same label this week comes the LP 'I've Got A Gun' by American punk band **Channel 3.**

● **The Sinatras** release their second single for Empire Records this weekend — it's called 'Sweat!' and in comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

● **Shriekback** — the new trio comprising Dave Allen, Barry Andrews and Carl Marsh, who've already released a mini-album called 'Tench' — have a new 12-incher out, on which they're augmented by three other musicians. A-side is a full-length version of 'My Spine (Is The Baseline)', and the other two tracks are 'Tiny Birds' and 'Feelers'. It's on Y Records, distributed by Rough Trade and Spartan.

record NEWS

TOYAH releases her new single, her first since the spring, on Safari this weekend — titled 'Be Loud, Be Proud (Be Heard)', it was written by Toyah and her lead guitarist Joel Bogen, as was the B-side 'Laughing With The Fools'. Late October will see the release of a double live album by Toyah called 'Warrior Rock (Toyah On Tour), recorded during her last British tour.

TIGHT FIT, who recently changed their line-up, have their single 'I'm Undecided' issued on Jive Records this weekend. It's the first to feature the two new girls, Vicki Pemberton and Carol Stevens, who come into the group to join Steve Grant. Although the song is included on the current 'Tight Fit' album, it's been re-recorded with the new girls and mixed for single format.

GRANDMASTER FLASH & The Furious Five have their first album 'The Message' released this weekend on the Sugar Hill label, through PRT. It differs from the American version in that it includes an extra track, the full 12-inch version of 'The Adventures Of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel', one of the most original rap tracks ever recorded.

GARY MOORE, who recently signed to Virgin, releases his first album for the label on October 8 — titled 'Corridors Of Power'. He's featured on all lead vocals and all guitars, with guest appearances from the likes of Ian Paice, Neil Murray and Jack Bruce. Moore is currently rehearsing a band, with a view to touring here in November.

LEVEN & TURNER

DOLL BY DOLL's fourth album 'Grand Passion' is out on Magnet this week, though it's the first by the re-shaped five-piece line-up, which now centres around leader Jackie Leven (guitar and vocals) and Helen Turner (keyboards and vocals). Of the 12 tracks, 11 were written by Leven, the other being their current single — the Jagger-Richards song 'Under My Thumb.'

ROBERT PLANT has his first-ever single issued by Swan Song this week — it is 'Burning Down One Side,' a track from his chart album 'Pictures At Eleven', as is the B-side 'Moonlight In Samosa'. The 12-incher has a bonus third track, the previously unissued 'Far Post.'

JAPAN have one of their most popular tracks 'Life In Tokyo'/'Life In Tokyo (Theme)' released by Arista this weekend, also available as an extended and remixed 12-incher. Later in the month, their album 'Assemblage' will appear as a specially extended cassette version, including an additional 45 minutes of playing time.

THE KIDS FROM FAME are featured on a second soundtrack album from the BBC-1 series *Fame*, released by RCA on October 8. It features 11 songs omitted from the first LP, and it's called 'The Kids From Fame Again'.

KILLING JOKE have been recording with producer Conny Plank in Germany, and the initial outcome is a new single 'Birds Of A Feather'/'Flock The B-Side,' for Polydor release on October 22. There's also a 12-incher with an extra track titled 'Sun Goes Down.'

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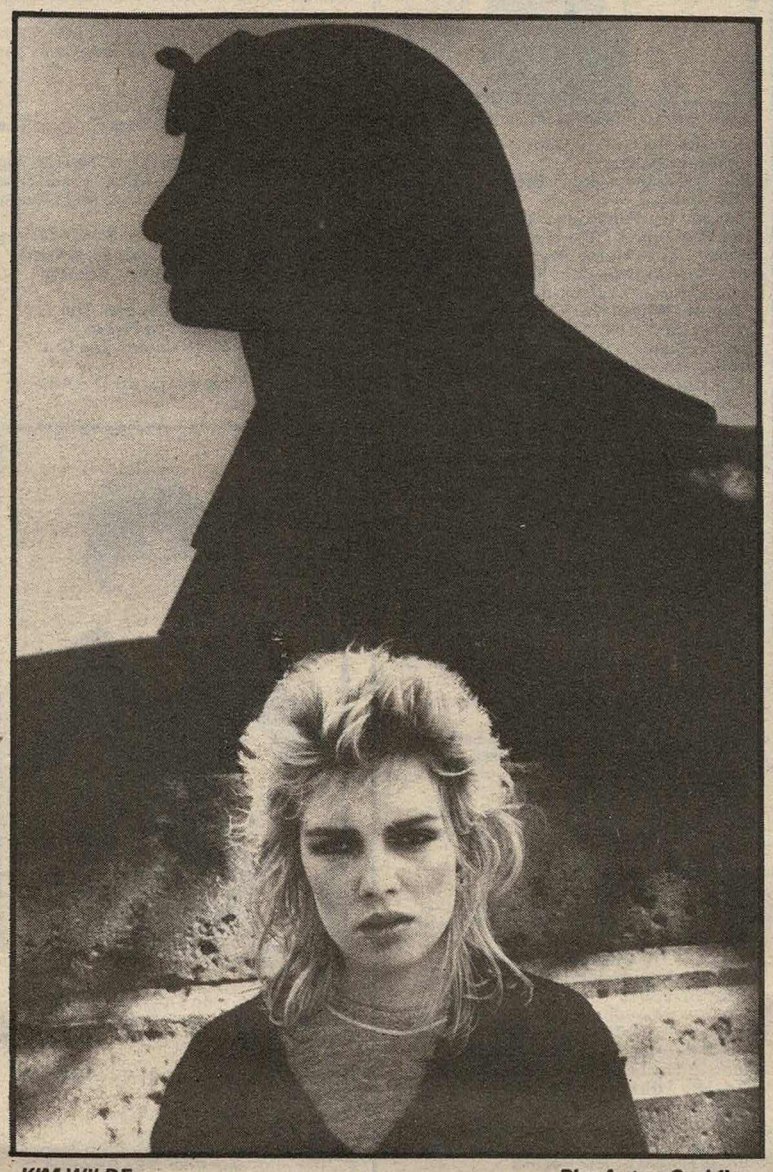
nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 30th

CULTURE CLUB (London Lyceum)

Basildon Raquel's: **The Cimarons**
Belfast The Pound: **The Bank Robbers / Family Of Noise**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Bottles**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham University: **Urban Mix**
Blackpool Scamps: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Time**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University: **Gary Glitter**
Brighton New Regent: **Maximum Joy**
Brighton The Hungry Years: **Medusa / Stagefright / The Defectors**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents Of Swing**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Neil Sedaka**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Buzzz**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Riot Squad / Destructors**
Cardiff Joint Students Union: **Blue Zoo**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Pink Umbrellas / Zirkus**
Dublin Stadium: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **David Essex**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Pzazz**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Rhythm Squad**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Griff Men**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R'n'B Allstars**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Roxy Music**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Black Slate**
Gt Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Tyrant**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Nashville Teens**
Hemel Hemstead Pavilion: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
Hemel Hempstead The Cellar Rock Club: **Solstice**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Mystique**
Hull City Hall: **Saxon**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The McCalmans**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Carmel**
Leeds Queens Hall: **The Jam**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Electric Guitars**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Crosstalk A/V**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Five Play Dutch / Paper Cup Agency**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Laslo & The Leopards / Fast Forward**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Stan Tracey Sextet**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **King Kurt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates / Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Camden Kennedy Hall: **Apurva & Friends**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Liaison**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dancing Corners / Secrets Now**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Scream And Dance**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **Hot Quisine**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Direct Hits**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Sex Gang Children / Actifed / Brigandage**
Lodon Hammersmith Odeon: **Genesis**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **A.B.A.**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Jill McManus & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lambeth Town Hall: **Creation Stepper / The Banana Bunch / Bedouin Noise**
London Marquee Club: **Any Trouble**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Hamer Hunter Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **The Heath Brothers (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Shirley Bassey**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush: **Ujamaa Players / Mark Miwurdz / Mountbatten's Plimsoll / Guilty Innocents**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig Swing Band**
London Southall White Hart: **Spider / Fugitive**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Quasar**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jazz Sviners**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Culture Club / Musical Youth**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The London Apaches**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Maclaine (until October 10, excluding October 4)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Flag Of Convenience**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **The Lost Boys**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **First Step Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Chris Williams / Ron Parry Quartet**
Manchester The Exit: **The Pistons**
Northampton White Elephant: **Mortal Disguize**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **A Conversation / Track 2**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Hot Chocolate**
Preston Warehouse: **Anti-Pasti**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Modern Romance (until Saturday)**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Truth / The Psychic Twist**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Chelsea / The Meteors**
Sheffield University: **King Trigger**
Stirling University: **Zerra I**
Sunderland Heroes: **Cagesplay**
Tunbridge Wells Civic Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Winchcombe Youth Centre: **X Pupils**
Wokingham Angie's: **Twelfth Night**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**



KIM WILDE *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

IT'S the moment of truth this week for KIM WILDE when, after weeks of intensive preparation, she steps on stage at the outset of her first-ever concert tour — and capacity houses at Bristol (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday) will be the first to wish her well . . . Let's hope she's as successful as KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS, whose debut tour in the spring caused such a sensation. So much so, that they're back again for a full two-month schedule — after three shows in Ireland this weekend, the mainland leg begins at Aylesbury (Tuesday) and Hanley (Wednesday).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS venture on to the circuit again, this time under the banner of "Out Of Our Skulls", and it remains to be seen if they have a similar effect on their audiences at Dunstable (Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday), Chippenham (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . Going out simultaneously are THE DAMNED, whose first full British tour for two years aids promotion of their new "Strawberries" album, kicking off at Reading (Sunday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Hitchin (Wednesday).

Several other big-name tours get under way during the next few days and, in order of opening rather than of rating, they feature NEIL SEDAKA (who starts at Brighton on Thursday), ASWAD (Birmingham on Friday), SAD CAFE (Aberystwyth on Friday), GLEN CAMPBELL (Southport on Saturday), THE PASSAGE together with THE NIGHTINGALES (London on Monday) and THE AU PAIRS (Coventry on Tuesday) — and, of course, subsequent dates can be found under the daily listings. Remember, too, that plenty more top acts are already on the road — not least DEXYS and ELVIS.

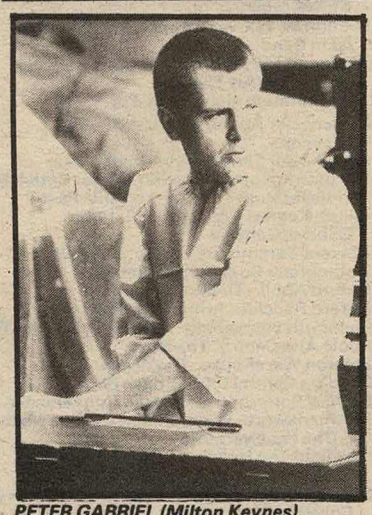
Arguably the outstanding one-off of the week is at Milton Keynes on Saturday, when PETER GABRIEL is re-united with GENESIS for what we're assured is "the first and last time" — it's on behalf of what might be described as the WOMAD Disaster Fund, and it's the last open-air concert of the season. Other concerts worthy of note, all of them in London, are a rare appearance by TOTO (Monday), the UK debut of Chris Stein's proteges THE GUN CLUB (Tuesday) and the return of the evergreen TOM PAXTON (Wednesday).

friday 1st

ASWAD (Birmingham)

Aberystwyth University: **Sad Cafe**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Tony McPhee Blues Band / Mike Garner & Mo Thomas**
Ashford (Kent) The Jolly Miller: **Silent Rooms**
Bath Moles: **Transporter**
Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Belfast The Clubhouse: **The Bank Robbers**
Belfast The Pound: **Vedettes / The Still**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Perfect Zebras**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Aswad / Spartacus R**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **John Martyn / Durutti Column**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham University: **The Bottles**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Metro Jazz**
Brighton Dome: **The Shadows**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Beat**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford Band**
Brockenhurst Rose & Crown: **Crossfire**
Burton Libra Club: **Twelfth Night**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Chelmsford Heroes: **Riot Squad**
Collier Row White Hart: **Paragon**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s / Knifedge**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Mister Meanor**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Emphasis**
Dunfermline Chimes: **First Priority**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Edinburgh Coasters: **King Trigger**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Roxy Music**
Feltham Football Club: **The Frantix / Grant & The Geezers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Appletwig Cutter**
Glasgow City Hall: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Chelsea**
Gourock Ashton Locker: **The Crucial Xylophone**
Gravesend Red Lion: **English Rogues**
Grays State Theatre: **David Essex**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Mickey Finn**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Saxon**
Harrow Northwick Park Hospital: **Liaison**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Blues Band**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **Teenage & The Wildlife**
Lancaster Duke of Lancaster: **The Pistons**
Leeds Queens Hall: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Electric Guitars / Virgin Dance**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Visor / The Pulsators**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Studio 2 / Menage A Trois**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Soundogs**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City Polytechnic: **The Monochrome Set / Family Rico**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dislocation Dance / Pink Umbrellas**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas's Jivin' Jump Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **D. B. Campbell / Natural Scientist**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Yaa Asantewa**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Ralph McTell / Bert Jansch / Dave Cousins / Brian Willoughby**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Micky Jupp Band**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **The Linda Cassidy Show**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source / Steve Pheasant's Phab Phive**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Elton Dean Quartet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Manchester Comanche: **Cri de Coeur**
Manchester Russell Club: **Prince Far I / Creation Rebel**
Manchester UMIST: **Screen 3**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Flux**
Mildenhall Stadium Rocking Shop: **Tutch / Paradox**
Newport Gwent College of Higher Education: **False Idols**
Newport Harper Adams College: **The Dancing Did**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Buzz**
Northampton Black Lion: **To The Finland Station / Cellar 16 / Stereo Insoles**
Norwich Gala Centre: **Charge / Erazerhead**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Splash Wilson**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts / Static**
Retford Porterhouse: **Aztek Camera**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **My Pierrot Dolls**
Slough Community Centre: **The Cimarons**
Southampton University: **Maximum Joy**
Stafford Bingley Hall Showground: **The Jam**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Flag Of Convenience**
St. Albans City Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Neil Sedaka**
Stourbridge The Mere: **Active Restraint**
Swansea University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Wokingham Angie's: **Larry Miller Band**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**

saturday 2nd



PETER GABRIEL (Milton Keynes)

Aldershot West End Centre: **Lindsey Cooper/ Maggie Nichols**
Ashford (Kent) Festival: **English Rogues**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Blues Band**
Basildon Festival Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Bath Moles Club: **Laughter In The Garden**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Buzzz**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Soldier**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Magenta**
Bradford University: **Climax Blues Band**
Brighton Dome: **The Shadows**
Brighton New Regnet: **Cairo**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Blue Rondo**
Brighton Zap Club: **Carved To A Noise**
Bristol (Bedminster) The Bell: **False Idols**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford Band**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Spider**
Cardiff University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **The Feel**
Chester Peace Festival, The Groves: **The Pistons**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolf: **I**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **David Essex**
Dublin Stadium: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Bottles**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Black Slate**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Record Players**
Glasgow University: **King Trigger**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller Band**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Horizontal Brian**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Mortal Disguize**
Kilmarnock Hunting Lodge: **Pleasure Pictures**
Lancaster University: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera/Dislocation Dance**
Liverpool The Masonic: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Allan Taylor/Champion String Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Icicle Works**
Llandudno Astra Theatre Centre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Souls Valiant**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Swinging Blue Jeans/The Operators**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs Big Band.**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Decorators**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mainsqueeze/Shanghai Rhythms.**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas's Jumpin' Jive Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Hammersmith Clarenden Hotel: **The Marble Staircase/Doctor & The Medics**
London Harrow Rd The College Park: **Mr Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds/Gary Clark Band**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: *Afternon* — **Panamanian Craze;** *Evening:* **Benjamin Zephaniah/Mountbatten's Plimsoll/Pearls & Swine/Felix & The Cats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Lee Centre: **The Essentials**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Section 10/Dahli's Car/The Apostles**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots/The Perfect Gift**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Proper Little Madams/Pookiesnackenburger/Capt J.J. Waller**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Tommy Chase Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Victoria The Venue: **Morrissey Mullen/Network**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**

☐ *CONTINUES OVER*

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London W.1 Adams Arms: **Attila The Stockbroker**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Tommy Chase Trio/Art Theman**
Loughborough University: **The Truth**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Manchester The Gallery: **Cri de Coeur**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Major Setback**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Anti-Pasti**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **Peter Gabriel/Genesis**
Newent Community Centre: **X Pupils**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Saracen**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Saxon**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blue Fox**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Beat**
Preston Warehouse: **The Room**
Reading Central Club: **Prince Far I**
Retford Porterhouse: **Flag Of Convenience**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Talisman/The Ivory Coasters**
Sheffield University: **The Perfect Zebras**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Shirley Bassey**
Southport Theatre: **Glen Campbell**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Fokker Triplane**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Fred Wedlock**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **Fiat Lux**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Wisbech St. Mary Sunset Rooms: **George Hamilton IV**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York St. John's College: **The Electric Guitars**

sunday 3rd

THE DAMNED (Reading)

Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **Eyelids/Summerhouse**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Dexys Midnight Runners**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Brighton New Regent: **Fokker Triplane**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **False Idols**
Bristol Locarno: **The Blues Band**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Atlantis Rising**
Coventry Warwick University: **Visible Targets**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **John Martyn/Durutti Column**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Out Boys**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Gt. Chesterford Station Hotel: **The Excellos**
Harrogate Centre: **Glen Campbell**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Saxon**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Pyewackett (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime)/ Diz & The Doormen (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stygian Eels/Brag/Spectrum**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Confrey Phillips/Cafe Society**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Richard Digance/English Tapestry**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Shadows**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Beat/Aztec Camera/The Alarm**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Young Jazz (lunchtime)/Dudu Pukwana's Zila (evening)**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Natural Scientist**
London NW1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Zeitgeist/Apocalypse/Fultile Hurling**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Cabassa**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Fast Eddy**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Martin Wyndham-Reed/Ann Lister**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Shark Taboo/Loose Talk**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Proper Little Madams/Pookiesnackenburger/Mark Miwurdz/Capt. J. J. Waller**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Take It!**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Don Weller Quartet**
Luton The Cottars: **Mortal Disguize**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Margate Ship Inn: **Dave Corsby Band**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Wishbone Ash**
Newcastle City Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **George Hamilton IV**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **The Table Committee**
Peterborough The Glasshouse: **Care For A Waltz**
Poole Arts Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Preston Guildhall: **Hot Chocolate**
Reading Rock Club: **Soldier**
Reading Top Rank: **The Damned**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Shirley Bassey**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Modern Romance**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **UK Decay/Sex Gang Children/Fields Of Flames**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **The Helicopters**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Trowbridge The Sun: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents Of Swing**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Izengard**
Witney Palace Theatre: **Spider**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**

monday 4th

Bath The Bell: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents Of Swing**
Bath University: **Buzzz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Saxon**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Sad Cafe**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Bristol Locarno: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: **Modern Romance**
Cardiff Joint Students Union: **Aswad / Spartacus R**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Criss**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tysondog**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS (Portsmouth)

Glasgow The Frimpy Manor: **The French Impressionists**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley The Fun House: **The Membranes / Special Duties / The Fits**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Static**
Leicester The Horsefair: **Farmlife**
London Ad Lib at The Kingsington: **Double Agent / Whoo! Haa!**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **C.S.A.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Scarlet Party**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Salamander / The Lost Boys / Careless Talk**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Slim Gaillard Quartet (until Saturday)**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Legal Tender**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Toto**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Passage / The Nightingales / Zerra I**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **The Truth**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London University College: **The Escape**
London Victoria The Venue: **Allez-Allez**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey (for a week)**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **William Burroughs / Psychic TV**
Manchester Ritz Ballroom: **Blue Rondo**
Newcastle City Hall: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Newcastle The Bierkeller: **Chelsea**
Nottingham Commodore International: **Glen Campbell**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Crass / Annie Anxiety / Dirt / Flux Of Pink Indians / The System**
Sheffield University: **They Must Be Russians**
Southend Zero 6: **The Bottles**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Shadows**
Stafford Riverside Leisure Centre: **Saracen**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 5th

Aylesbury Friars: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Saxon**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Steve Lane's Southern Stompers**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Business/Major Accident**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Helen Reddy**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
Cardiff University: **The Bottles**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Dexys Midnight Runners**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Au Pairs**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Fureys/Davey Arthur**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Seafood Jive**
Gloucester Sync Club: **X Pupils**
Guildford Surrey University: **Sad Cafe**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Sphere**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Liverpool Central Hall: **William Burroughs**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool University Students Union: **French Lessons**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Hidden Chance/Box 33**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pinkies/Bullet Blues Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & Los Incognitos**
London Camden Kennedy Hall: **Mandip**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Recruits/Run Run**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Twelfth Night**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Escape**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sanity Clause**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Anti-Pasti**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Kings College: **The Hollywood Killers/The Flyboys**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Gun Club/Zerra I**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Scream Test**

THE AU PAIRS (Coventry)

Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Beat**
Motherwell Civic Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Newcastle City Hall: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Nottingham Commodore International: **Glen Campbell**
Nottingham Rock City: **John Martyn/Durutti Column**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Modern Romance**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Damned**
Reading University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Dale Hargreaves Flamingoes**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Shark Taboo**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Aswad**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Trowbridge Pee Wee's: **Fred Stoat & The Rodents Of Swing**
Warrington The Britannia: **The Street**

wednesday 6th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 1**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Brighton New Regent: **The Defectors / Tales From The Tube / The Drill / Mal Nutrition**
Bristol Granary: **The Bottles**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Perfect Zebras**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Dexys Midnight Runners**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Cockroaches**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Collier Row White Hart: **Paragon**
Dudley Prole Club: **Subterfuge / Overdose**
Edinburgh University: **Aztec Camera**
Exeter University: **King Trigger**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Horse**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **The Fureys & Davey Arthur**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Damned / Mouse & The Underdog**
Hull University: **B-Movie**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Lancaster Sugar House: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Lancaster University: **John Martyn / Durutti Column**
Leamington Spa Hintons: **Ramrods**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
London Ad at The Kensington: **De Stigl / The Checz**
London Barbican Centre: **Tom Paxton**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Far I / Creation Rebel**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **Inner Force**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Escape / A Scanner Darkly**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Creamies**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rush Hour**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Laslo & the Leopards**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria Ebury Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Newcastle City Hall: **AC/DC and Yesterday & Today**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Chelsea**
Nottingham El Vino's: **Sphere**
Nottingham (Long Eaton) Donovan's: **Dawn Trader**
Poole Arts Centre: **Saxon**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Beat**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Johnny Mars Band**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Roy Wood**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Shadows**
Taunton Somerset College of Arts: **False Idols**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Kim Wilde**
Worthing Assembly Rooms: **Wishbone Ash**
York University: **Black Slate**

KID CREOLE (Hanley)

NEWS tour

PULSALLAMA, the seven-piece all-girl outfit from New York, are bringing their extravagant stage show to the UK. First three dates set are Leeds Warehouse (October 13), London Victoria The Venue (14) and Manchester Hacienda Club (15), though more are being finalised. Their set is sure to include their controversial single 'The Devil Lives In My Husband's Body', available here on Y Records.

PEGGY LEE, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine are among artists appearing in the two-day Silk Cut Festival of Jazz, to be presented by Mervyn Conn at London Barbican Centre at the end of this month. The full line-up is Peggy Lee, Carmen McCrae, Joe Williams and Louie Bellson's Big band Explosion (October 30); and Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Blossom Dearie and the Stan Reynolds Big Band (31). Tickets for each night are £12.50, £10.50 and £8.50.

DUFFO seems to have taken a liking to Battersea in South London, because he has eight gigs there this month — at The Pavilion (5, 12, 19 and 26) and The Latchmere (7, 14, 21 and 28) — plus other London dates at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (October 17) and Bond Street Embassy Club (30). The Australian artist, who is now working with two synthesiser players, will have his new album 'Lexicon' issued by PVK Records in mid-October.

THE BLUES BAND, who have been added to the Genesis-Peter Gabriel show at Milton Keynes Bowl this Saturday (2), will still be playing at Aylesbury Friars the same evening. Their gig at Bristol Locarno on Sunday (3) will be their last for some time, while Paul Jones moves into the National Theatre to take over the lead role of Sky Masterson in *Guys And Dolls*. In his absence, Dave Kelly takes over the reins and — billed as the Dave Kelly Band — they resume gigging at Birmingham University on October 15.

DANCECLASS, the new A&M signing who've just finished supporting John Martyn on his string of Scottish dates, now take over the support spot on the extensive tour by Sad Cafe — starting tomorrow (Friday) and climaxing at London Dominion on November 9. This means the cancellation of their own one-nighters which they had lined up for October. Their new single 'Setting Myself On Fire' is released on October 15.

THE ELECTRIC GUITARS play Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Warehouse (Friday), York St John's College (Saturday), Darlington Arts Centre (Sunday), Manchester Polytechnic (October 6), Coventry General Wolfe (7) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (8), in support of their new four-track EP released by Stiff next weekend. Later this month, they'll be supporting Peter Gabriel on his North American tour.

THE PASSIONS have now taken over as principal guests in The Au Pairs' show at London Hammersmith Palais on October 11. Later in the month, they'll be headlining their own London show at The Venue — presenting a "new variety" package including a magician and an electric duo.

SQUEEZE have added another London date to their upcoming tour, now that their Hammersmith Palais gig is sold out — it's at the Lyceum Ballroom on November 9, and tickets are £3.50 (advance) or £4 (doors). Another new date for the band is at Crawley Leisure Centre on November 6.

SCREEN 3, who've just released their debut Epic single 'Hearts In Limbo', undertake a tour of 11 universities — Manchester (this Saturday), Bangor (October 4), Nottingham (5), Sheffield (6), Uxbridge Brunel (7), Norwich East Anglia (8), Leicester (9), Lancaster (10), Birmingham Aston (15), Guildford Surrey (16) and Colchester Essex (17).

MAX BOYCE headlines a pre-Christmas concert at London Drury Lane Threatre Royal on Sunday, December 12 — tickets are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. He also plays Reading Hexagon on December 7 and 8 (tickets £6 and £5), and further dates are being set.

RALPH McTELL, Bert Jansch, Dave Cousins and Brian Willoughby play a benefit tomorrow (Friday) for folk singer Noel Murphy who recently damaged his throat severely, as the result of accidentally swallowing some glass. It's at London Hounslow Red Lion, and admission is £3.

HERE & NOW have added Middlesbrough Town Hall (October 10), Taunton College of Art (29), Brighton Sussex University (30), Kingston Polytechnic (November 2) and Coventry Technical College (3) to their date sheet — but Lancaster University (this Sunday) is now cancelled, and their October 9 gig switches from Bolton to West Haughton Sports Centre. The tour coincides with the release this weekend of their album 'Fantasy Shift' and single 'So Glad You're Here' on Chick Records.

Chas & Dave tour includes London week

CHAS & DAVE hit the road again for another lengthy tour, culminating in a week-long London season at Her Majesty's Theatre, the final night of which is to be filmed by LW-TV for New Year transmission. As a prelude to this activity, they have their new single 'Wish I Could Write A Love Song' out this weekend, followed on October 22 by their latest album 'Joblot' — both on Towerbell's Rockney label. They'll also be undertaking a number of TV guest appearances leading up to Christmas.

They play **Oxford** Apollo (November 4), **Southampton** Guidlhall (5), **Swindon** Wyvern (6), **Birmingham** Odeon (7), **Dartford** Orchard Theatre (8), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (9), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (10), **Ipswich** Gaumont (11), **Peterborough** Cresset Centre (12), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (13), **Hitchin** Regal (16), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (19), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (20), **Cardiff** New Theatre (22), **Reading** Hexagon (23), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (25), **Canvey Island** Kings (26 and 27), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (28), **Southport** New Theatre (29), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (December 2), **Crawley** Leisure Centre (3) and **London** Her Majesty's Theatre (6-12). Tickets for the London shows go on sale next Monday (4) priced £6, £5 and £4.

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THIS WEEK

Thursday 30th September £2.50
FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

Friday 1st October £3.00
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS

Saturday 2nd October £3.00
MORRISEY MULLEN
+ Network

Monday 4th October £2.50
ALLEZ-ALLEZ
+ The Appolinaires

Tuesday 5th October £2.50
THE GUN CLUB
+ Zerra One

Wednesday 6th October £3.00
GASPER LAWAL & HIS DRUM ORO BAND
+ Onward Internationals

Thursday 7th October £2.50
Red Crayola
+ Eyeless In Gaza
+ Frantic Elevators

COMING SOON

Friday 8th October £3.00
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Saturday 9th October £3.00
CIMARONS
Monday 11th October £2.50
OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
Tuesday 12th October £3.00
BLANCMANGE + BOYS OWN
Thursday 14th October £3.00
PULLSALAMA + ORCHESTRA JAZIRA
+ LAUGHING CLOWNS
Friday 15th, Saturday 16th October £5.00 on Door - £4.50 in advance
HEATWAVE

DOMINION THEATRE

Outlaw in association with John Sherry present
WISHBONE ASH
PLUS SUPPORT
FRIDAY 8th OCTOBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 £4.00
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS.
(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more
people than those
in any other music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

MCP presents
plus
MIDNIGHT OIL
plus Guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 7TH OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets : £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel No. 748 4081/2 L.T.B., Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle.

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 30th September £1.25
THE TIMES / SMALL WORLD
Friday 1st October £1.50
SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS
+ Jimmy Olson
Saturday 2nd October £1.50
THE ESCALATORS ex-Meteors
+ Swamp '82
Sunday 3rd October £1.00
60s & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO
Monday 4th October £1.25
WEBCORE ex-Vane
+ The Escorts
Tuesday 5th October £1.25
FREEHAND
+ Outboys
Wednesday 6th October £1.25
MAD SHADOWS
+ Key West

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents

SAXON

Plus Special Guests **CHEETAH**

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 8th/9th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081

FAC 51
THE HACIENDA

Monday 4th October
The Final Academy
PSYCHIC TV
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
Tuesday 5th October
JAH WOBBLES
INVADERS OF THE HEART
Thursday 7th October
SURPRISE GUESTS
Telephone for details
Tuesday 12th October
BLUE ZOO
Wednesday 13th October
BRILLIANT
Friday 15th October
PULSALLAMA
Monday 18th October
GASPER LAWAL
11-13 Whitworth St., West Manchester
061-236 5051

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Saturday October 2nd 7.30pm
THE
BLUES BAND
+ DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS
+ THE PROWLERS

Tickets 3.50 available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Strings 'n' Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Record City Luton, D. J. Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury, Music Market Oxford or 3.50 at door on night.
Life membership 25p.
Reservations — Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948
Brand Loyalty

If you're going for
SIX OF THE BEST
at MILTON KEYNES THIS SATURDAY
Why not make a day of it and come and see **The Blues Band** at Friars afterwards.
Friars is only 18 miles from the Milton Keynes Bowl.
SIX OF THE BEST finishes at 8pm.
BLUES BAND tickets available at door on night.

Tuesday October 5th
From New York City
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

Tickets 6.00 available from outlets above or at doer on night if available.
Pigeon off the Chiltern's coast

Live Ads.
in NME
are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

MIDDLESEX POLY HENDON
Dick Tee and Tony Burnetts present
BLACK SLATE
and
AREMA
FRIDAY 8th OCTOBER 8.30pm
Tickets £3.50 from S.U. Offices and Hawkeye Records (Harlesden)
(Box Office 01.607.4492)

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
ASWAD
+ Support
7.30pm SUNDAY 3rd OCTOBER £2.50
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS

ASGARD PRESENTS
THE ROCHES
IN CONCERT
DOMINION THEATRE – LONDON
SUN 7 NOV at 7.30 pm
TICKETS £5.50, £5.00 & £4.50 FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
New Album – Keep On Doing – out 8 Oct on Warner Bros Records

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
Shakatak
plus guests
Thursday 11th Nov 7.30pm Tickets from £4.00 also
Birmingham Odeon Sun 14th Nov Tickets from £3.25
Tickets from Box Office & usual agents

Poly Of Central London S.U.
presents
THE MONOCHROME SET
+
ZERRA 1
Friday 8th October 8pm
115 New Cavendish St, W1
£2.00 Students — Unwaged £2.50 Others
Tickets from S.U. **01-636 6271**

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sunday 7.30 — 10.30

Wednesday 29th September £1.50
RED ARVELLA
+ Support
Thursday 30th September £1.50
AIRPORT AND DEAN
+ Teaser
Friday 1st October £1.75
BAD DETECTIVE
+ Shanghai Rhythm
Saturday 2nd October £1.50
GYMSLIPS
+ Killer Koaoa
Sunday 3rd October £1.50
SHARK TABOO
+ Loose Talk
Monday 4th October £1.50
ACTISED
+ The Solicitors
Tuesday 5th October £1.50
COME NATURAL
+ Support
Wednesday 6th October £1.50
SMALL WORLD

DEREK BLOCK presents
The LYCEUM
The Strand, London WC2
bauhaus
AMAZULU **INCANTATION**
THURSDAY 14th OCTOBER 7.30pm
bauhaus
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT PLUS GUESTS
THURSDAY 21st OCTOBER 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01 836 3715
KEITH PROWSE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

EXTRA SHOW BY POPULAR DEMAND THURSDAY 28th OCTOBER

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

ASIA

Geoff Downes
Carl Palmer

Steve Howe
John Wetton

BRITISH DEBUT
Wembley Arena
Wednesday 27th October 8.00 pm
Special Guest CHRIS BLISS

Tickets available by mail order @ £6.80 and £5.80 (inclusive of 30p booking fee) from The Asia Box Office, R. S. Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Please make cheques and postal orders payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited, enclose S.A.E. and allow 3 weeks for delivery.
Tickets available by personal application from: Wembley Arena Box Office 01-902 1234 £6.50 & £5.50 Keith Prowse Ltd. 01-637 3131 Albermarle and Premier booking agencies £6.50 & £5.50 plus booking fee

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
No of Tickets ☐ £6.80 ☐ £5.80 ☐

New single out now 'Only Time Will Tell' also on album 'Asia'.

MEL BUSH PRESENTS
KIM WILDE

October
Tue 5th BRISTOL Colston Hall 0272-291768
Wed 6th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall 0902-28482
Thu 7th SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre 0723-60644

Sat 9th NEWCASTLE City Hall 0632-612606
Sun 10th GLASGOW Apollo Theatre 041-332-9221
Mon 11th ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre 0224-23141
Tue 12th DUNDEE Caird Hall 0382-22200
Wed 13th EDINBURGH Usher Hall 031-228-1155
Fri 15th SOUTHPORT Theatre 0704-40404
Sat 16th SHEFFIELD City Hall 0742-735295
Sun 17th MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre 061-273-1112
Mon 18th BIRMINGHAM Odeon Theatre 021-643-6101
Wed 20th LEICESTER De Montfort Hall 0533-544444
Thu 21st GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre 0452-36788
Sat 23rd PAIGNTON Festival Theatre 0803-558641
Sun 24th BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens 0202-26446
Mon 25th BRIGHTON Dome Theatre 0273-682127
Tue 26th LONDON Dominion Theatre 01-580-9562
Wed 27th LONDON Dominion Theatre 01-580-9562

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St: 736 1413

Thursday 30th September £1.50
TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND
ex Groundhogs
Friday 1st October £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 2nd October £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BAND
Sunday 3rd October £1.00
THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS
Monday 4th October £1.50
ISAAC GUILLORY BAND
Tuesday 5th October £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Wednesday 6th October £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

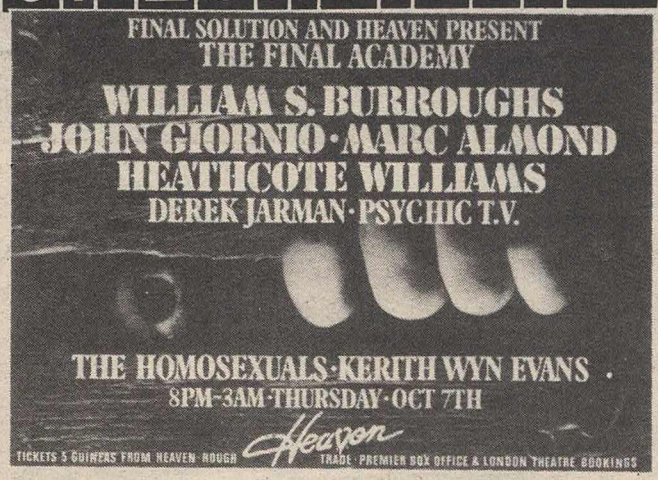
Communication Club

Oct 3 Zeitgeist
Oct 17 Skat
Oct 24 Patrik Fitzgerald
Oct 31 T.V. Personalities
+3 supports/night

£2 admission
Unmanipulated Independence
Compère: the legendary Jerry Thackray

L.M.C., 42 GLOUCESTER AVE. CAMDEN TOWN NW1

FINAL SOLUTION AND HEAVEN PRESENT
THE FINAL ACADEMY
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS
JOHN GIORNO · MARC ALMOND
HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS
DEREK JARMAN · PSYCHIC T.V.



THE HOMOSEXUALS · KERITH WYN EVANS
8PM-3AM · THURSDAY · OCT 7TH
Heaven
TICKETS 5 GUINEAS FROM HEAVEN · ROUGH TRADE · PREMIER BOX OFFICE & LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK presents
FASHION
KAJAGOOGOO
Wednesday 10th November
7·30pm
TICKETS £3.75 £3.25 FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 KEITH PROWSE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

Spotlight & Capital Promotions
Present
THE CIMARONS
Most Spectacular Fashion Show
Music By: FATMAN HI-FI
Friday 1st October 7pm till 2am
at SLOUGH COMMUNITY CENTRE, FARNHAM ROAD, SLOUGH. Tel. 21256
Tickets £3 in advance from Slough Community Centre & Local Record Shops
or £4 On Door

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THE TUNNEL

Thursday 30th September Free
STOMPING POND FROGS
+ Spy v Spy
Firday 1st October Free
ORSON WELLES
+ Clockhouse
Saturday 2nd October Free
T34
+ Splash
Tuesday 5th October £1.50
THE ESCAPE
+ Watsi Brothers

THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE, GREENWICH SE10
Tel: 858 0895
(200 yards southside Blackwall tunnel)

FACE TO FACE TO FACE WITH
RED LIPSTIQUE
+ DANGEROUS BANANAS
+ FACINATION
+ LATE-NITE NON-POLITICAL GROOVE THANG
OCT 5th 8 TILL LATE
Admission £3.50
Advance Booking, Registered disabled, UB40 + NUS £3.00. Subsidised late bar. Food.
Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7.
Nrst Tubes: Kensington High St. South Kensington. Access 5 steps up, no handrail.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
GEORGE BENSON OCT 20

OCTOBER
2 Genesis
3 Barron Knights
3 The Beat
3, 11 Shadows
4 Imagination
4 To To
6 Neil Sedaka
7 Stiff Little Fingers
8 Wishbone Ash
8, 9 Saxon
10 Psychedelic Furs
11 Au Pairs
11 The Damned
13 England v West Germany
13, 14, 15, 16 AC/DC
14 Bauhaus
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
15, 16, 17 Kool & The Gang
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
20 George Benson
21 Bauhaus
21, 22 Dionne Warwick
21, 22 Odyssey
22 John Martyn
23 Joe Cocker
24 Killing Joke
24, 25 Depeche Mode
25 Kate & Anna McGarrigle
25 Belle Stars
26 Chris De Burgh
26 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
26, 27 Kim Wilde
26, 27 John Denver
27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
29, 30 Four Tops

NOVEMBER
1 Light Of The World
1 Diamond Head
2 Culture Club
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
3, 4 Duran Duran
5, 6 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
8, 9 Squeeze
9 Sad Cafe
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
14, 15, 16 Duran Duran
17, 18 Doctor Hook
20, 21, 22 Japan
21 Shalamar
22, 23, 24 Yazoo
23, 24 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
2, 3, 4 Ultravox
7 Captain Sensible
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
17 Gillan
17 Slade
18, 19 Dire Straights
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
24, 27 Elvis Costello

JANUARY
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

APRIL
18, 22 James Last

MAY
11, 15 Johnny Mathis

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 30th September
ELECTRIC GUITARS
Thursday 7th October
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
Wednesday 13th October
PULSALLAMA
Wednesday 20th October
FARMER BOYS
Late Bar 9-2 am

Live Ads.
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are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Wed 30th-Sat 2nd October
THE LENNY BRUCE PERFORMANCE FILM
+ Lenny Bruce in
'THANK YOU MASK MAN'
+ THE LITTLE BROWN FILM
1.35, 3.35, 5.35, 7.35, 9.35
Plus
PULL MY DAISY
1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

Tues 5th October
MONTEREY POP
2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30
+ A RARE STONES SHOW
1.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30

Please phone before setting out! I check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

SCREAM & DANCE
THU. 30 SEP. Percussive rhythm section & female vocal duo with Slits like delivery.

DISLOCATION DANCE
FRI. 1st "Grafting of jazz offshoots on to bop pop works wonders... an antidote to exertion, a tonic to panic and an invitation to the toes." wrote SOUNDS.

MAIN SQUEEZE
SAT. 2. Oct. Dedicated Blues Octet with a collective history spanning Savoy Browne, Mayall's Blues Breakers, Dunbar's Retaliation, Thin Lizzy and Coliseum. Recommended!!!
SUN. THE STYGIAN EELS + SPECTRUM
MON. SALAMANDER + LOST BOYS + SHADOW BOX
TUE. THE RECRUITS + RUN RUN

THE ESCAPE
WED 6. The Escape - "a pop-rock sizzle of vitality, brimming with energy, emotion & sheer class" wrote SOUNDS.

ZERRAI
THU. 7 Oct. 2 man band with synth & lights and a fine understanding of what is atmosphere and what is not.

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7·30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8·30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

MCP presents
AC/DC
Plus Special Guests
Y&T
LEEDS QUEENS HALL FRIDAY 1ST OCTOBER 7.30 PM
Tickets £5.00 + 30p booking fee, available from Virgin Records, Leeds and Sheffield, Cavendish Travel, Leeds, Sheffield and Middlesbrough, Gough & Davy, Hull, Holiday Travel, Bridlington, Peter Sheffield Coaches Cleethorpes, Box Office Lincoln, Select a Disc, Nottingham, HMV Bradford, Sound Effects York, and Piccadilly Records, Manchester
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
WED, THURS, FRI, SAT OCTOBER 13th—16th inc. 8.00pm.
Tickets £6.00 and £5.00 Available from
B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 and usual agents

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Brighton "not worth bombing" shock

FOR A BLOKE predicting the possible deaths of 38 million members of the British population, Owen Green, one of the Scientists Against Nuclear Arms team, was remarkably cheerful at last week's CND press conference.

Green was going into detail on how much of Britain would be destroyed in the event of a nuclear attack. He reckoned that, within eight weeks of the attack, something like 80% of the population would be dead or injured.

What does the Home Office, who are entrusted with our civil defence, have to say to that figure? Well, they won't actually come out with a precise estimate although they did put forward a scenario — Operation Hard Rock — which was abandoned last month. And this scenario, you'll be glad to hear, gives a slightly rosier picture of events. For Green and his SANA colleagues put the Home Office data through the computer and came out with a much more reassuring figure — only around 12 million dead. That's better.

And there's a reassuring note, too, for people who live in Brighton. SANA's calculations show it as one of the few areas where there would be no deaths or injuries, on the basis of it not being seen as a prime target for attack. But Brighton would face 'epidemics and starvation', and presumably mass invasion by the crazed survivors from elsewhere — a bit like them having Manchester United there *every* Saturday.

Army CND a growing force

☐ A shy figure at the SANA conference last week was that of Gunner Jeffrey Clare. Or rather ex-Gunner Jeffrey Clare. He was dismissed from the Army last month after nearly seven years service and an excellent record — apparently because of his membership of CND. He said that the majority of his battery were sympathetic to CND and there was no army rule against joining it, but after being interviewed by army security he was given 24 hours to leave.

Still looking quite military with a neat moustache and tweed jacket, Clare found himself in the spotlight being asked a lot of daft questions about his personal life but said that the number of CND members in the armed forces was growing . . . Prince Andrew confessed after some of the fireworks in the Falklands that he felt like joining CND but we have yet to see that distinctive badge on the royal lapel.

☐ What is peace? This is the tricky poser for magistrates at Newbury, Oxfordshire. Eighteen women from the Greenham Common Peace Camp — sited at the USAF base as a protest against the proposal to bring Cruise missiles there — were charged with breaching same peace at the court last Monday. This arose out of seizing the sentry box on the base and its subsequent occupation.

But, say the women, we are in favour of peace — in fact, we have dedicated the last year of our lives to little else. So how can we be guilty of breaching it? A tricky legal point. The case has duly been deferred to November 15 and may lead to a new definition of peace.

You may have seen one of the 18, Helen John, on TV in the BBC programme *Heart Of The Matter*. She was interviewed by David Jessel. What we didn't see was much of the footage which was cut out which showed why Jessel has more than a passing interest in the subject — he lives near another base, the one at Upper Heyford.

Blondes compiled by DUNCAN CAMPBELL

LPs EXTRA!

LOOSE BOOTY

EVELYN KING
Get Loose (RCA)

TRY AS I might to be objective about this new platter from Ms King, nostalgic tugs and nudges keep distracting my attention, whispering in my ear, saying "yes, it's all very nice, but think back, remember . . ."

When Evelyn King still had 'Champagne' in her name she released a song as fizzy, as heady, as intoxicating as her moniker suggested — a song still nestling in many an all-time top ten (mine particularly) but, sadly, of such distractingly high quality that all subsequent material stood or fell by that one exacting standard. 'Shame' was the tune, maturing with the years, perhaps even more brilliant now (in the light of recent dancefloor shenanigans) than on release . . . pardon the pause while I play it yet again . . . Yup, still terrific! Which knocks any sort of critical balance about this new waxing into a cocked hat.

'Love Come Down', the hit single, you've doubtless heard — an admittedly pretty beefy rhythm topped, unfortunately, by a regulation lightweight melody professionally executed by Ms King with a vocal performance that is slick, efficient and blandly so-so. It's the best track on the album, closely followed by a clutch of similar identikit constructions — very much mechanical songwriting, assembled without getting hands dirty or breaking sweat.

The unfortunate position Evelyn King finds herself in is similar to both Candi Staton and Gloria Gaynor — after enjoying the heady commercial and artistic success that 'Young Hearts . . .' and 'I Will Survive' prompted, any new material is but another landmark in a surely declining career. Sure, the hits will come, from time to time, but after scaling such dazzling peaks the only route is down.

Graham K Smith

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Normal Position
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ACOUSTIC DYNAMIC CASSETTE
TDK
EXTENDED HIGH END LOW NOISE HIGH OUTPUT
Laboratory Standard Cassette Mechanism

LET BATTLE COMMENCE.

The TDK Battle of the Bands is about to commence with a record number of bands trying to play their way through to the finals which will be televised to an audience of millions next Spring.

As sponsors of this year's competition we are overwhelmed by the huge entry and excited to be able to offer a stage for so many new groups and so much new music.

Everyone who comes to the concerts will receive, free, a TDK AD cassette, and at every heat you'll have the chance to win a super AKAI portable stereo system.

See you there.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.

LIVE!

A BAD CASE OF THE SHAKES...

NEIL YOUNG

Birmingham NEC

JUST WHAT is it that has preserved the mystery of Neil Young through this past decade? Whatever it is, he comes perilously close to dissolving it every time he shows his face in public.

Thankfully that is none too often. After the morbid preoccupation of 1975's turning point 'Tonight's The Night' — inspired by the OD deaths of two friends — he withdrew from the distracting media glare, retreated to his ranch and released a succession of bewildered, funny, curious and intensely unquisitive records, whose contemporaneity transcended trends and their own roughshod crosscutting of styles.

They at once fuelled — and were fuelled by — the legend of eccentricity crystallising around his silence, which in itself has proved invaluable in preventing him from succumbing to the dissipating repetition and numb acceptance affecting his contemporaries. Where their responses have been deadened by the passing of years, his capacity to be surprised, amused or moved has only deepened. Just as you get a greater feeling of what it might be like to be American from maverick films like *Melvin And Howard* than you would from a Spielberg or Coppola picture, so you are better off turning to Neil Young than the block-buster rock and disco dominating the US charts.

His songs might be crudely drawn and vaguely incomplete, his records sometimes alarmingly inconsistent, but at least they have the sense of moving forward and taking things in. Live though — be it in Birmingham last week or an earlier tours, such as the one filmed as *Rust Never Sleeps* — it's all looking back, *deja vu*. Less putting his history in some panoramaic order than simply setting out to please by giving the people what they want.

Inevitably this means the slight-*sounding* but immensely more satisfying and entertaining work of these past seven years is ignored in favour of guitar rock staples extending from the compartively recent 'Like A Hurricane' back through to 'Southern Man'.

Of course, his choice of song is partly dictated by the circumstance of venue, but sticking with stadium rock standards is too easy, not to mention unworthy. Specially as they only serve to expose the one area where he has not made much advance. That is, his guitar playing. In case these sort of things still interest you, I'll report that his soloing and duetting with old buddy Nils Lofgren (sadly behaving like a performing monkey these days) follow the same cautious progressions they always have done and always will, given his peculiarly lumpen rhythms.

There are a few moments, though, where the two guitars knot together with uncommon beauty — something like the two snakes fucking on TV the night before all slithering coils and rapture. Otherwise it's just so much shedding of dead skin.

It's a pity he feels such a strong need to please, as the excellent sound quality quickly does away with the distance and the disappointment of not being able to see anything, making the whole event far more personal than I expected. The immediacy of the now threadbare 'Old Man' and 'Needle And The Damage Done' have me yearning for the better 'Thrasher' or, Lord preserve us, something new. On the other hand, songs from his forthcoming LP don't induce love on first hearing. Almost all those he showcases are undeniably playful, featuring him and/or Lofgren talking through their guitars, but the resulting homogenous sweep of sound is more Peter Frampton than a disvoncerting Devo or Kraftwerk.

An unfortunate concession to modernity or genuine thirst for experiment? Even allowing him the benefit of doubt, he still — likeably — comes across as a delighted boy with a new toy. I wish I could share his joy. For the moment there is more pleasure to be had lying with the old snakes.

Chris Bohn

Nils' squeeze, Neil's shades... Youngsters at play. Pic. Anton Corbijn.

Bryan Ferry recreates one of his famous comic characters — the constipated crooner. Pic. Kevin Cummins.

BITTER-SWEET ANNIVERSARY

ROXY MUSIC

Wembley Arena

HALFWAY DOWN the queue for plastic pints of lager stood a statuesque beauty in her late 20s. While a few of her '80s understudies had paid their sartorial respects to the subtle mysteries of glamour, she alone stood head and shoulders above the crowd that spilt down the dismal concrete corridors.

In a straight skirt and seamed stockings, a fox fur slung over one shoulder, she symbolised something timeless in the allure of Roxy Music: the precise code of a shared allegiance to romantic adventure, the lost identity in archetype, the blank, unbridgeable distance implied by the inscrutable stare of her sunglasses. In such a space, in the fleeting vacuum that exists at the instant eyes meet, float all Ferry's fantasies of suspense and anticipation. And just for a moment, as he slithered onstage wearing a white tuxedo, it looked like there was history still in the making.

This is Roxy Music's tenth anniversary, and as if to prove the continuing anomaly of rock groups who continue to flourish outside their short, allotted span, they'd sold out Wembley twice in succession. Part of their survival with dignity undinted is undoubtedly a style that lends itself to aging. While his contemporaries look incongruously shrivelled, Ferry has reached what used to be termed an "interesting" age without assuming a

LIVE!

demeaning mantle of artifically prolonged youth. More recently, Roxy have been acting as blueprint and primer as the '80s ushered in a new age of elegance. *(That's what they said also at the beginning of the '70s — Ed.)* Most importantly there's Bryan Ferry and the intriguing leakage between lifestyle and legend. The sense that the miner's son turned country gentleman after a long line of amours has lived out a courtly accompaniment to an undying idea of beauty is the ultimate attraction to an audience eager for identification. The air of aspirations attained and myths mirrored hangs heavy about him — and intangible aura that's as charged as incense.

Not that the grim bastions of Wembley were instantly transformed into a haunted craft that took you back to the times when Roxy Music were a synonym for that sharp lust for nightlife and the quickened pulse of pleasure. However, there were times (despite Ferry's innate conservatism which makes him cling to the hackneyed live structure in defiance of a crooner's delicacy that often cries out for more responsive arrangements) when it came very close to those strange desires and raging fires. It seems superfluous to say that since 'Siren' Roxy's Music has been more poignancy than passion, that these days it's heady with a milder intoxicant instead of drugged with its own sullen splendour. The later material glows rather than smoulders, a dark exoticism has been abandoned for a soft-centred nostalgia as youth has given way to the bittersweet introspection of experience.

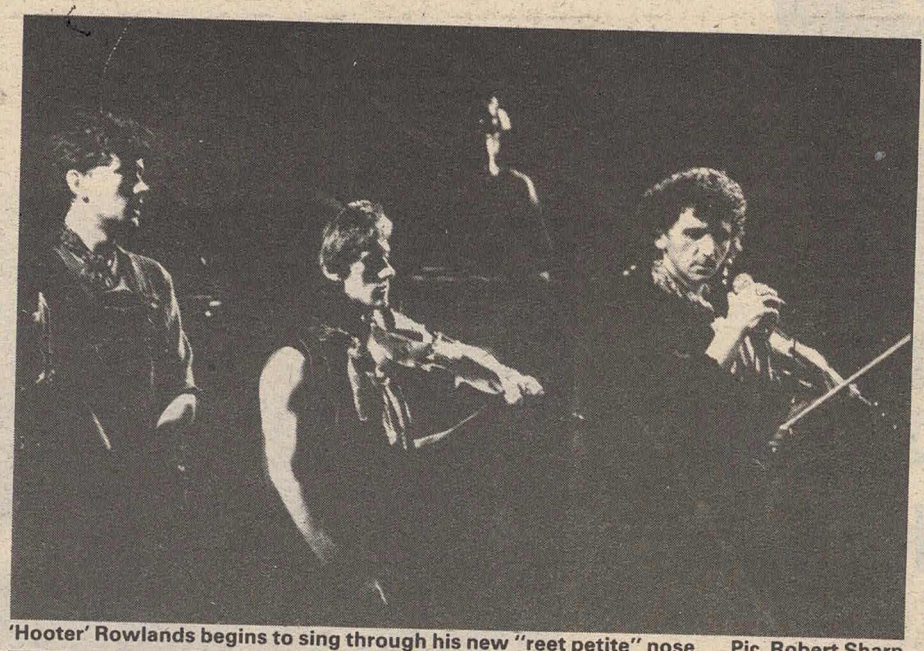
This being an anniversary, Roxy Music go right back to the beginning and up to 'Avalon' again, with a selective detour around some of the landmarks in between. The only readily jarring note was sounded when Phil Manzanera was foolishly left alone with his guitars and the discriminating punter departed for the bar.

To balance the times when even attempting to evoke an intimate atmosphere in Wembley's bleak hangar seemed an act of supreme folly, there were moments of complete magic — when Roxy Music at the other end of a huge, darkened hall held all the remote glamour of an ocean liner seen at night, a world of music and lights and stately motion. Through this miniature, enchanted realm moves a singer held in thrall by the spell of his own songs. A bulky man who progresses tentatively across the stage as if with scrupulously regard for the correct form for each occasion, Ferry minces like a matador, lurches like a bear, sways as if hypnotised or deliriously drunk.

To someone for whom the sound of footsteps on the sidewalk, a car door slamming and a key in an ignition attained a crucial significance at an impressionable age, Roxy Music can still evoke the classiest kind of transport.

Ten years spent chasing the spirit of ecstasy, and like a man who's once been granted a glimpse of love's holy grail, Ferry's saddened and wiser and still searching.

Lynn Hanna



'Hooter' Rowlands begins to sing through his new "reet petite" nose. Pic. Robert Sharp

FAKE IT TO THE BRIDGE

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

Glasgow Pavilion

IN THE FOYER, already cluttered with journalists and photographers, an excited kid informs his elderly chaperone "Listen, they're playing the record you got me". Someone tells him it's actually still the first show going on. "Oh, well it sounds exactly like the record...!' He pesters his Mum for a programme, the look on her face enough to tell him there's no chance of a £7.99 sweatshirt.

"The Bridge — well what on earth is that all about?" she inquires with more than a hint of disdain. "Oh I don't know — come on Mum, buy me a programme."

The lights dim. The Bridge begins. And the group do look well-pleased with themselves: with surely a bigger success than even the very shrewd Mr Rowland envisaged, they've good reason to look smug. A success temporarily satisfying for even the most hysterical ego. Critical acclaim (and Dexys have had more than their fair share of superlatives and wild haverings) is a very poor substitute and little consolation for a man whose inferior contemporaries are gracing the pages of every youth publication on the market.

Why shouldn't a man who wears the permanent expression of one who has just been slapped in the face with a wet fish be a *Face* pin-up?

Anyway, that's all water under the bridge now. And as the kid's confused mother might now confirm, the "Bridge" is in fact an uncharacteristic comedy routine in which our Kevin does a Cheech and Chong style number about being out for a walk and seeing this bridge. And apparently it's a very big bridge, and he's wondering whether or not to cross it or not, right? To tell the truth, I'm not certain if he actually makes it over in the end; but the group are chanting *"Kevin, you've got to move on"* and he's going *"I'm trying. I'm trying."* Great stuff.

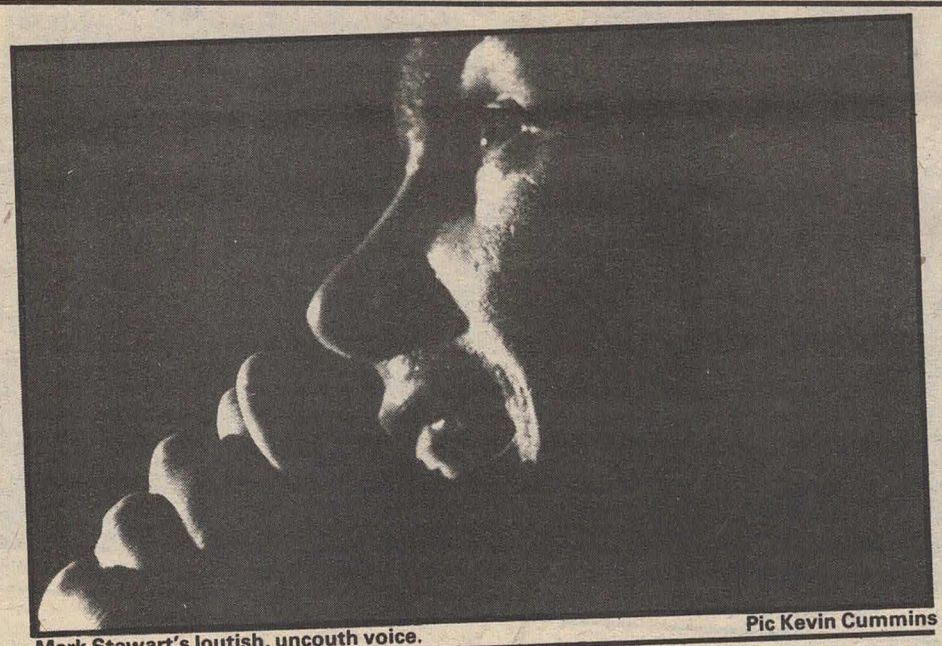
The emotional unity with the audience, and the powerful intensity that was a feature of their concerts is blatantly lacking. The stage is drenched in strong striking primary colours, and the music is, like the kid said, at times just like the records. But who wants to watch dirty unkempt locks swinging together in a furious hoe-down? Beside the very occasional faltering beat or burst string, the performance was executed exactly as it appeared to be planned. But no highes, no lows, and not a single shiver — not one.

That former harsh glamour, in itself exciting to watch, has been abandoned in favour of what appears to be a somewhat warped interpretation of hard times. Not a ribbon or a pair of scissors in sight, and only one very blunt razor among the eleven of them. And a sloppy style so truly naff, not even the most ardent fan here tonight has attempted to mirror-image the only group who manage to make their road crew look glamorous, while they themselves end up looking like a bunch of village idiots. On with the show.

"That one was really precious ..." Rowland authoritively informs his audience. Only during the encore is there a feeling of sincerity, let alone the slightest whiff of anything precious.

The backdrop film of moving clouds is a deceit: there's no faces. I always see faces in clouds and curtains. Don't you?

Kirsty McNeill



Mark Stewart's loutish, uncouth voice. Pic Kevin Cummins

DUB BANDITS

MARK STEWART'S MAFIA

Manchester Hacienda Club

THE HACIENDA is hardly reknowned for its inherent qualities of warmth and intimacy at the best of times but an empty Hacienda is like, the coldest place in the world for a band. I guess Mark Stewart, the last of The Pop Groupers to get an act together, must be feeling pretty sick tonight. After all, it is the Mafia's first appearance anywhere in the present line-up and you'd be forgiven for expecting a reasonable crowd, considering past heroic deeds and the current successes being reaped by the other splinter groups.

Having already heard some of Stewart's work with The New Age Steppers' own particular brand of distempered up-tempo reggae a year or so ago, it was a fairly safe bet that the Mafia would skank with the best of 'em. And indeed they do.

Incorporating a hand picked cast from Adrian Sherwood's ON-U SOUND dubsters, Stewart and the Mafia combine to make a totally incongruous and yet perversely alluring marriage of mavericks.

On sharp, decisive drum beats we have Charlie Eskomo Fox. Noah Bonjo turns the percussive screw with a grin and a thump. On '60s-ish organ soundalike keyboards is Mr Fat Fingers. Evar steers the rhythms with a powerful slap bass while Crucial Tony plays the chinky guitar, ringing the rhythms and darting impishly across and through the sound. And of course to top it all there's Mark Stewart. Nowadays he prefers the skank stance to the relentless rant of old: the Mafia is the development of the subtler side of intonation with increasingly infrequent excursions into pitch record breaking.

Opening with 'Jerusalem', the Mafia show their teeth by biting into a fractured rhythmic groove. The melody line plays with and peverts 'Jerusalem' the hymn. Stewart's vocals strain and twist and contort in muted agony over a disciplined and authoratitive backing. This is why the Mafia are so attractive, the head on clash between Stewart's loutish, uncouth voice and the strict, almost puritan backing of the Mafia results in an explosive reaction with enough sparks flying around to keep you rivetted to the spot.

'High Ideals And Crazy Dreams', an old Steppers' track, tests Stewart's new found maturity and restraint to the full. Over shuddering percussion and rhythms that stay calculatedly lethargic, Stewart delivers the voice with agonisingly intense emotion without ever losing control.

After the Mafia's warm-up exercises, somehow even the Hacienda didn't feel too cold. You should catch Mark Stewart before the Mafia come round for you.

Amrik Rai

FALLEN IDOL

BILLY IDOL

Heaven, London

BILLY IDOL'S return to these shores, after a lengthy head-getting-together hiatus in the land of Kiss, was neither a 'triumph' nor a debacle — merely the anticipated trip down memory lane, tarted up with a few flimsy acknowledgements that this is, in fact, 1982. Idol was never the prime mover of an era he may have liked to consider himself; stood next to anyone with even a vaguely coherent philosophy or intent he would simply waver and disintegrate like so much fairy dust.

Content to answer all the slings and arrows of teenage faddism with a sneer, a clenched fist, and a cry of 'rock 'n roll', Idol has reached the logical conclusion, the natural dead end of his hedonistically blinkered ambition.

Lumbered with a band that is merely Generation X tightened up, toughened up, and, by the look of it, artificially pumped up, Idol can only play the single role he knows, the romanticised rock marionette — impotently posturing in the spotlight, twisting and grimacing, but never leaving the confinement of those self-constructed bonds. He's awash in his own world, playing the ever youthful star of some trash pop novelette, the numbing grind of fuzz guitars sending him into glassy eyed oblivion. The kids he has enlisted have got the boss's instructions down pat, crashing and thumping with admirable alacrity.

The guitarist, playing with bombastic fervour, bringing out ever guitarbore cliche, makes Derwood look like Vini Reilly. The others, including some scantily clad siren bashing the keys, respond to our Billy's *"Whoas"* and *"Yeahs"* with a similar orgasmic ecstasy.

The material they soundly do the business on, though, is of a dirge-like uniformity. The Springsteenisms of the new songs are so third-rate that the possibility of some dewy-eyed backward glances takes on luscious proportions — the desperate nostalgia of the crowd being rewarded by jolly, singalonga Billy renditions of tunes once dear to our hearts. 'Kind Rocker,' 'Ready Steady Go,' 'Kiss Me Deadly' all got trundled out, creaking, but at least the paying punters went home happy.

I gather Billy Idol is enjoying some success at the expense of our colonial cousins — I trust that such shenanigans will get short shrift here.

Graham K Smith

Billy Idol suffers the pain of genius as his jewelry gets caught in his chest wig. Pic Claire Muller

SOLID GOLD

FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL

Riverside

"I can't walk out on you honey I'm glued to my seat."

THIS GAME slumbered, but I hung on for extra time, and was glad that I did. It came extra alive.

The match proper was 'The Gospel At Colonus', a reading from "the first book of *Oedipus*", featuring Ben Haley Jr as Oedipus/Ray Charles and The Messenger/Martin Luther King Jr. I'm not convinced that seeing how well Modern American Music and Ancient Greek Poetry complement each other is at all exciting. The Chorus becomes choir, the Sacred Grove becomes congregation; Fourteen Karat Soul move backwards and forwards over gospel styles, but are burried beneath the heavy, *heavy* testifying of the lead part.

From where I sat I could see the piano keys reflected in Oedipus/Charles' eyes, which was quite uncanny fun, but feeling prodded and poked by all the weeping and gnashing of teeth, I tried to escape into the search for irony. I didn't get too much satisfaction there, but I thought that if old Oedipus had killed his mother instead. . .*that* might have defeated philosophy.

This will never do, I was thinking over a Pils during the interval, before crawling back unwillingly into the auditorium. 30 minutes or so later I came away, walking on sunshine. The premise of 'Sister Suzie Cinema' may be similar to 'The Gospel At Colonus' — "a proposal for an opera that would take the Brecht-Weil premise" — but, well. . .Fourteen Karat Soul

CONTINUES OVER

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A&M RECORDS

LIVE!

FROM PAGE 48

singing on a silver jet-wing suspended above the stage, after slipping down from their seats in the cinema, their shadows flickering onto the screen behind, they were a transport.

Where would you like to go? Behind, or around their glossy, flipping, zipping performance there may well have been lurking intentions of ironic commentary, a For and Against, a frustrated author/performer sweeping up the popcorn, but that wasn't *all* there was. Struck (stricken?) by the movie-ness of their animated poem and the prettiest patterns of three tenors, bass and baritone, almost irresistible, beguiling lyricism.

Did I fall for it then? Those Smokey Persuasions and Impressions, echoes and reverberations from a form I recognise, from a culture I don't know. Did I (fail to) understand it? Could be that I like (Pop)corn, or have tastebuds in need of more, more, more spices. Could be that most other 'contemporary' vocal groups are just Ham without. . .Why do fools fall in love, why do they fall in love? They come back 'after the show' and cover something by Manhattan Transfer that I enjoyed without recognising, and a familiar though still tangy and fresh Frankie Lymon to finish.

An altogether peculiar double-bill — the problem of Oedipus (he didn't know, he just didn't know) is as likely to bore as interest, this show is *difficult*, and for two-thirds of it I felt intermittently miserable — but Fourteen Karat Soul boys answer a request for treats usually only supplied and lost at the movies; you should see their bodies sometimes.

Mark Cordery

BITTEREST PILL

THE JAM

Brighton Centre

SHOULD THIS have been some sort of perfect occasion? Perhaps two years ago when the cogs and spindles of fashion had momentarily meshed in a blur of polished Vespa chrome and sew-on bedecked parkas, The Jam, as spiritual leaders returning to this virtual Mecca, would have assumed the proportions of a messianic homecoming.

The magic of the moment would have doubtless been too much to bear, small considerations such as material or presentation fading into insignificance.

That particular media hiccup has long since passed, though, but The Jam remain firmly manacled to the Millstone of Mod, trapped with the shortcomings that have made them the fabulous international superstars we would be churlish not to cherish.

While the atmosphere at the cavernous Brighton Centre *was* teetering on hysteria, the extraordinarily young crowd (a fair number of whom must have still been in nappies when 'In The City' came out) were seemingly oblivious to the anachronistic performance The Jam delivered. Having not experienced The Jam live for some years (except, like some

Weller pic: Anton Corbijn

bad omen, the rigorously dry video of last year's worldwide jaunt) I was truly expecting someone of Paul Weller's vaunted philosophical and literary farsightedness to explore the bounds and limitations of the monster he has created to a far greater extent than the cursory nostalgic sleepwalk he proffered. A set relying almost totally on old favourites played and replayed into arid impotence, any true pertinence lost in a hazy, self-indulgent maze of money.

Six albums have in fact seen ominously little drastic progression or complementary maturity — Weller is still tied up confronting the same old ogres and prejudices as when he began, and equally stilted with a dourly unchanging musical framework.

On the face of recent releases, Weller urgently needs to rethink his whole role of songwriter and 'youth leader', as well as reconsidering The Jam's glaring musical bankruptcy. The astonishing success The Jam now seem to unerringly enjoy excuses and overawes the derivative steps that have all but stymied Weller's once obvious intelligence and compassion. His passions and heartfelt outpourings now take on the dimensions of innocuous parody — skittering, yelling and windmilling — going through the speedfreak's paces.

Graham K Smith

ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

ABSCONDED

ANTI-SOCIAL WORKERS

Bletchley Compass Club

BLETCHLEY. THIS is Bletchley. Ulcer city — a collection of piss-stench precincts and concrete cut-out architecture.

"We're Absconded." These are the Absconded. Borrowed riffs and sec_nd-hand fury — bouncing crash-rock. Pneumatic as in drill.

Absconded's finest moment is a reflex slogan: *"I hate the SPG/The SPG they fucking hate me."* So what's your analysis? Dismiss or ignore. . . 'Absconded's sly pop melodies stick in the head like a blunt instrument' It's so obvious.

Not so Anti-Social Workers — a hopeless pun that hides a far more humorous contradiction. The crude punk catch-all is but a front for three-piece polemical toast. A-S Workers stand, three boys in a line, dancing like dolts and roughing up dub. They misjudge their harmonies and defy with a smile. *"The message is loud and clear — hands off Poland"* they croon, one voice sweet, two voices gruff and shoddy. I like their style.

This set snaps and skanks and rocks fine but it's A-S Workers' treatment of patriotism that is their toughest gem: *"England is a name for a piece of land and a football team. . ."* Anti-Social Workers will one day make a biting disco 12".

Skins wander the floor and nod greetings — sussing the sides and prowling the front. SWells takes the mike and then . . and then the scrap.

Bits of glass and bleeding knuckles — this fight's been brewing ages. A spilt pint and a four-foot high fascist, crazy eyes and a swastika tattooed on the inside of his palm, and that's all it takes. Adrenalin, ripped shirts and hard leather — a list of injuries.

Fire alarms ringing and the rancid smell of hate, Steve Drewett's Newtown Neurotics jump the stage and let loose "Mindless Violence'. The Clash couldn't have engineered a better entrance. Steve Drewett spits and curses, silhouetted 'gainst striking propaganda. 'Anguished' would be the most comfortable label to throw at their unfashionable row but the Neurotics are far better than that. They speed and sweat till the flesh runs raw and we turn and walk and leave this eyesore Bletchley.

England. This is England.

X Moore

THE SECRET GARDEN

GENESIS

Marquee, London

UNDER THE guise of "The Garden Wall", Genesis returned to the Marquee on Monday night after an absence of ten years.

Serving as a warm-up to their string of Hammersmith dates, the gig was sold out by 10.30 that morning, with many fans queuing overnight in Wardour Street. And in one case, a young policeman who enquired as to why the crowd had gathered, upon hearing it was for Genesis tickets, himself returned after work to join the queue. With the audience limited to 500, many fans were disappointed at not getting in, but the disappointment was not confined to the ticketless — rumours that Peter Gabriel would be bringing his mask his flute out of the wardrobe as a preview to Saturday's WOMAD benefit gig proved unfounded.

But despite his absence, Collins and co played a great set that encompassed most of their history, highlighted by a superb rendering of 'Supper's Ready' in all its 23-minute glory. And, with the added bonus of a computer-controlled lighting system, they proved that a band doesn't have to play Wembley Arena to put on a good show.

Geoff Banks

MAC THE MIKE

THE PROJECT

Liverpool Left Bank

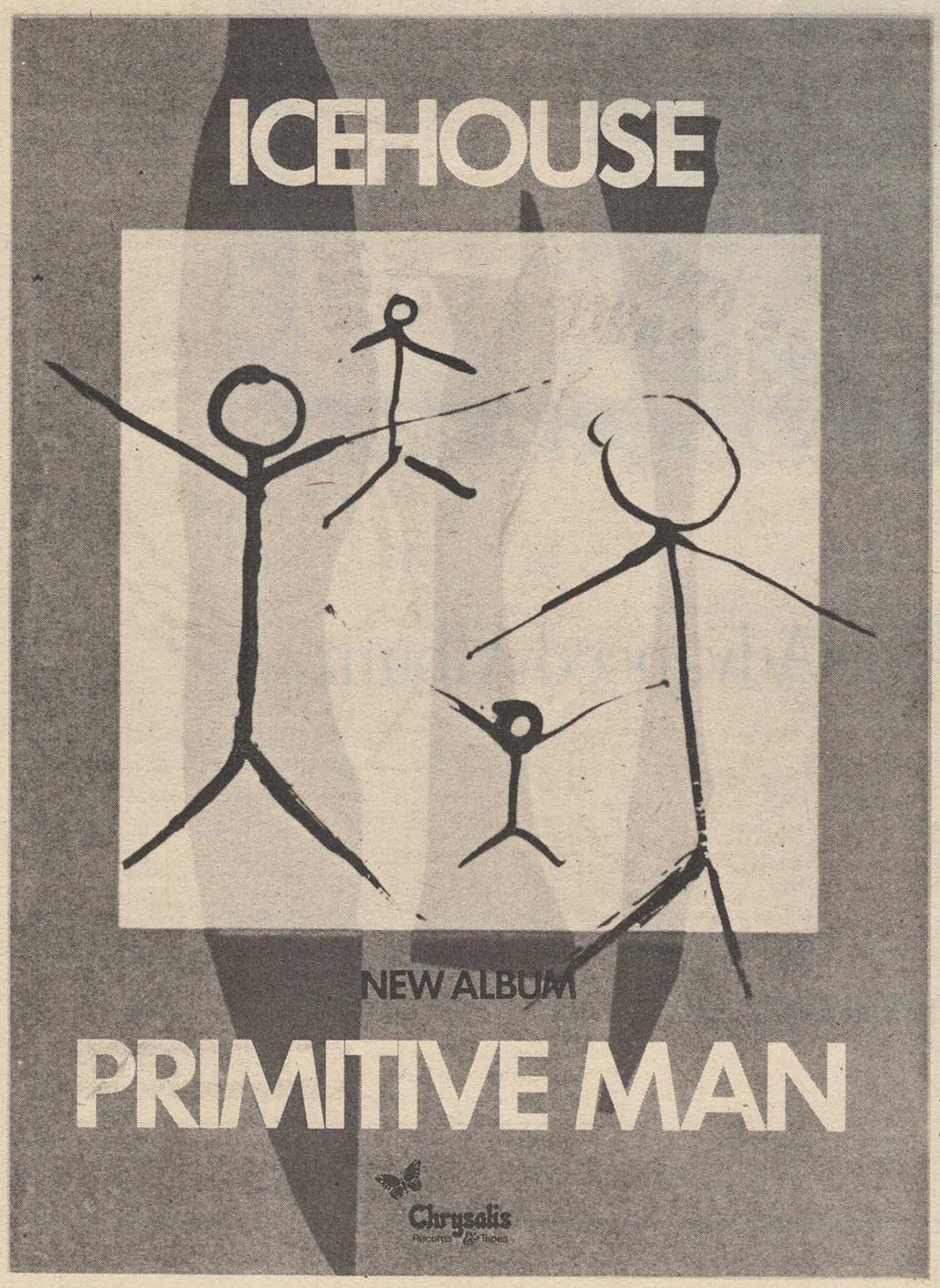
THERE'S SO much good new music coming out of Liverpool right now that it's impossible to keep track of it all. It seems urban decay and a fortnightly Girocheque has coaxed out a whole load of latent musical talent.

There's a number of people experimenting with the idea of using pre-recorded backing tapes live, and of these The Project is the most intriguing. The Project is one young man, Mike Keane, a pallid, very quiet, mad professor type, totally engrossed in his music. Dressed in a long green mac (no relation) he stands almost motionless, his unusually emotive voice sweeping over the dense noise of his tapes.

It's not your usual electronic beep beep buzz, but layer upon layer of textured expansive sound. He's got one outrageously beautiful song, 'I Love You' (which Some Bizzare are going to be releasing as a single): a barely noticeable acoustic strum over a sensual swirl of landscaping keyboards and a background of haunting female vocals, all held together by a drum machine backbone.

The Project is an acutely sensitive romantic, and if there isn't a place left somewhere for people like him, and songs as good as 'I Love You' then this old pop world of ours will be a that much greyer place.

Kev Mc



BAD VIBRATIONS

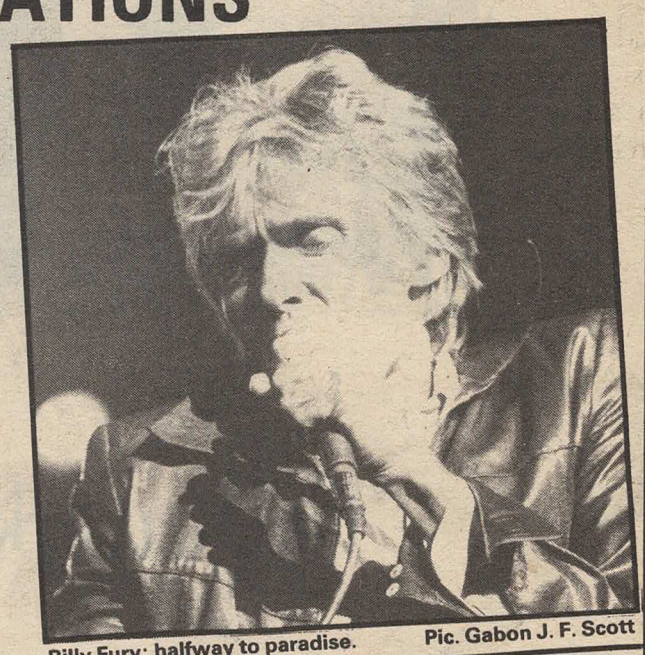
THE HEROES AND VILLAINS SHOW

Dave Berry, Carl Wayne, The Rockin' Berries, The Merseybeats, Chris Andrews, Sandie Shaw, Cliff Bennett, The Swinging Blue Jeans and many more

Hammersmith Odeon

IT TOOK Carl Wayne about ten seconds to ridicule the 15 year deception that Radio One's Onederful World is populated by happy innocent idiots interested only in family fun and adolescent titillation. Mr Wayne is here to represent The Move, whose 'Flowers In The Rain' was the first disc spun by a sprightly Tony Blackburn at 7am on September 30th, 1967.

The first performer of the night, Mr Wayne was meant to have been joined by Roy Wood, "but he couldn't be bothered to turn up," explains Carl, who, it is already apparent, is the type to avoid in public bars. "Still, never mind," he continues, charitably, "fuck 'im." "Ooooh!" went everyone, and our man, backed by a group called Magnum, bludgeoned through three formerly whimsical Move hits with the aid of a startling repertoire of masturbation postures. Is this Wayne fellow a human being, I wondered. John Peel, who called the creature back to swap awkward nostalgia notes, *must* have been as doubtful as I. "Well, Carl, you've lost none of the old magic," he fibbed, dutifully.



Billy Fury: halfway to paradise. Pic. Gabon J. F. Scott

It was that kind of night. An impressive selection of '60s beat groups and singers emerged either from mothballs or northern clubland, rushed through a couple of hits, muddled through some anecdotes, and then went away.

Of the *artistes* on show, only Sandie Shaw and Cliff Bennett emitted much warmth, or displayed any dignity, possibly because they broke with the pointless circularity of showbiz years ago. The remainder were mainly efficient, Keegan-coiffured, and enjoyed the attention, emptying out their little piggy-bank of hits for the millionth time, as is, of course, their perfect right and privilege.

To see Billy Fury would've been nice. So would some grunting sounds from The Troggs. But the dread of appearances by the infantile Wright or tedious Tory Travis . . . Well. I'm afraid I left at half time. Should I be predictably sour? After all, these 15 years have been mainly a miserable affair. Or cheerfully liberal? (It-was-for-charity. Everyone-had-fun.) I don't know. But whatever, the drab, back-slapping slackness of it all — so typical of the worst of One — was too much for this young gut to bear.

Dave Hill

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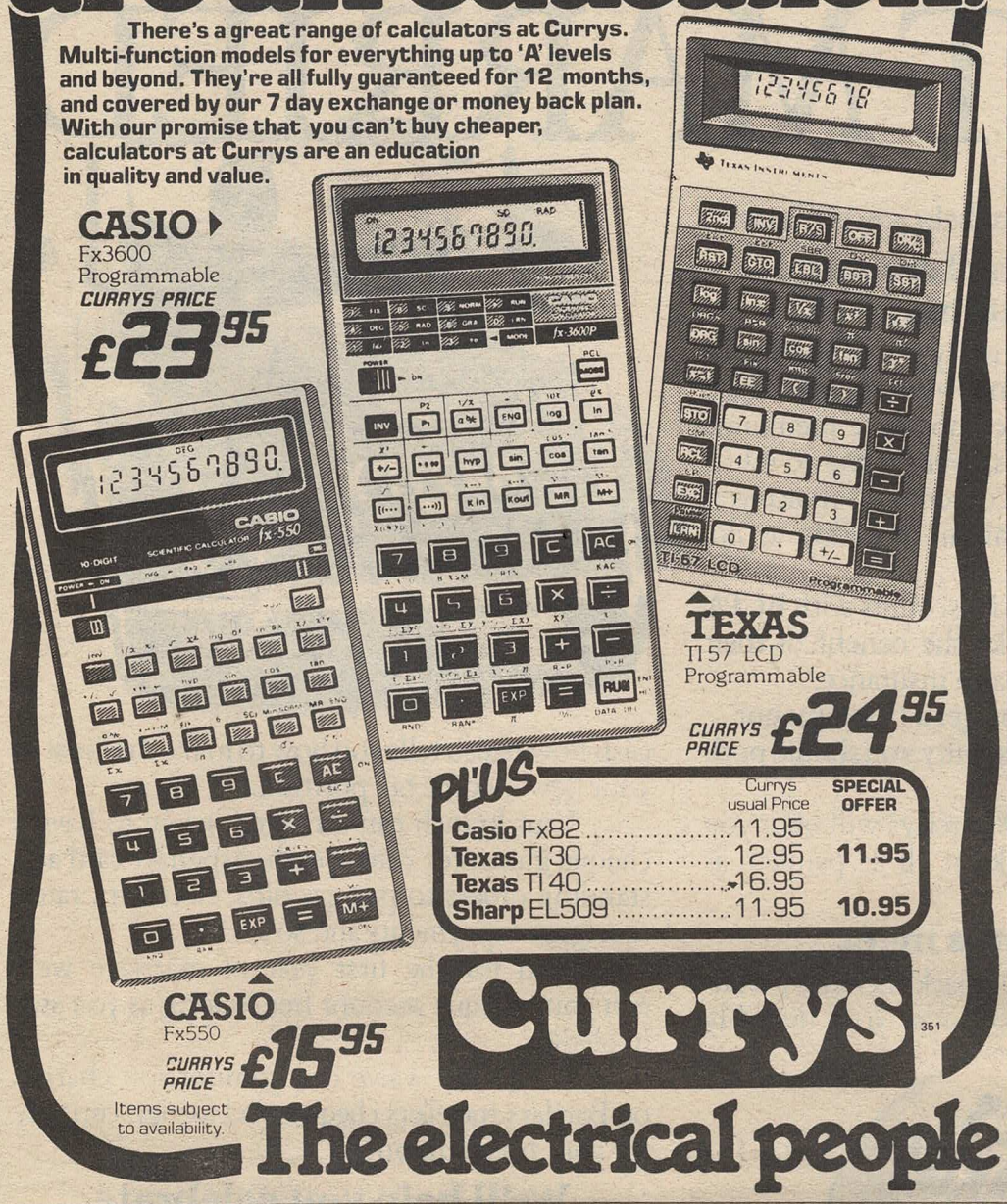

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The electrical people

Paragons of virtue *Photo: Adrian Boot*

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Paragons: noble strife

TOGETHER AGAIN as The Paragons come Howard Barrett and Tyrone Evans for a new LP of ten titles issued on the Starlight label and entitled 'Now' (SLDLP 909).

Veterans of the rock steady era, with Bob Andy and John Holt passing through the ranks on a collection of strong material for both Studio 1 and Treasure Isle, The Paragons originally rejoined forces last year cutting an album apiece for Bunny Lee and Island, with John Holt also contributing on both sets. This latest effort is a further Bunny Lee production of songs that hark nostalgically back to the rock steady style with backing supplied by The Agrovators.

Track listing on the set is: Side One: 'Come A Little Closer', 'That's All I Want', 'The Maddening Crowd', 'I Need Her' and 'A Place Called Zion'; Side Two: 'Heaven And Earth', 'The First Time I Saw You', 'Positive Movements', 'Life Spoilers' and 'Dirty Streets'.

Wayne Smith

SKANKING IN SPACE

A DEBUT album from Jamaican vocalist Wayne Smith is released on the Black Joy label proclaiming 'Youthman Skanking' (DHLP 2005).

Produced and mixed by Prince Jammys at Channel One and King Tubbys studios, the LP is a ten track set of mostly new titles, including rendition of the 'No More Will I Roam' song usually associated with Dennis Brown, a tune entitled 'Eden Out Deh' not to be confused with Black Uhuru's similarly named song for Jammys, 'Ain't No Me Without You' and the recent 12" discomix waxing 'Isim Skisim', though Smith's other single issue 'Life Is A Moment In Space' is not included.

Billy Squier

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CLP 261

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing duratively from a semi-frequency — time wasteth years, and months, and hours. . . not halfway up, halfway down as the current single suggests but gone clear, Dennis Brown triumphs at his farewell concert in Hornsey Town Hall last week, where a good size crowd begs "the golden voice of. . ." three encores, as Preacher lays a lean foundation on bass and Vin Gordon mellows out with heartical trombone interweave. . .**time doth consume fame, honour, wit and strength**. . .among the titles he performs includes a very well received 'Wolf And Leopards', sombre reading of 'The World Is Troubled', a popular encore with 'Love Has Found Its Way', Bob Marley's 'Get Up Stand Up', some gospel roots for 'Old Man River' and imitation of Yellowman/Stan Holloway's 'I'm Getting Married In The Morning', the latter perhaps providing his wife Yvonne with an uneasy few moments. . .**time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers**. . .among the children of the night in the audience is Errol Dunkley a little way different attired in a red, gold and green beaver of the most tasteful tartan, a calf length maroon leather coat and a pair of fetching fawn ankle boots with buckle, into which folds of some very fine looking trouser material are artfully tucked. . .**time wears out youth and beauty's looks at length**. . . Mandingo man Martin Williams arrives in the UK from Jamaica via New York last week and advises this STATION of LPs in his possession with Nathan Skyers and Leajune Williams, a ten track dub LP recorded at Channel One with the Revolutionaries entitled 'Scientist Vs Brutal Solgie' with Santa and Sly drumming on the Scientist mixes and Style with Solgie, plus an as yet untitled compilation with toasters General Echo, Ranking Joe and Hugo 'Everyone Turn Ranking' Brown. . .**time doth convey to ground both foe and friend**. . .due on Mandingo 12" is former Arabic Intl singer Vincent Marsh ('One Time Long Time') with a pair of new sides: "Wondering' and 'Equal Rights', and already released on the label via JA 7" pre is Barry Brown with 'Rastaman Of Dignity'. . .**and each thing else but love, which hath no end**. . .other pre include: General Plough, 'One More River' (Black Originator); Leroy Smart, 'Talk About Pauline' (Hit); Papa Robert, 'Jah Over Me' (Gorgon); Peter Metro & Dicky Ranking, 'Dub Them So Good' (Rhythm Ruler); Jackie Edwards, 'Carry One Henry' (Belmont) and Sheila Hylton, 'Silly' (Jaywax). . .

★ ★ ★

TIME MAKETH EVERY TREE TO DIE AND ROT. . .Slouth Community Centre present Cimarons live on stage this Friday 7pm till 2am. Music by Fatman Hi-Fi. Tickets: £3. . .**time turneth oft our pleasures into pain**. . .down the Grove this Friday is a fund raising dance to the reggae and soul sounds of Sigma at the Acklam Road Clubhouse 8pm 2.30am. Tickets: £2. . .**time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot**. . .or the same night the come one posse this ya dance wassie Tavistock-Grenville Pool Competition and Dance at Tavistock Youth Club, Tavistock Road 7pm 'til late'. Live Music by T T Scott & Ranking also Bobby Davies. Sounds by Krystal Black Hi-Fi. . .**time clears the sky, which first hung full of rain**. . .A Night of Granduer at the Cafe Royal on Saturday in the Dubarry/Dauphin Suite on the sixth floor dancing to the musical sounds of TWJ. Fashion design and models stage show. Special guest appearance Dennis Brown. Tickets from various Grenville Arcade hair saloons. . .**time makes an end of all humane desire**. . .at St Matthews Meeting Place, Brixton Hill, SW2 on Saturday from 7pm till ?? featuring sounds Black Harmony plus Saxon International from SE. Refreshments. £3. . .**but only this, which sets my heart on fire**. . .also on Saturday a Musical Night Out at the People's Club, 5a Praed Street, W2 with music by Java Hi-Power and Soul Incorporated . . .

★ ★ ★

TIME TURNETH INTO NOUGHT EACH PRINCELY STATE . . . The African Dawn dramatic poetry fused with African music of the Africa Centre in Covent Garden are running their 2nd dramatised poetry and music workshop at the Abeng Centre, 7 Gresham Road, Brixton SW9 this Thursday 7-9pm. Learn to play different African instruments, recite your own poems to music, participate in dramatising poems, learn about African culture...**time brings a flood from new resolved snow**... *ouverture* in Paris for the Blue Moon record shop at 10 Rue Sauffroy, 75017 (metro Brochant) specialising in reggae, rockers, lovers and presided over by Fanny Feeny and Marie Wood. Importations de Jamaique et d'Angleterre...**time calms the sea where tempest was of late**...a session group on many UK recordings, Investigators of South London now release a debut LP on their own label 'First Case'...**time eats whate'er the moon can see below**...west'n'uk of 107 Bethnal Green Road, London E2 serve West Indian cuisine seven days a week from 10am until 12pm. Enquiries of Sanra or Lenox regarding their ital come vegetarian specialities, but "mostly famous for our curry goat, rice and peas and jungle health drink" Tel: 01 729 0388...**and yet no time prevails in my behove**...any difficulting in obtaining the two Leroy Sibbles discomixes 'Love In The Morning' and 'Rock Steady Party' for Pete Weston's Micron productions can be resolved at Starlight Records, 17 Craven Park Road, Harlesden, NW10. Telephone 01 965 5039...**nor any time can make me cease to love**...

OBSERVER UK5

1 ENGLISH GIRL? Audrey (Jah Shaka)
2 IN DAYLIGHT, Matumbi (Solid Groove)
3 SPECIAL REQUEST, Victor Romero (Special Request)
4 JACKIE WILSON SAID (I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE), Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
5 AFRICAN CHILDREN PART 2, Aswad (CBS)

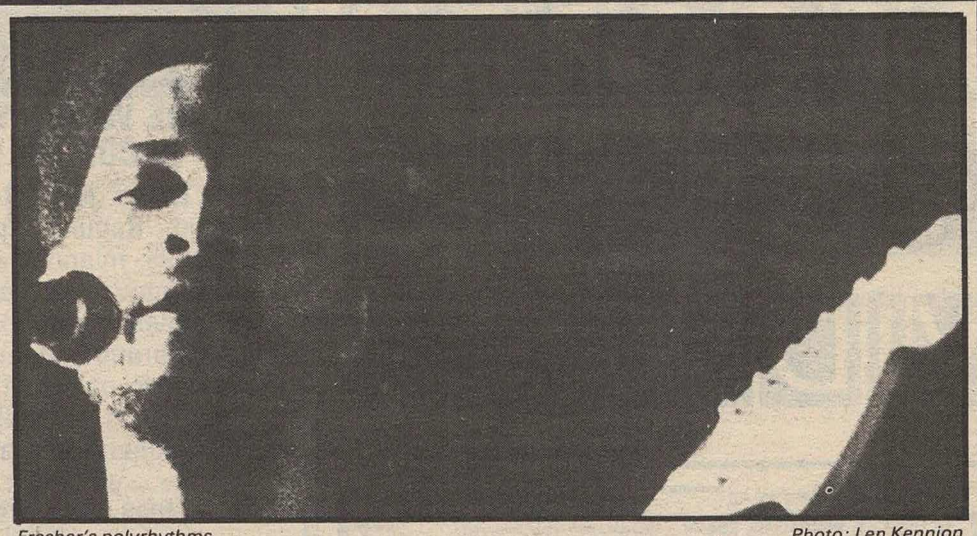
slate

BLACK SLATE head the Middlesex Poly Fresher's Ball in Hendon next Friday 8. Also appearing is Willesden's Arema group plus disco and movies. The event commences at 8.30pm and tickets are £3.50 from SU Offices: 01 607 4492.

date

SPOTLIGHT promotions presents A Ravers Party at the People's Club of Praed Street in Paddington on Sunday, October 3 with entertainment by *David Rodigan* and *Papa Face* raving from 10pm till day light. Food & refreshments.

Papa Face


Fresher's polyrhythms — *Photo: Len Kennion*

"History of Jamaica written by the man Claude McKay. Well up in a fine style by I Early B the boss deejay."

plate

MOA ANBESSA International carry two powerful sides of singjay toaster **Early B** on 10" plate: 'History Of Jamaica' c/w 'DJ With Degree' (MA 007). The topside quotes at some length from McKay's book, including a musical reference *"the first Festival song was 'What A Bam Bam'. It done by the triple Toots and the Maytals."* Midway it segues into a dub cut interspersing the rhythm's vocal inspiration 'If Loving You Is Wrong' and its toast to interesting effect. Produced by Cleave Johnson.

Other new 10" include: **Leroy Smart,** 'This Is The Time' (Reggae REG 007) — produced by D Germain; **Carlton Jackson,** 'Funny No Money' c/w **Sammy Dread,** 'Sammy Dread Style' (Ital International 003) — produced by C Jackson; **Glenroy Oakley,** 'There's No Me Without You' c/w **Round 2 Band,** 'Within Me Dub' (Exclusive EXC 60-11-34) — produced by L Lawrence; and **Maria Taylor,** 'Just Lover's' c/w **Albian's** 'Just Rub-Adub' (Sight Records SR 104) — produced by Floyd Knight.

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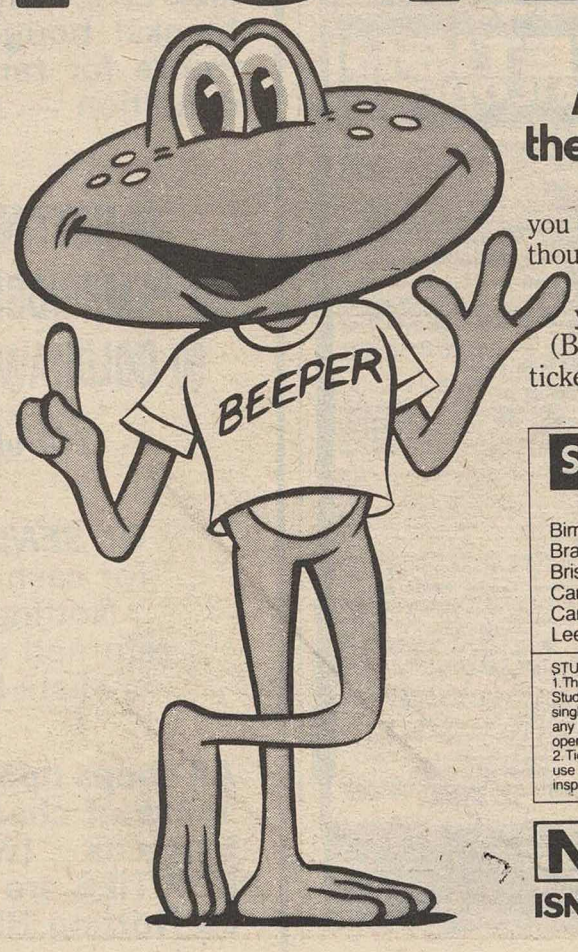

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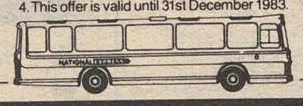

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Southern death cult

from page 17

AKY SAYS: "I personally have now a lot more confidence in what I do. Being a Pakistani . . . I'll explain . . . before it was really hard because I hadn't really achieved anything . . . But now that this is working its way up I don't really care what other people in our community think. I've done something and it's like a lot of them won't ever do anything like it. We used to have relations come round and really take the piss out of me, but I have the last laugh because I am really achieving something. They all thought that I was moving away from my community, becoming westernised, but I don't think that's true at all."

AKY BRINGS to Southern Death Cult a great gentleness. During the interview he's extra-keen to explain how he's connected with the three other individuals: he's a little jumpy, but pleased to be trying out his thoughts. He says that he's lost a lot of his friends within his community: the group are his only true friends.

"If it wasn't for this I would probably have been a normal Paki . . . ten foot green flares, yellow blazer, 15 foot high heel shoes. Actually, I think I just told you a lie there. I think I would have been some sort of rebel even if it hadn't have been for punk, still thinking much the same way even if I was listening to disco music. I would have tried something else, but not just for the sake of it."

Why is it not possible for you to move out of your home?

". . . Erm . . . in a certain way I respect the way that my parents have been brought up. I respect what they say, and obviously they do want the best for me. To leave home would be sacrificing a lot, which I just don't think it would be possible to explain to an English person. The effects it would have on my sisters, my parents, that is a feeling I have that I don't think many people have, a very good feeling. I try to hang on to that little bit of my culture. I don't want to rebel against it just for the sake of it. That feeling has kept me at home."

Does Aky bring to Southern Death Cult some slightly shifting value?

Barry says: "I think yes, something important. I think it's another perspective within the band . . . Aky's situation has made me think a lot actually . . . but we've decided that we didn't want to dwell too much on Aky being a Pakistani . . .

Aky says: "When I'm just called Aky the Pakistani drummer it really pisses me off, as if I'm the token wog in the band or something. I hate it."

Does he sense that people are following him through in a way?

"I think something is happening. It's really shit to say but I have like really ordinary kids . . . they worship me, I know it sounds horrible, but little Paki kids, they all see me and they laugh at me, right? But they go back to their parents and say, Oh I really like Aky's style, I want to be like that. And their parents just smack them over the head with a chapati. I'm not saying that they should all totally break out of it, I want them to hold onto that something. They have got something that a lot of English kids haven't got."

I detect from the group's conversation a refreshing lack of tight cynicism towards other people and the way they choose to live their lives.

Barry says: "Aky's taught us that. His attitude is a healthy one to look into . . . it's not like mine . . ."

You admit to a cynicism?

"I am probably less disposed to be reasonable. And he tells me."

Aky says: "It's really good, because I have come from a really solid culture, the kind of background of morality or something that is really fucking lacking in this country."

Barry says: "You don't really realise how much."

We get confused, a mass of information is thrown at us crudely ordering us how to organise our lives but nothing that really fits in with our own spiritual needs; maybe it's why young people grip onto pop music so much.

Barry says: "Yeah, if we had one single thing it would probably be as strong as Aky's, but we get five or six things just floating around."

At the heart of the group there's a call for a coming together, a cry that all our experiences and anxieties are similar so why be split up, a strong searching; yet you will be interpreted the easy lazy way as dark, menacing, the usual cliche. I'm not saying you should smile all the time.

Barry says: "It revolves around the fact that despite what we are and what we want to do when we get onstage, the emotion that comes through is a very powerful one. It doesn't really interpret itself gleefully. There's no point in skipping around."

Ian says: "But I do smile at people, and they smile back!"

IAN SAYS: "I've had these clothes on for two and a half years."

IAN BRINGS to Southern Death Cult a fierce sense of destiny.

Ian says: "I don't have to do this. I could bugger off back to Canada. I would really really like to go back to Canada. Not in the cities, but just disappear, because a little while ago I just thought that I'd had enough. It's a long story but I just wanted to get out. But now I've been given a direction . . .

"It's really strange how I got into this group. I can't believe it really. I was travelling round with The Poison Girls and I went to London and stayed with all these kids who were taking heroin in West Hampstead and I was just sat there shitting my pants. I didn't know where I was going to go.

"I went back to Liverpool and I met this friend from Bradford, a place I'd only ever passed through, and he said come and live with me. So I went. And I was just sitting in this house and the group were practising downstairs and they just asked me to join. It just happened. I just got shifted around, different events happened, and I got shifted to Bradford of all places.

"I've always thought that it's destiny or whatever you want to call it throwing me about. To arrive in Bradford really makes me believe that. I don't feel that what's been pushing me around is going to take over and make me into the Messiah or any of that crap . . . it's just really special us four people being together. It's something really strong."

So Southern Death Cult will be hard to resist?

Ian says: "I certainly hope so."

Faith. And hope. No charity. Watch for them. Tracey is. She can't wait. She's waited long enough.

(The first record — 'Fat Man In The Moya' — will be released in mid October on Situation 2. The group will tour soon; some dates with Bauhaus, some on their own. An early alliance with Terry Razor, Theatre Of Hate's manager has fallen through.)

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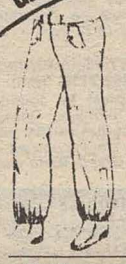

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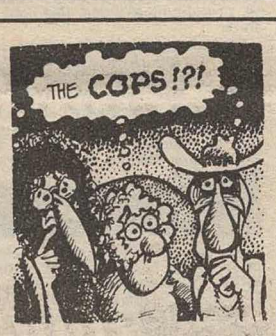

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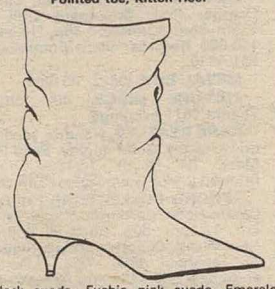

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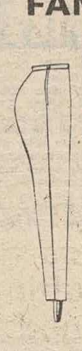

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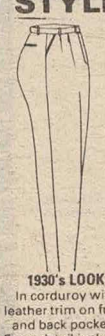

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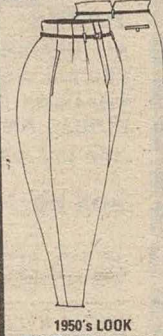

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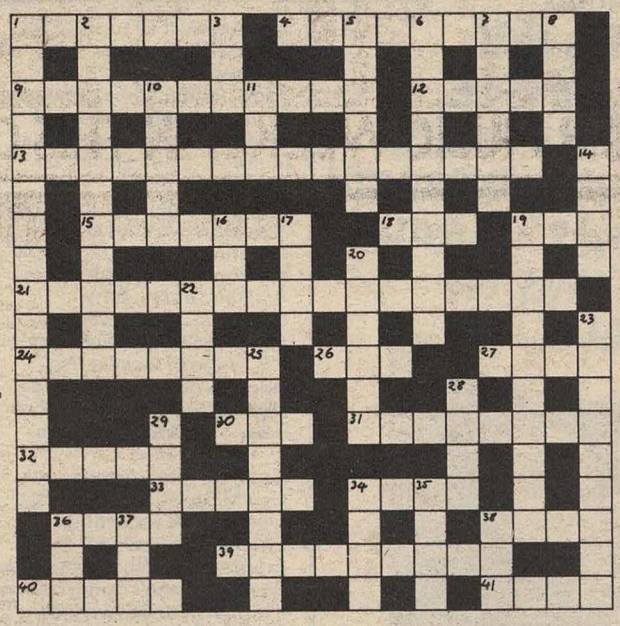
4 . . . and this is how they were known from 1955 up to the 60s (9)
9 "Friday night arrives without a suitcase, Sunday morning creeping like a nun" (4-7)
12 + **40A** Their recent version of 'Iko Iko' failed to make a big dent in the charts (5-5)
13 This moptops record was seen being recorded live by 40 million people around the world on TV (3-3-4-2-4)
15 Had a minor hit in 1979 with 'Halfway Hotel' (7)
18 + **29D** "When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me" (3-2-2)
19 + **42A** His albums include 'Transformer' and 'Berlin' (3-4)
21 Born 9 October 1940, died 8 December 1980 (4-7-6)
24 + **32A** The Beatles' first celluloid offering (4-4-5)
26 See 5D
27 See 1D
30 'Blue —— Way', from the 'Magical Mystery Tour' EP (3)
31 Popular track from The Beatles' 'Rubber Soul' which was not then released single-wise, although a hit through two cover versions (8)
32 See 24A
33 It's rumoured that this Strangler is not far off collecting his pension (5)
34 Mr Lugosi, now no longer with us (4)
36 See 36D
38 The growth before Flowers or Hancock? (4)
39 The Beatle who died in April 1962 (9)
40 See 12A
41 See 19A

CLUES DOWN

1 + **27A** McCartney (drums) and Lennon (guitar) were the only two Beatles who played on this 1969 number one (6-2-4-3-4)
2 Track from 'A Hard Days Night' (3-1-4-3)
3 The vicious streak erased from the pistols (3)



5 + **26A** + **35D** 'Sgt Pepper' track banned for drug references (1-3-2-3-4)
6 1974 Bowie single (5-5)
7 One of Macca's singles with Wings shortly after the big split (2-4)
8 + **14D** + **23D** Early Fleetwood Mac single (4-4-4-2-3)
10 Those sad sorrowful Blues (5)
11 '—— After 909', a not very well known Beatles track (3)
14 See 8D
16 'Happiness Is A Warm ——', from The Beatles' 'White Album' (3)
17 Are you fed up with these? Well here's another; 'Lovely ——' (Meter Maid) from 'Sgt Pepper' (4)
19 Recent ABC number (4-2-4)
20 Toyah's song for the nation (6)
22 + **38D** And another! '—— —— Standing There', very early moptops stuff (1-3-3)
23 See 8D
25 This is the sacred dive in Hamburg where The Beatles made a name for themselves up to January 1963 . . . (8)
28 . . . and this is the US stadium where they played to 56,000 in August 1965, as shown on TV a few times since (4)
29 See 18A
34 'The Continuing Story of Bungalow ——', from the 'White Album' (4)
35 See 5D
36 + **36A** Specials single from a few years back (3-4)
37 'Drive My ——', final Beatles blank (3)
38 See 22D

COMPILED BY TREVOR HUNGERFORD

ANSWERS
ACROSS
1. Anti-Nowhere League; 10. Your Cassette Pet; 11. AC/DC; 13. Don't (Come Close); 14. General; 15. War (Head); 16. Stroll; 17. Last Time; 18&19. Lean On Me; 21. Fall; 22. Empty Sky; 24. Denis; 25. Be (Stiff); 26. Use It Up And Wear It (Out); 27. Army (Dreamers); 28. Sham; 30. (Be) Stiff; 33. Einstein; 34. Afraid; 35. End; 36. Out (see 26A).
DOWN
1. Asylums In Jerusalem; 2. Thunderclap Newman; 3. Nice 'N' Sleazy; 4. West (One); 5. Evergreen; 6. Elton; 7. Empire State; 8. Got A Lot Of Livin' To Do; 9. Enid; 12. (Don't) Come Close; 17. Lee; 19. Oh Yeah; 20. Moped; 23. Squeeze; 24. (Army) Dreamers; 29. (War) Head; 31. Feat; 32. (West) One.

SCHRADER

FROM PAGE 33

"Scorsese, De Niro and myself all played a little fast and loose with Jake's life — with Jake's full complicity. That's a rather liberal biography *(laughs)*.

"Invent? Yes. First of all, La Motta had invented a lot of it — his whole biography, his stories, had been made up and glossed over. You had to go back, interview, find out what really happened. I don't think any of us felt that bound to events — I know Jake didn't. He had no compulsion about re-writing his own history."

Is his "decisive moment" when he's thrown in the prison cell?

"Yeah. I had that as a different scene — I had it as a masturbation monologue which ends up with him smashing the cell, but Marty felt uncomfortable with that . . ."

***American Gigolo* is your most commercially successful film to date; but re-viewing it recently it didn't seem that stylistically 'commercial' at all . . . more a study in aesthetic and moral surfaces.**

"It was commercial because it happened to hit a certain moment psychologically. Men in America — and all over the world — were labouring under a certain stodginess. They wanted a kind of new Edwardianism, a new kind of foppishness, to be free from the navy suit mentality — to be free to dress and act more queeny and more sexual. So this movie simply gave them a certain reference point and said it's alright to read men's fashion magazines, to think of being a fashion plate — which had been out of fashion since the '20s. And it said to women it's alright to desire men as sexual objects. I think its commercial success comes from those sociological references."

It uses some very 'jarring' shots, especially in the closing sequence.

"The fade-out fade-ins? Just to stop the movie, stop one movie and start another. A lot of times I've heard that the end of *Taxi Driver* was tacked on, the ending of *Gigolo* was forced on me, and now the ending of *Cat People* . . . all three cases were right there in the script. It's a taste of mine. I like to do a certain kind of movie, end it, and then have another little movie which says *maybe it's all different* . . . Set up a whole elaborate edifice and then at the last second turn it over and walk out the room."

You've said that you would have no qualms about transposing wholesale a Bresson movie . . .

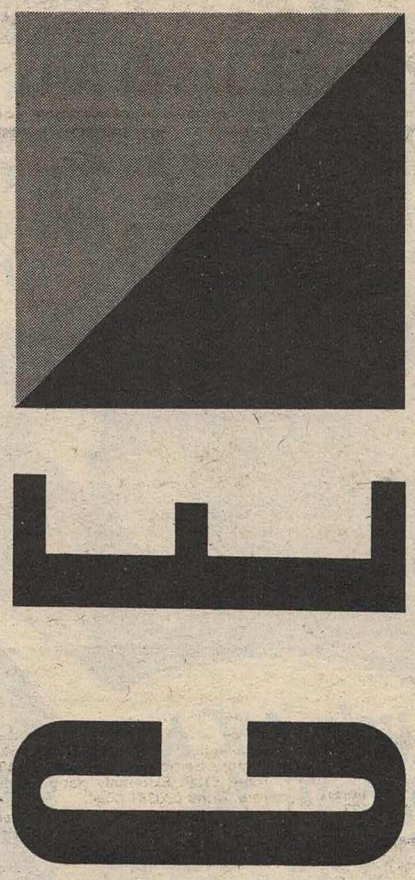
"It's because my intentions are so different to his, that to copy him is an act of originality rather than an act of imitation. There's no way that it can ever be un-Bressonian, but you can take Bressonian elements and shove 'em in without any sense of it being an imitation or a copy."

Is the conclusion of *Cat People* one such element?

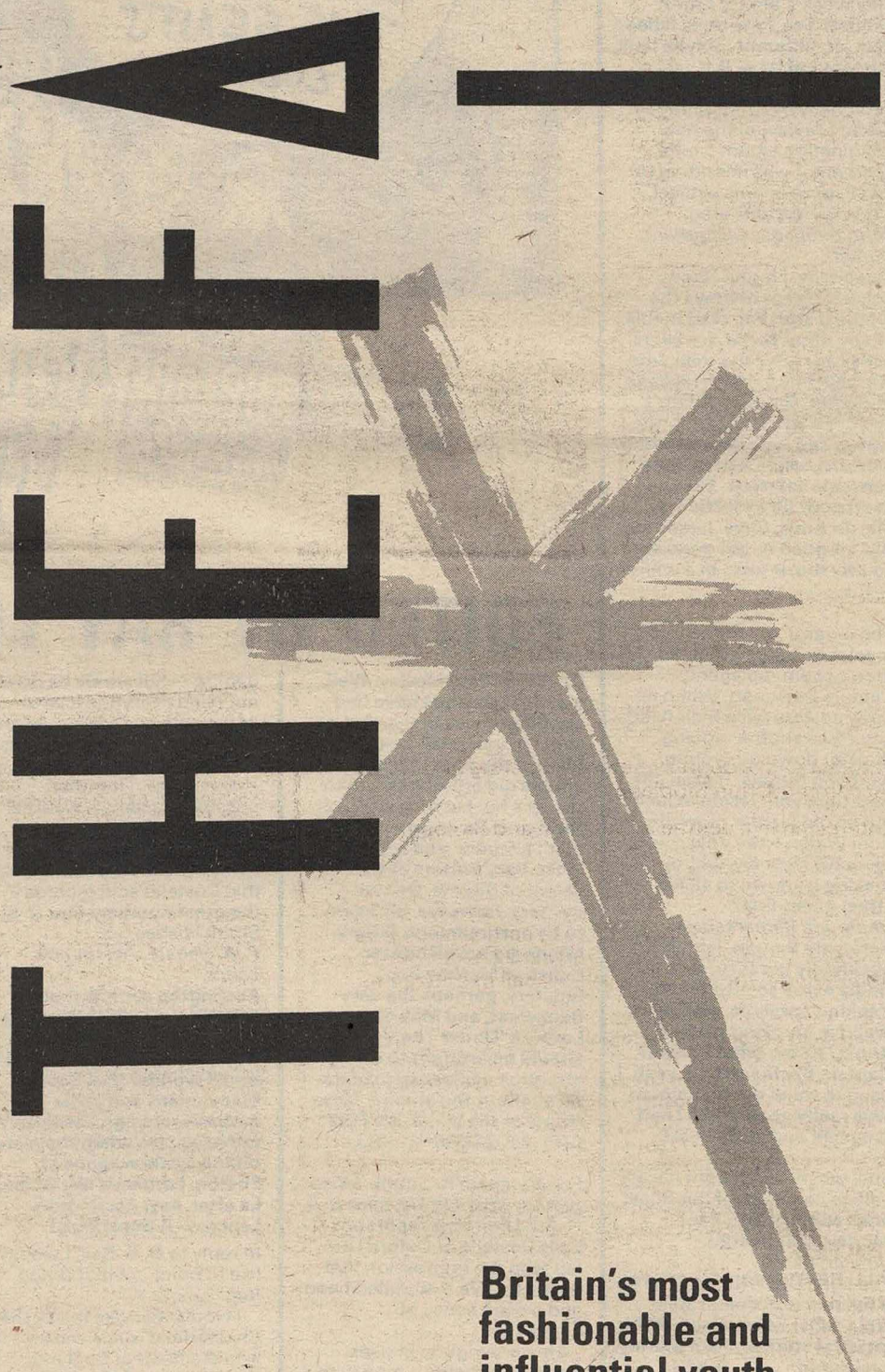
"I suppose . . . the idea of who's behind the bars, of Bresson's obsession with finding freedom in chains. Which is a religious obsession: the notion that man only has free will when he accepts the fact that he has been predestined, and that *mad* Calvinistic conundrum that says you can only be free when you accept the fact that you are not — the true free person realises that he is a slave! *(Laughs)*

Ever meet Bresson?

"Yeah, I interviewed him for *Film Comment* about ten years ago. It was a very bizarre interview. I asked a whole series of questions and he gave a series of answers . . . and they were totally unrelated!"



● **DAVID SYLVIAN** confesses that he's incapable of vacuuming the house ● **HARRISON FORD**, no hangups with the Hoover for him, is in no hurry to see London again ● **KID CREOLE** likes London and loves children, though he's not sure how many he's got! ● **DAVID SYLVIAN** loves Japan but hates children, especially in aeroplanes ● **Japan's reclusive vocalist; the all-purpose American hero of Star Wars and Blade Runner; and the Kid's alter-ego August Darnell are interviewed in October's THE FACE** ● Along with **Ridley Scott** on Blade Runner, **South Africa: Images of Oppression**, **Musical Youth**, **James Truman** on New York's **Art Beat**, **Nudie the Man who clothed Elvis**, the **Julie Burchill** column, **Workwear Style** and **Man Ray** ● 80 page, new look **October** issue on sale now ● 75p



Britain's most fashionable and influential youth and style magazine . . .
(THE GUARDIAN)

• THE FACE

MUSIC · PHOTOGRAPHY · FILMS · FASHION

YOU'RE LOOKING REALLY LOVELY TONIGHT, JILL!
THANKS TO CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE!
IN THE DIME-STORES AND BUS STATIONS, PEOPLE TALK OF SITUATIONS, READ BOOKS, REPEAT QUOTATIONS - DRAW CONCLUSIONS ON THE WALL...
HE'S GOT A POINT - YOU SHOULD SEE THE GRAFFITI IN THE GENT'S LOO...
FORGET RUPTURE WORRIES INSTANTLY
WITH THE GREATER COMFORT OF
ADULT ORIENTATED - MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BAG!

EDITED BY RAY LOWRY

THE IMPRESSION I have of Monty Smith is of a complacent sexist buffoon drifting more and more into cynicism (e.g. with his recent non-review of *Lady Sings The Blues* and recent comments on the Au Pairs).

Is he a government appointee to your paper's staff, or are you just anticipating 1984?
Nigel Currie, Cotham, Bristol
P.S. I think that *Lady Sings The Blues* is a pretty awful film, but because of its subject, does warrant intelligent comment.
"We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee,
We don't take our trips on LSD,
We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street,
We like living right and being free." — Merle Haggard.
Yihaarrgghh!! Raagghhtt on, Brother Merle! Next week, Aurberon Wargs reviews the singles. — R.L.

How about a current photo of the beautiful, fantastic, adorable Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive? I have the last two you've printed and they are over two years old and I've seen Pete recently and he looks very different.

If you print a photo I'll marry you. (Whoever's concerned.)
Dead Or Alive's Number One Fan, Liverpool.
This week's Monty Smith winner! Yes, Pete does indeed look, er, different. Maybe he'll grow out of it? — R.L.

Personally, I found Danny Baker's review of the new Imagination album a mite apathetic. I was intending to dwell more on this subject, but I can't be bothered.
John Simpson, Gillingham, Dorset.
Personally, I found Danny Baker's recent reviews the funniest stuff I've read in this, or any other paper, for years. Let's hear it for the man who stumbled from the wreckage of *Sniffin' Glue* like Adam's forehead emerging from the waves and now bestrides the world of belles lettres like a veritable colossus. Eat your hearts out on a plastic tray Martin Amis, Clive James etc. Ain't it good to get good and squiffy drunk once in a while? — R.L.

The revamp of another old hipster in *NME* — that old men's room rap agent, Captain Beefheart. When no new hipsters raise their heads you force another ageing dudster down our young, warbling throats. Please, the next time you decide to look out an old hipster, how about Tom Waits — the only one to personify hipness without making it known to all the street geeks first?
Philly Joe Remarkable.
Seriously though, isn't it absolutely great to get a bit tiddly every so often? Like freaking paralytic, piss-pant, wailing, stonking badass drunk? Know what I mean? Captain Beefheart? Oh yeah, I used to think the first album was really good when I had long hair and stuff. — R.L.

Just when we thought it was safe to come out of the closet and reorder *NME*, Paul Morley, reappeared.
Jim, er, Kerr.
I've been ON THE WAGON for a while and it's been solid HELL kids! But enough of this political stuff, er, Paul Morley? Mmmmm . . . — R, er, L.

For the first time in my life this week I bought an album purely because of a review in a music paper. I refer of course to Paul Morley's orgasmic bilge on 'New Golden Dream'. All I can say is "Can I borrow your rose-tinted ears, Morley?"

As I have just wasted £4.29 of my hard earned pittance I shall not be buying *NME* for thirteen weeks for recompence.
Trevor Gordon, Ilford, Essex.
P.S. I bet Simple Minds wouldn't have received such adulation if they were female.

Oh, THAT Paul Morley. Well, ole Mozzers and I have had our differences in the past as some of you must be aware. Many's the time that the affable old Editor has had to throw a bucket of water over the pair of us when we were at it "a feudin' and a fightin"' in the very gutters of the Street of Shame. On two matters, however, we seem to be in agreement. Simple Minds are a well bonzer bunch of McNew Pop funsters, perhaps the very bonzerest, and Malcolm Lowry's 'Under The Volcano' should be brought to the attention of *Gasbag* readers throughout the empire. Now, let me at the b----d, it's FIST CITY, MOZZERS!!! — R.L.

Poor Graham K. Smith. *(Nice punchy opening kid, stick to it — R.L.)* From his report on Elvis Costello at Oxford I am left with the impression that he must have a muddled head and a deep sense of insecurity.

He quite rightly praises Costello as being a man with a "golden knib" and "priceless writing ability" yet at the same time claiming Costello is going through a period of "numbing impotence" and that the future is one of "compromise and underachievement."

Why worry about Costello's lack of mass appeal and low record sales? I also feel that more people should buy and listen to his records, but why worry unless lack of record sales results in him lacking the financial backing or personal motivation to make more records? G. K. Smith believes (as I do) that Costello is a genius — but surely he does not need everyone else to agree with him for him to feel secure in, and maintain, this belief.

The irony of it is that possibly Costello's weakest musical period was that of 'Armed Forces'/'Oliver's Army' — the very same time that Costello sold records in the great numbers that G. K. Smith wishes for.
P. A. Hallam, Accrington, Lancs.
Accrington sounds really GRITTY doesn't it? Whereas Ilford, Essex, sounds a bit limp wristed really, doesn't it? Small wonder that Scots, Mancunians and other barbaric races go absolutely toffee-apples when they let us off the cattle wagons at Euston. London's like Shangri La after, say, Accrington, Lancs. — A Sociologist.

In reply to G. S. Bell, I would like to point out that Bingo Reg lives, O.K.!

I would also like to say that Chesterfield is not "north". It is in the heart of England, often known as the Midlands, and that is why we, in the town of the Crooked Spire, believe we are ideally suited for the world at large.

Make no mistake, Chesterfield is about to become the second Liverpool — I'm talking about music now, for football *(GREAT joke, mate. Got any skins? — R.L.)*, and myself, Our Pete, Stuttering Jack and Nana and the Dry Goods Officers will soon be internationally known.
Bingo Reg, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.
The Midlands is that blur you fail to notice because you're seriously committed to the Special Brews on your way down to sack London, calling at Stockport to set down only, Macclesfield and Watford Junction. — Bob Dylan's grandmother.

As body-builders we were interested to read your account of one guy's pre-contest thoughts and feelings.

For too long now, body-builders have been thought of as being meatheads, ungainly slabs of beef with nothing between the ears, and it is time that this and other misconceptions regarding us were destroyed.

We choose body-building as others choose golf, tennis, football etc., and pursue our aims with great ferocity. Our primary objective is to build big bodies — some people do this by consuming large quantities of beer, chips and cream cakes, but ours, which are healthy and well-proportioned, are built by hours spent in gyms heaving weights around, the sight of which would cause many individuals to turn pale.

We are not bully boys nor are we gays (a very popular misconception) and, contrary to the belief that women do not like muscular men, often prove it. We are simply sportsmen doing that which we enjoy.

Every day we are told that "you'll die at forty", "you look like a freak", and asked "what happens when you get old?" Apparently it all turns to fat. Charlie Crawford, a 60-year-old black body-builder and a great guy, has a body which shames most people forty years his junior — if that's being fat then I don't mind.

Thanks again for the article, it was well-written and will hopefully alter many people's opinion of body-builders.
Alastair Green, Tony Channell, Jon Spreadbury, Michael Collin, Steve Lacy.
P.S. None of us ever use steroids or any other drugs.
Hank SURE didn't do it this way. — Waylon Jennings.

I was very interested to see Lisa Marlwell's letter in last week's *NME* regarding Channel 4's new rock programme. What a surprise! So they weren't going to have a bunch of unknown kids hosting Britain's liveliest rock show since *Ready Steady Go* (quote). I too went to an interview (expenses were paid). I was told that my ideas were very interesting and if the show should ever consider doing a regional feature on Leicester music could I rig up some contacts for them? Piss off.

I think Tyne Tees should answer these criticisms in your columns before the show goes in the can, let alone on the screen.
Jerry Foulkes, Leicester.

Even to another whose face failed to fit Channel 4's space, Lisa Marlwell's pre-judgement of *The Tube* sounds like sour grapes. It is galling to discover that the media moguls prefer Paula Yates and Jools Holland to our sweet selves as presenters of this cultural extravaganza. Maybe it was decided that a *Cosmo* columnist and a Squeezed pianist were more 'bankable' (if you'll excuse the pun, Jools) than you or I. Judging by their last collaboration, *In Their Underpants*, Paula and Jools have all the credentials necessary to present a really tacky survey of "current issues relevant to the new generation."

Perhaps the fresh and articulate talent that the producers of *The Tube* hoped would emerge from their round of interviews failed to do so. Not one person at the session I attended looked as sexy as Paula and nobody had a gimmick worthy of Jool's bowtie and cigar. When we were given an opportunity to state our case, no one that I overheard had anything startling to say except one boy who seemed to genuinely believe that he was Cathy McGowan re-incarnate and a girl who thought she had a future as a comedienne. Most of us tried hard to convince Malcolm Gerrie and his motley crew that we were stultifyingly normal, and I, for one, kept any radical ideas I may have had for a TV pop programme to myself — so they stole nothing from me.

At least by going out amongst their potential audience, the producers of *The Tube* have demonstrated a willingness to listen to the wishes of that audience. The only way that we can alter the nature of the television that we watch is by involving ourselves with it, through criticism and suggestion if there is not a more concrete alternative. We'll just have to wait until Bonfire Night to judge *The Tube* properly. Until then, I suggest you do something positive, Lisa, like organising a Paul and Julie hate society.
Russell Cronin, Kings Cross, London N.1

"All round them the journalists were complaining about their losses: '. . . . Five miles of film', said the leader of the Excelsior Movie-Sound News. 'How am I going to get that through the expenses department?'

'Very bad men on railway. They like film plenty — him make good fire.'" — Evelyn Waugh, *Scoop*

I'd like to sketch a few thoughts about the new Clash single. Adrian Thrills has surely been acquainted with 'Straight To Hell' for a few months, yet he still seems to be groping in a watery fog for any firm opinion about it.

'Straight To Hell' fits as strongly to Anglo-American mainstream rock as 'Desolation Row' does to 1965. The subject matter itself (which Thrills dismisses) is staggering in range and economy. How many songs encompass observations of Corby Steel mills, Vietnam, American junkiedom and British rastafarianism and still possess such a convincing impact?

The music is a truly world wide beat. It's not rock, reggae, pop or anything. It has touches of dub, shades of conventional rock, but is essentially rhythmic and lyrical. In fact it's the nearest you'll get to a contemporary international ballad.

I take issue with most of what The Clash do ('Combat Rock' being no exception) but 'Straight To Hell' is a vital and intelligent tapestry of sound from a mature group of musicians. If I were Joe Strummer I'd feel like giving up after seeing Adrian Thrills devote as much space to Spandau Ballet as this superbly crafted song.
J. Vanes, Coseley, West Midlands.
WEST Midlands, eh? The mind, she boggle. — R.L.

It's a pity that the normally forthright Graham Lock should have been so cautious in his comments regarding the letters about discrimination at the Camden Palace.

If it is true that the manager officially condones a policy of refusing admission to what he calls "ordinary types" then it is quite clear that this approach is of an equally fascist nature as if he was (or possibly actually is) operating a colour bar.

Both policies are equally contemptible and ought to be condemned as such.
Gary Revilo, Winchester, Hants.
Speaking as a profoundly ordinary type, I like a club that bars overdressed popinjays and poltroons and lets us drunks get on with it. — R.L.

I've never read so much dross in all my life as when I read Kev Mc's and Amrik Rai's review of Futurama 4. Why did they bother going to the Sunday bash? Probably they were being paid double time.

Kev Mc must have been watching the sound/lighting gantry at the back when Punching Holes came on. He slagged Punilux off, who were, and are, one of the most underrated and original bands this side of Joy Division. Now Brian Bond's set up on his own this makes two great bands. As for The Damned, the sixth time I've seen 'em (sic) and they're still the best live band out (sicer), so get that one, Pete Burns (pig sic).

All four Futuramas have been well worth attending and congratulations should go to John Keenan the promoter, but in the future — stick it if you're going to slag it.
Frank, Leeds. (Who can stand the heat)
Frank my boy, you're an idiot, but we'll let that pass. Your boring rant gives me the opportunity for another gratuitious plug for Blue Angel. FABULOUS New York band. Great girl singer. Ah, the power of the press! — R.L.

Richard Cook writes 'disinterest' when he clearly means 'uninterest'. He also writes 'try and' instead of 'try to'. Shame!
Patrick J. N. Bury, Dublin 4.
Isn't it? Anyone hear John Walters and Valdemar Foreignname in the Tate gallery on *Walter's Weekly?*

Send your letters to GASBAG, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PE

Ot: "Oh God, here's another bloody photographer, MoT."
Mot: "Well I'm not helping this one. Let's look the other way."
Ot: "Why don't they leave us alone? They only use our picture to put some small-minded reactionary caption underneath."
Mot: "They're just jealous of the freedom of self we have."
Ot: "Yeah, they'd like to see us all in jeans and Top Shop bits!"
Mot: "They make me sick, Ot. It's so far over their heads it's unbelieveable you know. Silly little people living silly little lives."
Ot: "So boring in their suburban semi-detached. Sheep!"
Mot: "Is he here yet?"
Ot: "Who?"
Mot: "That photographer."
Ot: "Er . . . *(sneaks a peep out the corner of her eye)* . . . Oh shit he's passed us by to get Strange before he goes. Shit!"
Mot: "Quick, let's get over by the fudge-fountain, he can't miss us there, hurry!"
Ot: "OK OK, keep you bloody hair on!"
(They realise what's been said and dissolve into laughter and embraces)
Mot: "Oh Ot, I do love you so. I'll have to write down these things you say. You're better than Oscar Wilde."
Ot: "Yeah I know. Come on darling — let's get absolutely pissed!"
(They roar with laughter and the night wears on . . .)
(Pic: Gabor Scott)

They were pootering around some modern art constructions that had the amazing ability to turn two grown men into a pair of prize pricks. — R.L.

Thank you for publishing my letter headed Shitti Scritti. As a postscript, I've recently been to Amsterdam and let me assure Mr 'I'm no '80s Mary Hopkin' Green that as far as his future's concerned he should concentrate on the Netherlands as it promises glittering prizes, judging by the reaction to the first LP, in practically every bar, record shop and cafe. Green's dulcet tones are being played alongside such uneasy partners as Edith Piaf and Etta James.

Squeezed between such giants, it showed up all of his vocal inadequacies and utter blandness, warbling away like a demented eunuch suffering from acute arthritis.

May I also sieze this opportunity to again sing the praises of your archscribe Richard Cook? His handling of *Poltergeist* was commendable. Critical restraint as well as balance. This review stands alongside his unforgettable, cathartic review of 'Defunkt Live'. Mind you, if you consider *Poltergeist* something akin to a religious (satanic) experience, you should have seen it dubbed in Dutch, which only compounded its general weirdness and charm. *Little 'Orphaned' Almond (no relations.)*
Weirdness and charm. Yes, I'll be running up against plenty of that in my upcoming tour of selected Yates's Wine Lodges. — R.L.

Hey you!! One-time only offer!! Letters!! Yes, letters!! I want all the letters you can write!! Gay or straight letters!! Black or white, male or female letters!! Short letters!! Long letters!! I don't care if you like Vice Squad or Slim Whitman!! Cabaret Voltaire or Rainbow (well . . .) If you've never been to you or if you're a wonderful thing baby!! I still want your letters!! I'm unemployed!! I'm extremely bored!! I want letters!! Hurry!! Write!! Now!! Hurrypleasebeforelgo-completelyovertheeedge ...

Colleen Goulden, 2 Valhalla Road, 222, Islington, Ontario, Canada, M9B 6C3.
Token anti-Rainbow letter of the week. — R.L.

MY LORDS, ladies, liberals, lesbos and faggots. How's that for a flying start? It's going to get an awful lot worse before it gets any better. In fact, it's not going to get any better at all . . .

To balance whatever piebaldry is still to come, let us inhale the words of **Coleridge** who died 1,000 years ago this week: "How much sharper than a serpent's tooth/Stands a fellow little armed save a good eye and truth/And as if to exact a most terrible revenge/Got to rock got to roll dig it". (From his sixth slim volume of poems *Is This A Dagger I See Before Me? Or What?*) Other birthdays in the rockin' calendar include **Taj Mahal, Feargal Sharkey** and **Charles Mingus.** All three of these lads were born to **Mrs Ungus Nudelman** over a three day period in 192 . . . ooh . . . 3. And all three celebrate a birthday this year. Congrats chaps! Says Mrs Nudelman: "I'm just an ordinary mum with four lovely sons and one who's a complete bastard. I'm not very good with words. Sv hd39 jdmem dibbledapple. See what I mean?". *(I don't suppose we could get going could we? Some of us have buses to catch — Ed.)* Tip: How to catch a bus. Take one very large net and wait by roadside . . .

Yes we were right. The bald fact is that when Mrs Bryan Ferry — **Lucille Helmore** the drab mayonaisse and liversalts heiress — was asked by the *Sunday People* what she thought of the upcoming day of action she *really did* say: "They should shoot the miners". Moreover, in the same piece Bryan — who grew up in a coalmine — *really did* say "I suppose I've always wanted a lot of servants. And 100,000 acres in Scotland would make me very happy". Are these quotes necessarily all bad? In a special *T-Zers* poll 38 per cent said, Yes. They are all bad; another 17 per cent said, No, they are not all bad; a further eight per cent said, We refuse to be drawn on this particular one and a remaining 36 per cent thought 'the miners' were a group of islands off the coast of Monaco, and as such believed shooting them would be of little value. The outstanding one per cent were of the opinion that any more wild statistics would obscure the very grave point of this *T-Zer* . . .

Birthdays this week: **Topper Headon, Mario Andretti, Kirk Brandon, Phyliss Diller** and **Freddie Mercury** . . .

Diana Ross is dating **Ille Nastase.** The *Express* has quotes ranging from "People have the wrong impression of Ille" to "Diana's a wonderful lady". Oddly, both quotes come from Ms Ross . . .

IT'S BEEN Beatle Week In the *Sun:* **Ringo Starr** was described a "a brilliant wit". His son **Zak** was heard whining over two pages about the terrible terrible terribleness of being a rich man's son. "It's a total pain," began the heir to All That Wit, "and I'd much rather be respected for my drumming than earn a million pounds." To test this theory we went out into London's busy Oxford Street and posed the question to passers by, to wit, What Would You Rather Have: The Reputation As A Fine Drum Player Or One Million Pounds Tax Free In Cash? The findings to this survey are currently being scrutinized by **Mr Norman Tebbitt** with half an eye to turn them into a musical revue opening at Ringo's Bugle Theatre this Christmas hurry hurry book now . . .

More birthdays: **Nick Mason, Nick Logan, Nick Kent, Jim 'Nick Nick' Davison, Reginald Bosanquet, Geraldo, Bryan May** . . .

Beatle Week 2: "**George** is a gentle guy who gets upset if his car runs over a wild animal". That's what it said! Do you really get upset George? "Sure," breathed the scrunched up fossilized Bootle Beatle, "those little slags can make a shocking mess of your radiator". George is also, ". . . a man who has come to terms with himself". "This one's true," he told me, "I have agreed terms and, providing the doc finds nothing wrong, I hope to play on Saturday. It's a great challenge but I think I'm up to it **Keegan**-style". Harrison spends a lot of time tending his garden, again the quote: "George's garden is a real expression of his personality". *(Go on! Crack a 'weed' joke — Ed)* That Ed — so quick. This *T-zer* is due to be sued by **The Chiffons** in three minutes . . .

David Crosby has been arrested again! Hurray! This time it's over two girls who once shared a house with him. They say he punched them once. Crosby has already been banged up twice in the last year for gun trouble and cocaine madness. Of this latest 'bust' he said, "I think it's great. No I really do. Fantastic. Oh **Christ** . . ." and with that he withered away inside his suede fringe jacket where a bailiff was waiting to serve him a writ for non-payment of rent. (Crosby hired his clothes on a freehold contract in 1967 which later proved to be false. Not the clothes contract — 1967. It was just one of a whole batch of counterfeit 1967's circulating on the West Coast in the early '70s. Crosby was philosophical of this event in later years commenting: "Heck I shoulda known it wasn't a bona-fide year. On the back of it was written "Sell by Dec 31st 1966" so I guess I oughta been more alert".) *(You've completely lost me — Ed)* . . .

Beatle Week (3): The *Sun* did an unbelievable job on **McCartney.** (IT'S PAUL McMIDAS ran the headline). The article stated again and again and again and again and again just how 'untarnished' and 'down to earth' Pauly is. Paul earns £1 a second. FACT! And yet he gets his hair cut for £2, wears jumble sale jackets and gives his kids but 50p to run riot at the seaside with. Writes **Bryan Ferry:** "Mr McCartrey is a wise, noble and belligerent human I think. I don't actually know what belligerent means. However, when a human is endowed with such large amounts of what the ignorant layman would term 'money' it is all one can do from dashing round to his hovel-style house and prostrating oneself at his incredibly wealthy feet." Meantime Paul views the world thus: "Money? Huh what is money but just so many lost beats on the great drumming lesson of life." The *Sun* further concludes: "If **Lennon** gave The Beatles their sharp style it was McCartney who gave them most of their music" . . .

KATE BUSH is gutted that her 45s have been flopping. In a clenched teeth piece in the *Star* she muttered: "Yes I am *a little* disappointed that the records didn't do as well as expected." She put the failure of her last one down to it being so 'different': "(It was) all about aborigines . . . and featured all kinds of noises from the outback". (Cue cheap but guaranteed laff-getting shots of free-standing outside toilet with chain just being pulled. Out comes **Ronnie Barker** just zipping up. He sees camera and dashes back inside demolishing fixture in his panic. Wait for great big laughs to die down.) Of her shabby new LP she says: "(It has) a lot of tribal influences and primitive overtones. After all that's where rock came from in the first place." (Shots of confused Goshosho tribesman fingering Flying-V guitars. One is boiling his in a large pot. Another is wearing a snare drum in the manner of a flat cap. They appear absolutely flummoxed and re-read the quote in the *Star* and then just shrug.) Kate says she has no plans to marry at the moment . . .

Birthday today! The originator of this column **Sir Clark Teaser** who did the very first inside-back-page on May 11th 193 . . . ooh . . . 8. In those days the column had no Ed's comments, few jokes and because of the impending war dots were rationed or else sneaked in disguised as full stops with stutters. The first ever *T-Zer* item concerned **Col Hacker T. Hack** who said: "I prophesy that in a little under 44½ years from now a washed-up but colourful tennis player will 'step out' with a black lady who's fame at monitor wrestling in vats of raspberry jello is legend. I know this to be so, so get to it" . . .

Kevin Rowland has had a nose job! Fact! The *Sun* (again) scooped up this excellent story last Monday. It's true too. Kevin Rowland has had his conk pruned in the last few months, that is all we know. *(Just leave it there please. Gags camouflage some of these bits and I get confused as to what to believe — Ed)* . . .

Gary Numan goes mad. Numan, real name Webb-which-he-shares-with-**Cliff**, boasts that his latest gun — he collects guns — is "so dangerous only one range in LA allows its use". Of his even more lethal music he says: "I've changed. It's not sombre and depressing any more." He's mad. Garfield has his biography released next month, a torpid little pamphlet, eked into existence by the ridiculous bald old chess piece **Ray** 'I Must Drive *Melody Maker* Into The Ground I Must I Must' **Coleman.** Unreliable preview: "Gary Numan was born of lowly parentage in Bharajee India in 194 . . . ooh . . . tee, just 1940." His mother was a commentator with Central TV and his father was a **Callard & Bowser** Mint Imperial. Sorry, I don't know why I should say that. His father was a toffee apple. Oh God, that's even sillier isn't it?". Ray "I Knew Bryan When He Was Just A" Coleman's book *Super Gary He's Real Triff* is on sale in two decades moderately priced at £¾ million . . .

There was lots more about The Beatles in the *NOTW* in a ratty little piece by **Pete** "Where's Everybody Gone" **Best,** a man best known for being sacked some 20 years ago. This *T-Zer* writer refuses to plow through it to nick the odd quote, so let's end love . . .

Birthdays round-up: **Ian Page, Adam Ant, Lobo,** most people named **Lyng Hanna, Kiki Dee, Peter Cushing** and, had he lived, **David Bowie** who was great, yeah, got all his albums sorry who is it we're talking about? Confused? Worried? Anxious? That's *T-Zers:* at worst a dead leg but at best . . . a power of good . . .

NME
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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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Cartoons
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Ray Lowry
New York
Joe Stevens
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Mick Farren
Richard Grabel
Research
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